25 Cents

February·1929

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

"Drums in the Dark"

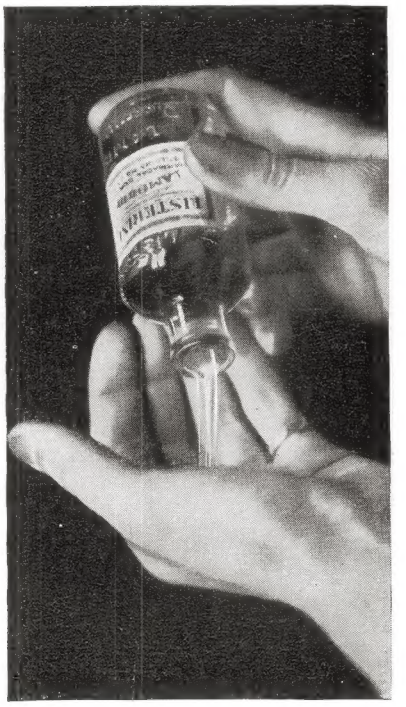
by Mary Hastings Bradley

Viña Delmar · Elsie Janis and Gene Markey
Ben Ames Williams · Rupert Hughes
Albert Payson Terhune · Milt Gross
Sam Hellman · Frank R. Adams

And [How Handwriting Convicted Murderers

How to avoid SORE THROAT... and Colds

Have you tried the new
LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?
Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.



Tests show amazing power against bacteria

Kills typhoid germs in 15 seconds

More than fifty diseases, some slight, some dangerous, have their beginning in the nose or throat.

Therefore, an irritated throat demands immediate attention. It may be the symptom of a cold —or worse. The germs causing the irritation must be killed before they get the upper hand.

Listerine, used full strength as a gargle, is a powerful aid in killing germs. Repeated tests by laboratories of national repute prove it. For example, Listerine, full strength, in 15 seconds destroyed even the virulent M. Aureus (pus) and B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ.

Yet Listerine is so gentle and safe it may be used undiluted in any cavity of the body.

Now you can understand why millions rely on Listerine to avoid ordinary sore throat and colds entirely, and to check them should they gain a throat hold. You'll be amazed to find how quickly Listerine brings relief.

If, however, a feeling of soreness persists, call your physician. It is no longer a matter with which an antiseptic can deal.

Keep a bottle of Listerine handy at home and in the office, and at the first sign of throat irritation gargle repeatedly with it full strength. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Prevent a cold this way? *Certainly!*

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs, carried by the hands to the mouth on food, attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

LISTERINE

The safe antiseptic

This food without fibre
These gums without work!

Soft foods harm the gums but Ipana and massage bring them back to health

JUST steal a glance, to the left or right, next time you sit down to dinner! Delicious this modern food may be . . . but how much chewing does it need?

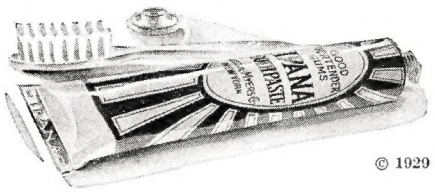
Day after day you eat the soft fare of civilization. Your gums are robbed of their needed work and exercise. Is it any wonder that they become soft and tender . . . that they bleed easily . . . that "pink tooth brush" comes, with its warning of worse trouble ahead?

How Ipana and massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

Fortunately, dentists have found a way to check the alarming spread of gum troubles. Massage the gums, they say, twice daily. For massage stirs the circulation of blood within the gum walls, sweeping away impurities, toning the tiny cells and building the tissues back to firm and hardy health.

And even better than massage alone is massage with Ipana Tooth Paste. For Ipana has a special ingredient—ziratol—a hemostatic and antiseptic widely used in the practice of dentistry. Its presence gives Ipana the power to tone and invigorate the depleted tissues, restoring the gums to their normal firmness of texture.

After you clean your teeth with Ipana, simply squeeze out some more of this delicious dentifrice and brush your gums with it gently. This gentle frictionizing makes your gums firm, rosy—more resistant to disease and infection—better guardians of the health and beauty of your teeth.



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Make a full month's test of Ipana

The coupon offers you a ten-day trial tube of Ipana. Ten days will amply demonstrate Ipana's superb cleaning power, its delicious taste. But it can only start the work of restoring gums to health. So get a full-size tube of Ipana—enough for 100 brushings.

Clean your teeth, massage your gums, with Ipana, twice a day, for one full month, and learn the double joy of sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

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"For the loveliness that thrills a girl must have exquisite smooth skin," say 39 Hollywood Directors

Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood

BILLIE DOVE, *First National star, in the modernistic bathroom built especially for her in Hollywood. It offers a charming background for her delicate loveliness.*

"A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether she is a motion picture player or not. I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and refreshing."

Billie Dove

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin

PETAL-SMOOTH SKIN—how subtly and surely it wins its way into hearts everywhere! There's no loveliness like it, Hollywood directors find.

"Smooth, flawless skin is beauty's greatest asset," says Al Rockett, production manager for First National. "The perfection of an exquisite skin is much more to the screen star—or to any woman—than any other physical quality."

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. In Hollywood, of the 451 important actresses, including all stars, 442 care for their skin with this daintily fragrant white soap.

The next time you see Billie Dove in a close-up, notice how exquisitely smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin.

Every one of the great film studios has made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all dressing rooms.

It leaves the skin so petal-smooth! You'll love its quick, generous lather in your bath, too, and for the shampoo. Lux Toilet Soap is made by the famous French method. Do try it—today.

A screen star's skin *must* show marvelously smooth under the glare of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights.

LUX TOILET SOAP *Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . now* **10¢**

THE MOST IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT *made by the* ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE *in* 10 *Years*

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1. The Complete Course and Service for General Executives.
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3. A Special Course and Service in Production Management.
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THIS enlarged program is too important and far-reaching to be set forth in an advertisement. Its value to executives is admirably summed up in the words of Percy H. Johnston, President of the Chemical National Bank of New York, who considers it "the most significant step taken in business education in the past ten years."

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—*Executives* interested especially in Marketing, Production and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts along one of these branches of business.

—*Younger men* who desire definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

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The Red Book Magazine

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Table of Contents

MODELS AND ARTISTS SERIES

Models of five famous American artists — and the artists.

SERIAL NOVELS

DOUBLE MURDER—*A specially engaging detective story. (With summary.)* — *Rufus King* 56
Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers

MERMAID AND CENTAUR—*The love-battle of opposites. (With synopsis.)* — *Rupert Hughes* 64
Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

HELP YOURSELF TO HAPPINESS—*A love-story masked as mystery. (With résumé.)* — *Frank R. Adams* 82
Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

SHORT STORIES

DRUMS IN THE DARK—*An American girl finds romance and adventure in Africa.* — *Mary Hastings Bradley* 28
Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

SHEBA — *A striking new story of Fordham by the gifted author of "Bad Girl."* — *Viña Delmar* 34
Illustrated by William Meade Prince

SCOTCH AND WATER — *A rollicking Caledonian comedy.* — *Guy Gilpatric* 38
Illustrated by August Henkel

THE MYSTERY OF THE SWAGGERING MAN—*Gun-play in a gold camp.* — *Ben Ames Williams* 40
Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher

GOLD DERBY — *A behind-scenes romance in a great movie theater.* — *Elsie Janis and Gene Markey* 44
Illustrated by Grant Reynard

"I NEVER MISS" — *Blithe adventures of intrepid moose-hunters.* — *Sam Hellman* 52
Illustrated by Tony Sarg

"WELL, WOT IS IT?"—*Here we have a saga of hectic Hollywood.* — *Milt Gross* 70
Illustrated by the Author

"HOW'S ZAT?"—*A fine story of Lad and his friend the talking crow.* — *Albert Payson Terhune* 72
Illustrated by Charles Sarka

DOLL FACE — *College romance of a characteristic and amusing sort.* — *Virginia Paxton Harner* 77
Illustrated by Edward Ryan

THE SPIRIT OF OUR DAY

YOUTH AND EXPERIENCE—*A memorable editorial by a well-loved writer.* — *Angelo Patri* 17
Decoration by Franklin Booth

WHO'S AFRAID? — *Sprightly verses by America's champion middle-distance poet.* — *Berton Braley* 18
Decoration by John Held, Jr.

RUTH REVISED—*A common-sense editorial of exceptional interest.* — *Bruce Barton* 25

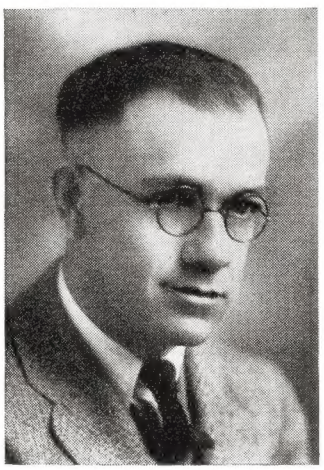
WHEN FORTUNE FAVORED THE BRAVE—*Seven warships in a storm.* — Illustrated by David Hendrickson 27

HOW HANDWRITING CONVICTS—*Remarkable cases of a famous expert. (With photographs.)* — *Claire Carvalho and Boyden Sparkes* 48

IN TUNE WITH OUR TIMES — *Six people well worth knowing.* — Illustrated with Photographs 62

THE SEVEN MARKS OF GENIUS—*The qualities the great have in common.* — *M. K. Wisehart* 80
Illustrated with photographs

COVER DESIGN—*Painted from life.* — *Earl Christy*



WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

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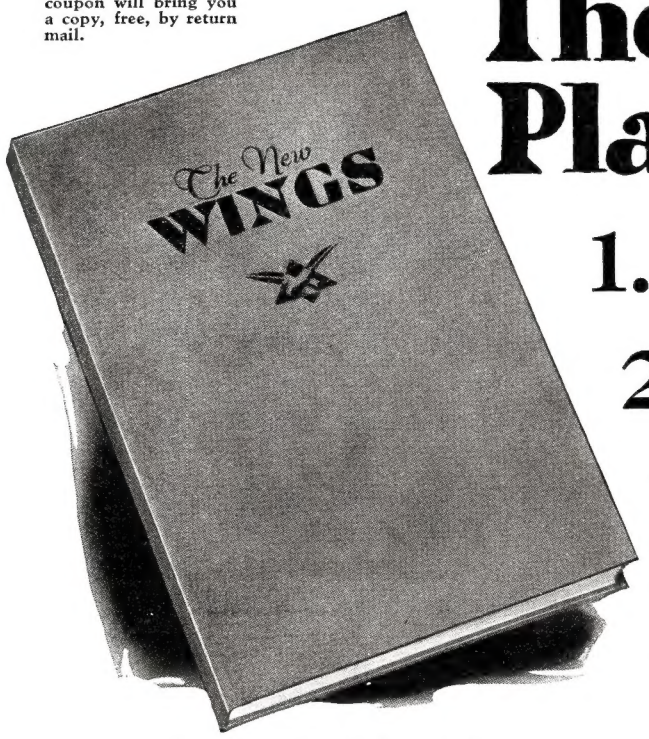

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At Home in the Camp

By J. C. ELSOM, M. D.

Professor of Physical Education, University of Wisconsin

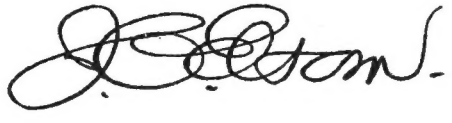
LIVING in houses is a very recent experience of mankind. The long ages when men dwelt in caves, tents and rude shelters extend infinitely farther into the past than do these latter days of his so-called "civilization," in which he has developed super-comfort and super-softness of living conditions.

During the ages of his primitive out-of-doors existence, there came to be implanted slowly into man's make-up certain deep-rooted instincts. Consider the camp-fire, for example. The universal pleasure which we all feel in sitting around the open fire clearly indicates the age-long subconscious memories of the race. To our primitive ancestors, the camp-fire was a symbol of safety, an occasion of friendly experience and of tribal conference, a moment of pleasurable comfort. These same feelings have come to us as relics of the past; they manifest themselves in the ruddy glow and comforting rays of the camp-fire. Every boy and girl in camp feels it when the night approaches and the beneficent fires are lighted. These racial experiences and memories are necessary for us all, if we are to live a life of full emotional reactions. Somehow, we need the physical experience of the camp. To live in primitive shelter, or under the stars, is beneficial alike to mind and body. It gives refreshment of *soul*, sorely needed in these days of artificial living.

The sturdy qualities of endurance, self-reliance, and the ability to fend for one's self in difficult circumstances, are not developed by a life of ease and softness. Modern civilization has brought about a constant and persistent stress of the nervous system, and a lessening demand for the use of the muscles. Never before in the history of the race has there been such little necessity for strenuous muscular exercise. This combination of over-strained nerves and under-used muscles is disastrous in the extreme. The remedy is furnished largely by an increasing participation in recreative exercises and by the experiences of camp life.

Qualities of endurance, judgment, and self-confidence should be developed early in life. The camp presents to the growing boy and girl the opportunity for this development. It is a powerful factor in education, to be secured, perhaps, by no other means than these out-of-door experiences. The recent revival of camping opportunities and facilities is a bit of progress in our American life. It is "educational recreation"; and the possibility of securing these periods of out-of-door living is a debt we owe to every boy and girl of our country.

Nature is a sealed book to most of us. Ignorance of the common out-of-door things is far too common. It is an accomplishment to be able to build a fire, cook one's own food, provide one's own sleeping quarters, to cope with the elements, and to become acquainted with the birds, trees, and woodcraft lore. These things are as necessary as the more formal "schooling." Let us make our boys and girls as well as ourselves at home in the woods, in the fields, by the water, and at home in the camp.



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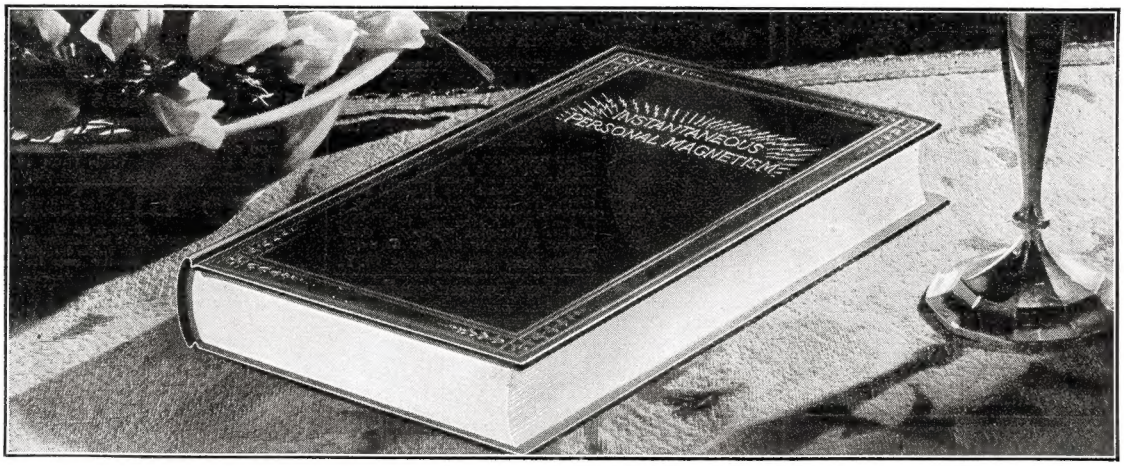

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A copy of this book was left lying on a hotel table for a few weeks. Nearly 400 people saw the book!—read a few pages—and then *sent for a copy!*

In another case a physician placed a copy on the table in his waiting room. More than 200 of his patients saw the book—read part of it—and then *ordered copies for themselves!*

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time how any man or woman—old or young—can develop a Magnetic Personality *instantly!* It explains how to gain *overnight* the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome almost at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—how to be a magnet of human attraction, popular and well-liked wherever you go!

It not only tells exactly how to accomplish these things—it tells you how to accomplish them without delay—*instantaneously!*

Book Tells You

How to develop a Magnetic Personality.
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How to read peoples' thoughts by watching their eyes.
How to develop a magnetic eye.
How to make your face appear 20 years younger.
How to control others by a glance.
How to use Magnetic Healing.
How to end awkwardness and timidity.
How to attract the opposite sex.
How to get ahead in your business or profession.
How to make your subconscious mind work wonders.
And dozens of other vital topics.

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Forty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into *entirely new beings!*

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay $25 to $50 each for instruction books. But now through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price *within the reach of all!* And furthermore, Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

Strange Effect on Readers

Readers of this book quickly become masters of a singular power to attract others—to influence men and women around them. Not by force—not by loud argument. But rather by some subtle, insinuating power that sways men's minds and emotions. They are able to play on people's feelings just as a skilled violinist plays upon a violin.

Folks are never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. The tone of their voice, the expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined.

The eyes—windows of the soul—become clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

What Others Say

What priceless benefits! So profound! So far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiast said of this volume, "Things I have read there I would never have dreamed of." Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful; like walking up a stairway to a higher life." Another wrote, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for $100,000!"

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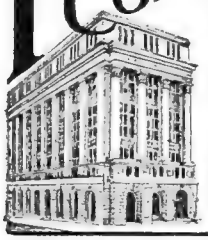

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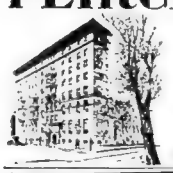

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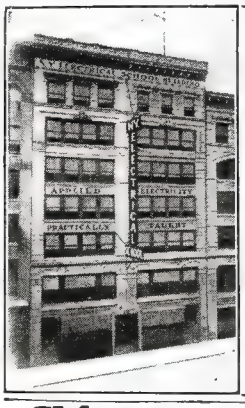

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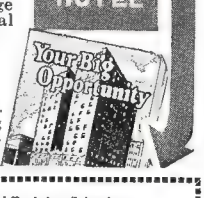

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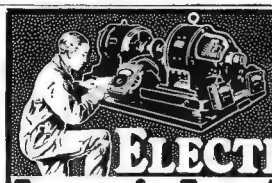

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Youth and Experience

By Angelo Patri

Decoration by Franklin Booth

THERE are times when we suffer from too much experience. Too long stored, too seldom renewed, it becomes a clog to the spirit and is no longer its inspiration and guide.

"This cannot be done. This cannot be borne. This can never be right. Experience teaches me, and there is no better teacher." So speaks the experienced mind tied and bound by its yesterdays. So men fail in times of crisis, of stress or danger. Only the open, fearless mind can command the power to go forward. And man must go forward.

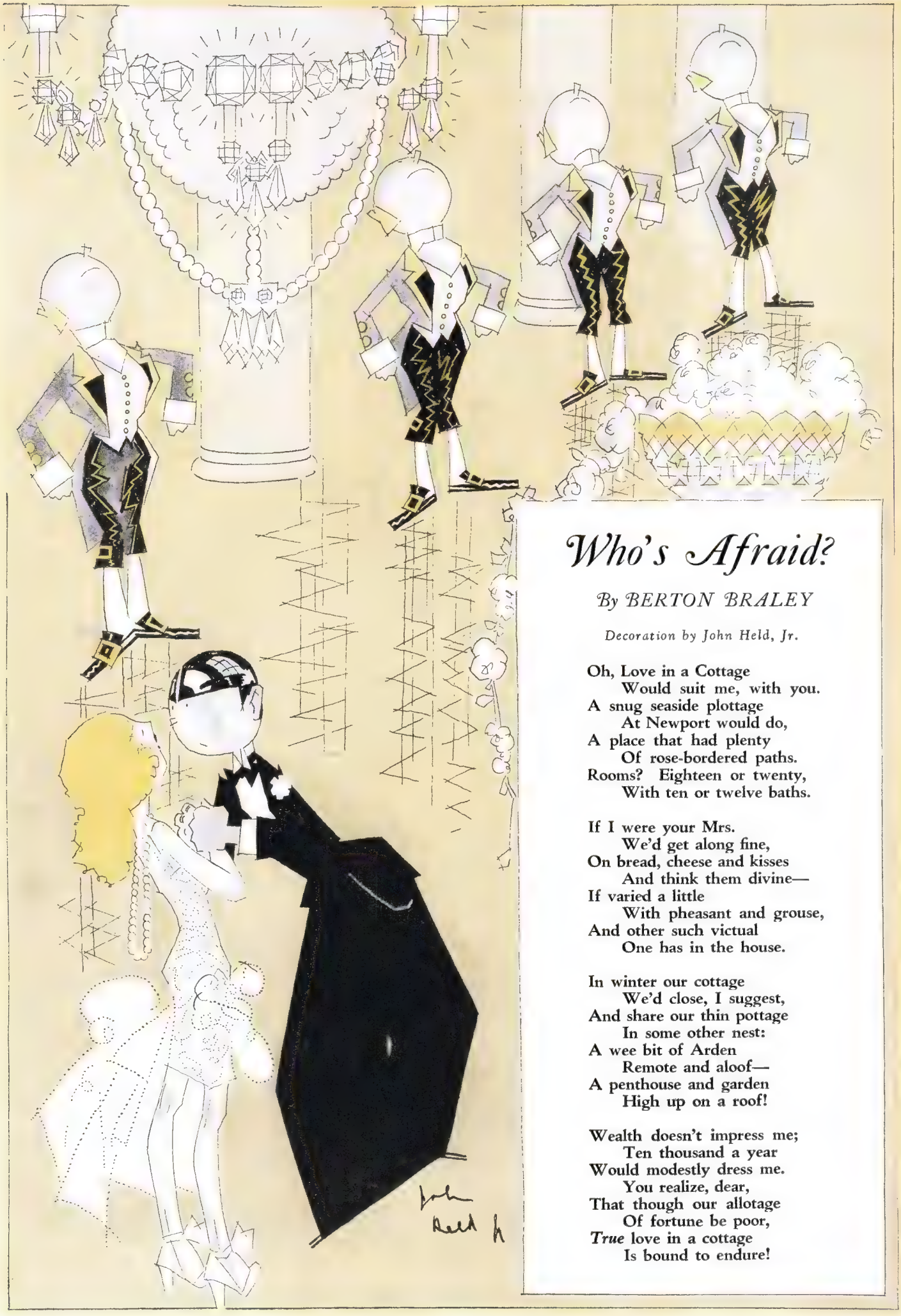
The world grows in its own rhythm. Slowly, slowly through the ages, it evolves. Brooding in vast space, it creates and brings forth each new phase of growth, each new idea; and accompanying them always is the seasoned human spirit prepared to carry the message and bear the weight of the load. Hence our heroes, our martyrs, our bold pioneers.

Experience, in past years, taught men much that was not true in the tomorrow of their day. It taught that the world was flat, that it stood still—that birds might fly, but men never. When time was ripe men learned that it was not true experience that had taught them these untruths, but inexperience, a dwelling too long on past achievements, a too-willing acceptance of present perfections.

"I'm getting old," mourns the head of the house. "The times have passed me by. I'm a back number. Nobody listens to me any more. There's no place in this world for old people."

There isn't. That's a fact. But why be old people? A mind kept open to the thought of every day can never be old, and mind *is* the man, however numerous the years that have passed over the head. It is the holding to past experiences until they become iron laws on the spirit that makes one old and relegates one to the rocking-chair.

Experiences are useful only as they are used to interpret the fresh experiences of the day. Stand on the old and reach out for the new. Venture. Call on your stored power to breathe the breath of life into the newborn idea, and so keep eternally young. Let experience be your inspiration, not your jailer.

Thus it is that the spirit of man goes from glory unto glory, and never knows old age.

Who's Afraid?

By BERTON BRALEY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

Oh, Love in a Cottage
Would suit me, with you.
A snug seaside plottage
At Newport would do,
A place that had plenty
Of rose-bordered paths.
Rooms? Eighteen or twenty,
With ten or twelve baths.

If I were your Mrs.
We'd get along fine,
On bread, cheese and kisses
And think them divine—
If varied a little
With pheasant and grouse,
And other such victual
One has in the house.

In winter our cottage
We'd close, I suggest,
And share our thin pottage
In some other nest:
A wee bit of Arden
Remote and aloof—
A penthouse and garden
High up on a roof!

Wealth doesn't impress me;
Ten thousand a year
Would modestly dress me.
You realize, dear,
That though our allotage
Of fortune be poor,
True love in a cottage
Is bound to endure!

Photo by
De Mirjian, New York

MABELLE SWOR

Beauty contests are very, very useful to the glorification enterprise of Mr. Ziegfeld. One there was in Dallas, Texas, and our Miss Swor was the winner. So of course she is now one of the favorite coryphées in the beauty roster of America's foremost entrepreneur. Mr. Johnstone, with all his absorbing activities, must have an outlet at regular intervals for what he terms "serious effort," and at such times the posing of Miss Swor is of inestimable service to him. The artist's ambition is to bring before the public the ideal type of joyous, youthful, metropolitan femininity; and he finds Miss Swor, from Dallas, Texas, the embodiment of just that.

WILL B. JOHNSTONE: "What a wonderful place for bringing up children!" is the involuntary remark of the homeseeker when first he beholds the vista of classic Evanston, Illinois—albeit it is a *faubourg* of Chicago. So, too, thought the parents of Mr. Johnstone, and transferred young Bill from St. Louis, Missouri, to the hub of fancy child-raising and education. Schooling having been meted out to him, Will looked toward the colossus at the south for future sustenance. Though he had charmed with music and poetry, it was art that seemed the readier money; and betimes he landed a job on a newspaper. It apparently fixed him for life, for, though nigh thirty years have passed syne, he still is with the fourth estate. In 1909 he came upon the New York scene, and in 1919 blossomed forth as a writer of musical comedies, the first of which was "Take It From Me." In 1924, with "I'll Say She Is," he helped the Marx Brothers into their lasting Broadway establishment. Mr. Johnstone lives in New Jersey.

Photo by
Eugene Hutchinson
Chicago, Ill.

VERNON THOMAS: One of the most precocious youngsters who has of late years come from the schools of the Chicago Art Institute is Miss Thomas, native of the big town by the lake. Attention first directed itself to her through her paintings, but in the past few seasons she came forth with a veritable galaxy of etchings, of a quality that has earned her rank with the notables in that branch of art. Child life is her favorite motif. Her illustrations for children's books, her embellishments for advertisements, and her mural decorations give ample testimony to her excellent understanding of her chosen subject. Until quite recently she shared a studio on Michigan Boulevard with her husband, Earle Rosslyn Kirkbride, the illustrator. Now the Kirkbrides reside and work in New York.

Photo by Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago

TRUYDE MAE DAVIDSON: Eight championships, expressed in gold and silver trophies, bear witness to the grace and charm of Miss Davidson, model for Miss Thomas, as an exponent of "varsity steps." That type of dance is her specialty and her perfection. Gilda Gray, high-priestess of Terpsichore, took her on tour last season. Returned recently to her home town, Chicago, she has come to play a most important rôle in the studios of the lake city. Many a magazine cover owes its easy-to-look-at quality to her dainty beauty.

Photo by White Studio New York

GLADYS ROCKMORE DAVIS: Soon after the glad event of her birth in New York, Mrs. Davis accompanied her family to Chicago, where, upon terminating her common-school course, she became a student in the Art Institute. Her progress was amazingly rapid; she developed a unique manner of graphic expression which, though she still was a student, attracted the attention of the advertising manager in a great department store, who assigned to her the illustrating of some publicity matter. Soon her work became a distinctive feature of the firm's advertising. She left art school, established herself in a studio, prospered, was unbelievably young—looked younger. Then she met Floyd M. Davis, artist, three years ago married him, and the team moved to New York. There, in East 57th Street, is a building with a tall tower, atop of which is the Davis establishment.

Photo by Eugene Hutchinson, Chicago

MARION HASLUP: When ten years old this Baltimore lass announced to her parents that she meant to devote her life to the theater. Persuaded it were wise to give the matter a few years' consideration, she lingered home until she reached sixteen, then took passage for New York. An ash-blonde, Dutch-French-English beauty, plus a definite will—a combination to challenge the chill of Thespian managers in the big city! She quickly conquered all obstacles; and after several minor New York engagements, she played in a Midwestern stock company, then returned to Broadway, was seen in "The Gorilla" and "Silence" and in the melodrama "Guns." Between stage engagements she has been model for many artists. Now she poses mostly for Mrs. Davis.

GRANT REYNARD: Most any youngster would wish to be born where Mr. Reynard happened upon this world—to wit, in the center of what was then the wildest West, closely adjacent to the ranch of the late Mr. Buffalo Bill Cody. 'Twas harkening to the siren sounds of music that saved him from a cowhand's life; art, too, beckoned a bit. Thus was he wafted to Chicago, and into a job in a department store at which he worked by day. He devoted the nights to carrying a spear in an opera chorus and to cultivating his voice. Also, wishing to supply himself with an ace in the hole in case the music career flopped, he studied art. Time tempered the temptation to song and, quietly abandoning harmony, he set out to become an illustrator, and eventually made his first appearance in The Red Book Magazine pages. He is now functioning in New York, and having the time of his life, although he lives in Leonia, N. J.

Photo by Bentz

OTTILLIA PORTER: Many's the Who's Who artist has been helped to fame through the good break of having Miss Porter, a Pittsburgh miss, as a model. She is assuredly one of the people created for the specific purpose of making art easy. Coming to New York at an early age with her parents, she had acquired proficiency as a pianist and a dancer before making her début as a model. Her love for art brought her into contact with painters and illustrators, and so it was not really possible to go on long without posing. Yet she is careful to reserve for herself the time needed to continue her own study at art. In private life she is Mrs. James Duffy.

Photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston
New York

KATHARINE STURGES: Chicago is Miss Sturges' home town, and the scene of her first studies in art. Japan held for her a tremendous attraction. She journeyed there for a year's stay; and experienced the splendid advantage of being tutored by the eminent native artist Seiho, whose enthusiasm over his pupil led him to say that in four years he would make her produce really Japanese art. But Miss Sturges knew what she wanted, and knew that the one year's experience would endow her work with the exotic flavor it now so unmistakably shows. Her delineations of feminine modes are in great demand; her designs for silk patterns and stage settings are hardly less popular; but of late the major part of her time goes to the writing and illustrating of books for children. Miss Sturges, her husband Clayton Knight, and two little Knights all live in Roslyn, L. I.

Photo by
Frederick Bradley
New York

MAUD MALCOLM: Because she believed it the logical first step to the career of an actress, Miss Malcolm became a model. Argued she: not only is it a vocation wherein the manner theatrical is desirable, but likewise one wherein one may earn one's way. A quite correct reasoning, as the very first day of the venture proved. Clamorous and constant has been the demand for her services by artists and photographers. Then came the inevitable chance for a part in the movies. She was in the cast of "The Scarab Ring." Never losing sight of her original ambition, her perseverance was rewarded, when one day she had the opportunity to tell Edgar Selwyn about it. He was just then organizing the cast for "Possession," and gave her a small part. So well did she do it that she was made understudy to the star.

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KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

February 1929 The RED BOOK Magazine Volume LII Number 4

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: ARTHUR MCKEOGH, New York; DONALD KENNICOTT, Chicago. ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDE

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Ruth Revised

By BRUCE BARTON

THIRTY years ago the peaceful evening air of a Chicago suburb was shattered by the shouts of newsboys. A thing so unprecedented had occurred that it had evoked an "extra." One of our middle-aged citizens had been sued by his wife for divorce!

Yesterday I met an eminent lawyer on his way to Paris. "Divorce business?" I asked.

He nodded. "We never handled it before, and we shouldn't be handling it now except as a favor to personal friends. But we have six cases in the office this minute.

"I don't know what's come over people," he added. "They used to get married for better or worse, expecting a certain amount of the worse and prepared to go through with it. Nowadays a cross look, a little ennui, a bit of a tiff, and off they run to a lawyer."

You may remember that the book of Ruth contains a very noble expression of human fidelity. It was uttered by *Ruth* to her mother-in-law, but it might well be revised to meet the mental reservations of many modern Ruths and their husbands.

"Where thou goest I will go (provided I like the climate and the neighbors, and there is a country-club); where thou dwellest I will dwell (but I wont live in a dead town; I want some good bridge-players); thy people shall be my people (but don't let them get the idea that they can visit us; we wont make the blunder of having a spare room)."

Many lugubrious sermons are preached and many solemn articles written about this increase in divorce. I do not feel called upon to add to the general head-wagging; my worries about other people's morals seem to grow steadily less with advancing years.

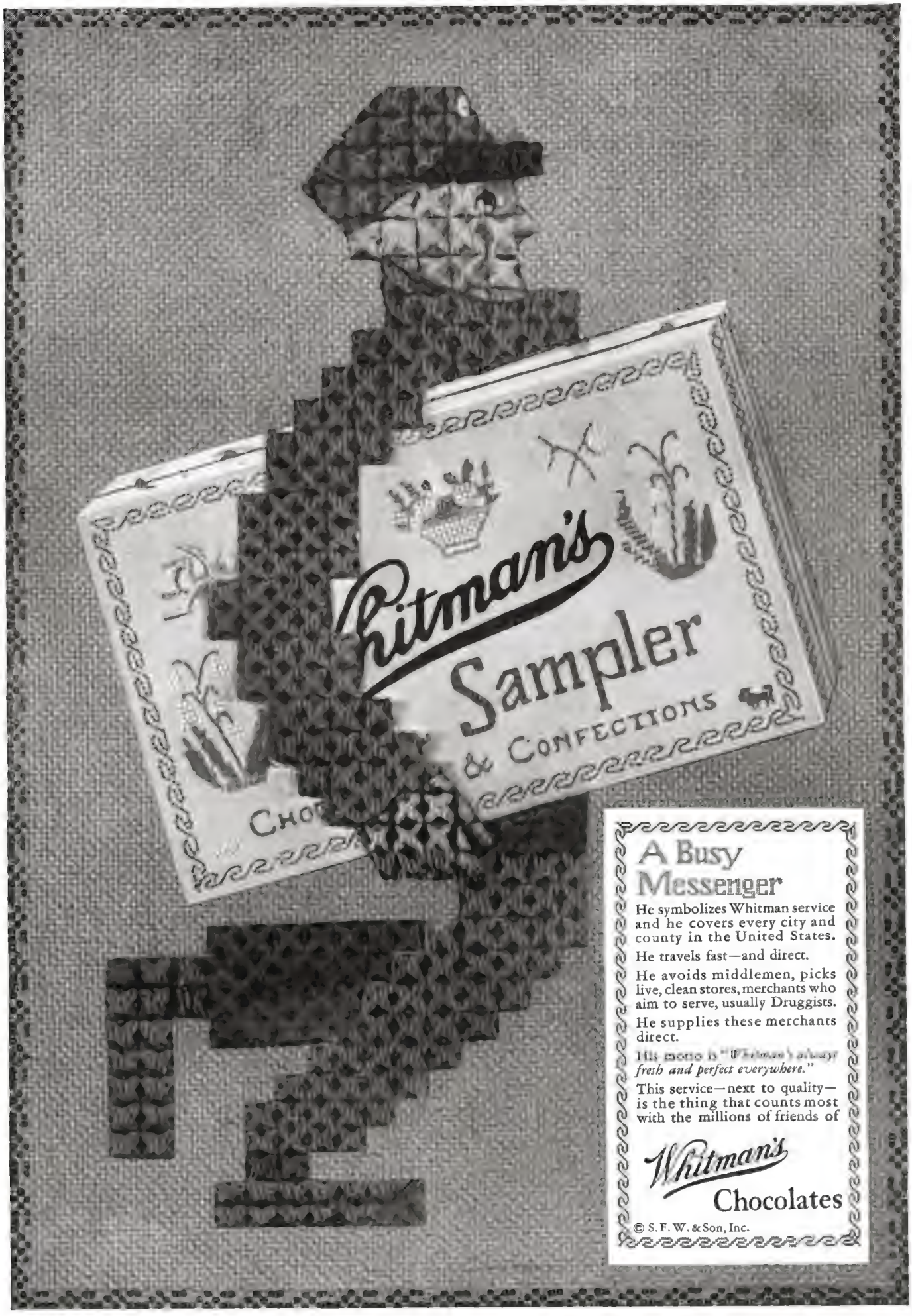
But it may be in order to reëmphasize the fact that this mad search for happiness proceeds on what is almost certainly a mistaken assumption.

There is a curious perversity about the universe which I cannot explain, but in which observation compels me to believe. It is this—that the men who try hardest to make money usually make less than those who forget about money and try only to do good work. That the men and women who seek happiness with selfish intensity usually get less of it than those who think of their lives in relation to their obligations to other people.

If anyone would like to debate this subject, let him produce the man and woman of his acquaintance who have been divorced most often.

I shall produce a grand old couple who, through good times and bad, have stuck to each other for fifty-two years.

And we will compare the faces.



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WHEN FORTUNE FAVORED THE BRAVE

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

IN the unprotected anchorage off Apia, of the Samoan Islands, lay seven warships: three American, three German, one British. A hurricane was on the way; but in spite of the warning, no warship stirred. It was March, 1889; and there was trouble in the Samoans—international "friction," and no one would leave. Rear Admiral Kimberley, of the U. S. S. *Trenton,* was the ranking officer present. He flew the only "broad pennant;" and he, said Robert Louis Stevenson, who was near by, "certainly should have led the way. He clung, instead, to his moorings, and the Germans doggedly followed his example, daring the violence of heaven."

Kane, commanding the English *Calliope,* also remained.

"The night closed black, with sheets of rain. By midnight it blew a gale; by the morning watch, a tempest. The agitation of the sea" (wrote Stevenson) "surpassed experience and description."

The German *Eber* first dragged her anchors and was cast on the reefs. Of her crew of eighty, four were washed to the beach alive. The American *Nipsic* next went on the beach, losing forty-three men and three officers besides her captain; then it was the German *Adler's* turn to break her back upon the reef.

There remained the American flagship *Trenton* and the *Vandalia,* the German *Olga* and the British *Calliope.* But the *Olga* was damaged; the *Trenton's* rudder was broken, her wheel carried away and water flooded her below. Hand pumps were manned to save the fires from the seas.

Kane, of the *Calliope,* had steam up and determined now to trust to his engines rather than to his anchors. His one chance of escape was to go out into open water. He signaled his engineer for every pound of steam; the last remaining cable slipped.

For a time the English ship did not move; but it must advance, or the hurricane and the waves would outlast the engines' power; and the English would be cast with the German and American dead upon the beach. At last it moved. An hour it took to gain two cable-lengths; but it advanced and headed out to sea, reaching the position of the *Trenton,* which had become helpless now with stokehold flooded. She had made the signal, "Fires extinguished," and lay waiting the end.

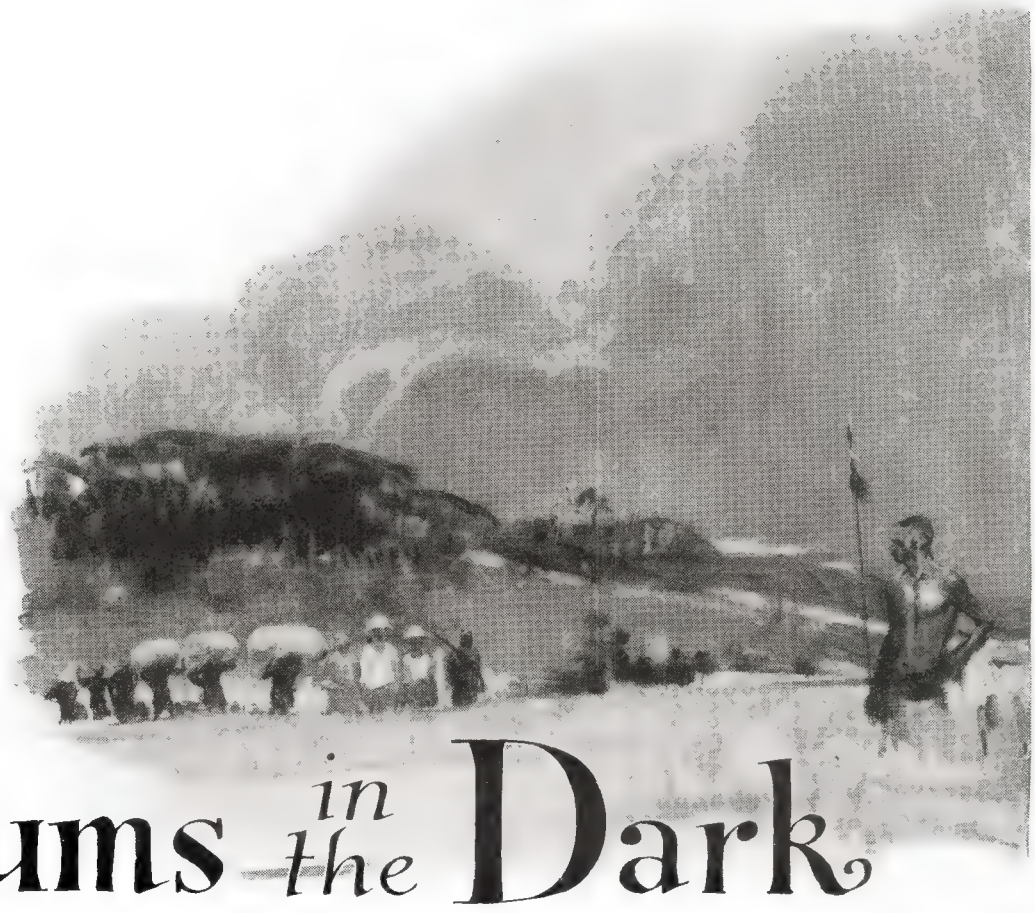
So close to the Americans that the *Calliope's* foreyard swung over the *Trenton's* quarter as she rolled, came the English, headed out to safety; and as they passed, up rose from the doomed American ship a cheer! The old admiral, Kimberley, led it; American cheers for the ship steaming out to safety. The English replied, and went out to sea.

Then, one by one, the chains of the *Trenton* snapped; the waves overcame her, and the *Vandalia* and the *Olga.* The morning showed six ships upon the beach. But the God of brave and generous men saw to the crew of the *Trenton,* who had cheered others, believing themselves to die. Of the six ships on the reef, the *Trenton* lost least; of four hundred and fifty aboard, one man perished.

By
Mary
Hastings
Bradley

Here is reality written by a young woman who has hunted elephants and heard African drums beating in the night.

Illustrated by
Herbert Morton Stoops



Drums in the Dark

MUMGANGA was unwelcoming. He stood in the midst of his bodyguard, leaning on his spear, a gaunt, hostile old savage with a leopard-skin about his black loins, watching the safari toiling up the mountain to him.

Drums were beating from the grass huts of his village above him, and a muffled chanting of voices told of the magic that the medicine man was making to drive these intruders away. Already, he asserted, his powers had provided a heavier rain than the usual daily one; the black cloud of storm was sweeping up the hill above the safari, blotting out the sun and spreading shadow like a pall upon the forested slope.

Three whites were in the lead, the first three khaki-clad figures to come up that mountain. From the telegraphy of drums, relaying the news from village to village, Mumganga knew that there were two white men and one white woman, wife to one of the men; that they were not officials; that no soldiers were with them, only eighty porters from the tribe to the north already capitulated to the Belgian rule.

The word was that they were coming for elephant. But though meat would be a boon, for the village had had no feast these two years,—not since the pressure of the Administration to the north and south of the mountains had interfered with the little tribal raids that used to procure the wherewithal for cannibal feasts,—there was no welcome for the white hunters in Mumganga's heart.

The first whites. He knew what that meant: More and more whites. Black soldiers. Guns against which spears were useless. Commands to send men, to raise food, to make roads. Punishments that no one understood. . . . . It was said these Europeans even forbade the killing of witches—hanged men for killing them! They were in league with the very powers of evil.

A native boy in khaki shorts and a torn jersey came clambering up to the chief with a message that his white master wanted a *shauri* with him, that he needed firewood and water and food for the porters, for which he would pay.

He spoke in Swahili, the intertribal language, which Mumganga knew well; but the old chief shook his head with an expression utterly uncomprehending and indifferent. As the first rush of the storm came on, he retreated with his followers to the village, leaving the messenger to scurry back through the slant drive of rain.

Among the bananas two tents had been hastily reared, but their shelter was insecure—the gale was snapping up the pegs like pins, sending the ropes dancing in thin air, and filling the green linen walls till they bulged like bellying sails.

The porters had dived into the banana grove at first wash of the rain, and one white man, Strickland, was out in the downpour, with a few of his boys, shouting orders, hammering down the pegs, trying to pile the scattered loads, struggling to drag a flapping tarpaulin over the largest heap of boxes.

He was everywhere at once, a lean, darting figure in a long raincoat, rain running like a waterfall from his helmet's edge. One box, the one with photographic materials, he laid hold of himself and dragged into the nearest tent.

"Can't let this get wet," he panted. "Mistake not have it in tin container."

It was Varney's tent, and Varney, smoking a cigarette, was inside the doorway, staring out at the sheet of falling rain. There had been no time to trench the tents, and rivers of water were running through them; the men were in mud to their ankles.

Varney looked loathingly down at the mess.

"This is the hell of a place to camp," he said.

Strickland agreed in his soul, but the other's tone roused all his antagonism. Varney had such an air of holding him responsible, as if he, in his capacity of white hunter and conductor of the expedition, could foresee the day's chances!

"It can't last long at this rate," he forced himself to say, in a fairly pleasant voice.

It was slackening already. It had done its work thoroughly. The trampled ground about them was a morass of red and sticky mud; the porters were drowned rats, the boys soaked and disheartened. There wasn't a stick of dry firewood. The goods had all to be piled, the camp made, the men fed and warmed.

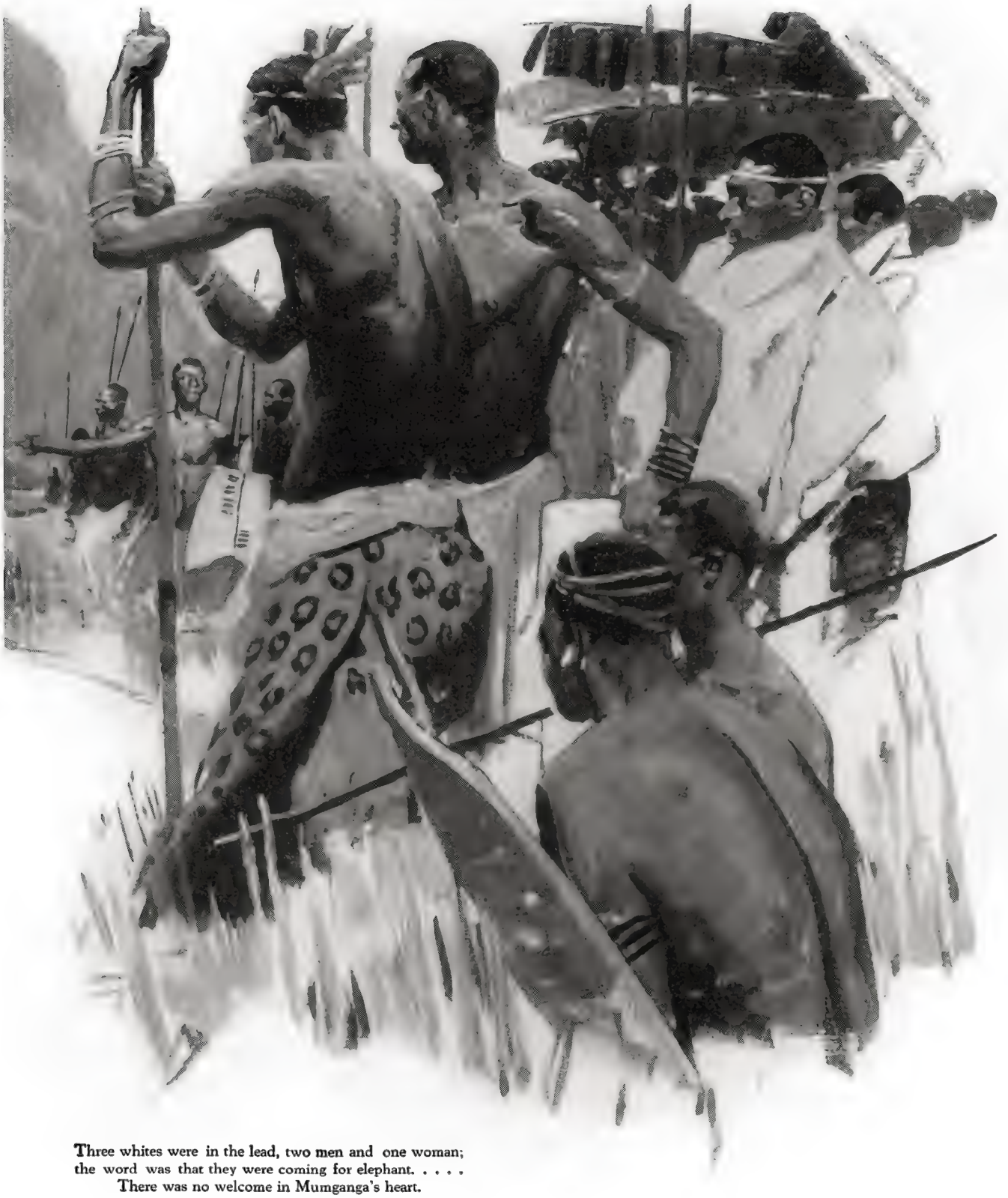
He must send again to the chief, for it was beneath his dignity to go himself, unless of necessity. He wondered how he could prevail upon the old savage.

The rain had thinned to a silver mist. White fogs from the suddenly cooled earth were wandering through the trees like lost specters, now blotting out entire perspectives, now dissolving into nothingness. Far away, across cloud-shrouded valleys, peak after peak of pale mountains were hung apparently in air. It was all immensely remote and inaccessible—and immensely wet.

"So this is Africa!" said Varney in his drawling, slightly supercilious voice, and something in Strickland stiffened unreasonably.

It was Africa—part of Africa. But why the devil need Varney behave as if Africa were all of his making and all of a piece? They had had decent camps.

"What price ducks!" called a blithe young voice.



Three whites were in the lead, two men and one woman; the word was that they were coming for elephant. . . . . There was no welcome in Mumganga's heart.

Mrs. Varney had come out of her tent and was in the drizzle before them, her hands in the pockets of her shrouding raincoat. There was something jolly in the very cock of her elbows. Her gypsy-dark eyes were smiling out of a smudged and rain-streaked face, and a wisp of wet dark hair hung down beneath the sodden felt of the double terai hat she wore in place of a helmet.

"Quack, quack!" she mocked at them.

For once Strickland found himself grinning unreservedly at her.

"You're a very sporting duck," he told her, as he stepped outside, leaving Varney to his melancholy gazing.

"Do give me a cigarette," she appealed, and as he paused to get at his pockets: "Do you know, that's the first nice thing you've ever said to me?"

But Strickland was on his guard again.

"Why should I say nice things to you?" he demanded with that easy ruthlessness of his which had put more than one young woman in her place—a man does not keep his freedom in East Africa without a certain talent for amputations. "That's your husband's job."

"But he does it so poorly," she murmured, her dark eyes oblique.

She was laughing at him, and for the life of him he could not keep his irritation from showing. "That's your misfortune—but it's no part of my job as white hunter to make up for it."

"I really didn't expect it," she said soothingly, letting him light the cigarette he had given her. "Pat told me you were terribly girl-shy—wouldn't have one on safari unless she was married—and then you ignored her. . . . . Of course I can understand it, in my case—"

"Can you indeed?" he said cuttingly. His eyes were straying about, noting where to tuck the tents, but his feet seemed unable to stir from her.

"And how do you account for it?" he could not keep himself from unwisely adding.

"It's my sex appeal," she told him mournfully. "You can't think what a curse it is to a woman who longs for true friendship!"

"You go to the devil!" said Strickland with sudden warmth, and hurried off from her laughter.

Well, he had asked for it! He couldn't pretend to understand her. She'd been quiet enough at first—but now she was cutting loose.

An odd pair! As he hurried about, bringing order out of swimming chaos, the cook-tent here, his own tent there, with the mess fly staked before it, unlocking boxes for the cook and dealing out cigarettes generously, heartening his sorry natives as best he could, Strickland's mind was running constantly upon the oddity of that pair.

A queer couple. Varney was likable enough in his pleasant moods,—his light, ironic humor had attracted Strickland at first,—but a poor sport. He simply retreated from any responsibility, taking refuge in sardonic aloofness when things went wrong, as if the workings of this world were no affair of his.

It seemed Mrs. Varney's job to set them right. She was forever laughing off discomforts, turning out the bright side for him to look at. Had she been a man, Strickland would have called her top hole. But—she was a flagrantly young and lovely woman, and Strickland couldn't make her out.

Her solicitude for Varney was real. He felt that. But she certainly treated herself to a few vacations from her wifeliness, as her badinage in the rain indicated. She meant nothing, of course, but sheer, teasing bedevilment, but Strickland was wary of these young moderns. She said things that made his thirty-three-year-old hair stand on end.

He had taken out the Varneys through the urgency of his friend Pat O'Brien, who had bellowed entreaties at him over the miles of sagging telephone wire between O'Brien's place in Uganda, and his own, on the Congo side. The Varneys, friends of O'Brien, had got as far as his place, ready for a safari into the Congo, when their white hunter, MacTavish, had come down with fever. There they were, hung up, not wanting to journey back to Nairobi to pick up somebody to take them out for a shoot in East Africa. Of course Pat had thought of *him*.

He knew how Pat had talked. Strickland—the very man for them! Knew the Congo like a book. Had a place over there—could meet them at the boundary river. He'd do his damnedest to get him for them. And Pat had done his damnedest. Told him the Varneys were the very best. Wanting to go into the very country that Strickland liked. Wanted a big tusker. All outfitted and ready—no fussing with detail. They could set out next morning, with his headman, and be at the Semliki in four days.

The wife? Pat knew all Strickland's objections to women, and there had been a pause there over the wire; then Strickland had grinned inwardly at the booming heartiness of Pat's assurances. She'd be no bother at all, Pat asserted. Nice, quiet sort. Four days later, at the boundary river, Strickland's grin had deepened at Pat's notion of a nice, quiet sort. That blithe young gypsy, with her bedeviling dark eyes! But she'd be no bother. He'd see to that.

She had become nothing else to him. His mind, that hated puzzlements, was forever running upon her and her amazing contradictions. And there was something else—some sort of tension between her and her husband. Those strained voices sometimes in their tents—hers with that strange note of pleading! And that racket between them, back at the beginning of the mountains, when a bag of mail had come in.

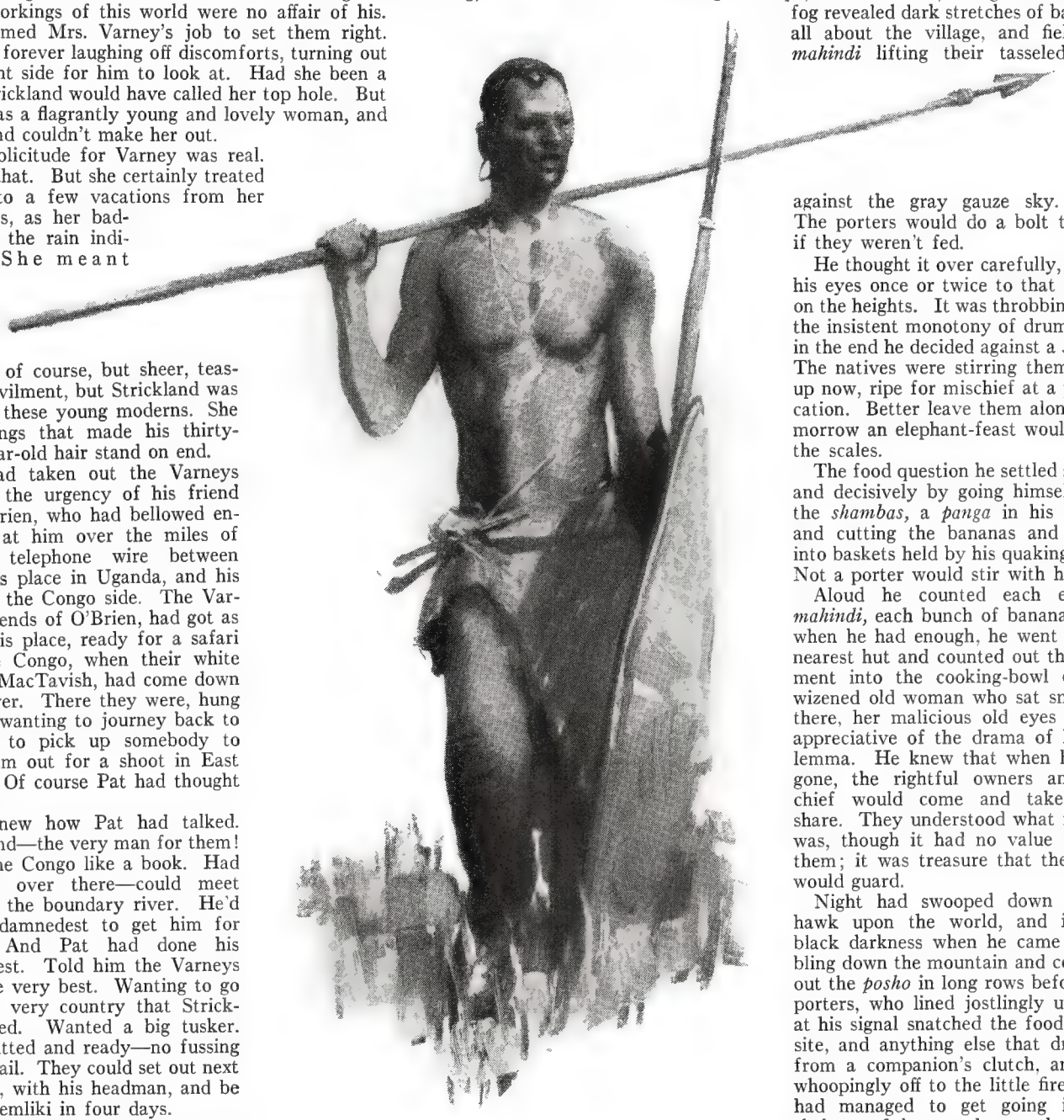
But—it was none of his business. . . . .

"Tea's ready," sung out Judith Varney.

She had water boiling in the Tommy cooker that her Americanism called a "solid alcohol" stove, and the boys had laid out biscuits and jam and cheese upon the folding table and drawn up chairs in the mud.

Varney was already pouring out his cup. Strickland took his standing, digesting a bit of information his boy had brought down from his second trip up the mountain:

No food. Nothing was ripe, said the chief, though the shifting fog revealed dark stretches of bananas all about the village, and fields of *mahindi* lifting their tasseled tops against the gray gauze sky. . . . . The porters would do a bolt tonight if they weren't fed.



The message was insolent: unless the foreigners went away, Mumganga would cut their throats.

He thought it over carefully, lifting his eyes once or twice to that village on the heights. It was throbbing with the insistent monotony of drums, and in the end he decided against a *shauri*. The natives were stirring themselves up now, ripe for mischief at a provocation. Better leave them alone—tomorrow an elephant-feast would turn the scales.

The food question he settled simply and decisively by going himself into the *shambas*, a *panga* in his hands, and cutting the bananas and maize into baskets held by his quaking boys. Not a porter would stir with him.

Aloud he counted each ear of *mahindi*, each bunch of bananas, and when he had enough, he went to the nearest hut and counted out the payment into the cooking-bowl of the wizened old woman who sat smoking there, her malicious old eyes highly appreciative of the drama of his dilemma. He knew that when he had gone, the rightful owners and the chief would come and take their share. They understood what money was, though it had no value among them; it was treasure that the chief would guard.

Night had swooped down like a hawk upon the world, and it was black darkness when he came stumbling down the mountain and counted out the *posho* in long rows before the porters, who lined jostlingly up, and at his signal snatched the food opposite, and anything else that dropped from a companion's clutch, and ran whoopingly off to the little fires they had managed to get going in the shelters of banana leaves they had contrived for themselves.

When a stringed gourd began to

In the nick of time he caught himself back from kissing her. This was the thing he had resolved should never happen to him—entanglement with a woman.

twang, and a song commenced, Strickland felt that the night was saved.

The Varneys were still at table, and tea was merging into dinner. He made a brief recital of his activities, and Varney murmured a preoccupied, "Excellent!"—as if a courier, Strickland thought, had reported the purchase of the proper train-tickets.

Judith Varney said nothing for a moment, her eyes intent upon him. They were very sensible young eyes now.

"Wont that make difficulty?" she asked at last, with a directness he found himself matching.

"It may—but less than trying to force their hands. Sleep with your tents tied and a revolver under the pillow. Tomorrow we'll try for an elephant. That will make them happy. . . . . The mountain is full of fresh tracks, and my boy has promised big *matabeesh* to some of the younger men—out of earshot of the chief, of course—if they let us know early where elephants were feeding in the night. They may do it. If not, we'll have a look-see for ourselves."

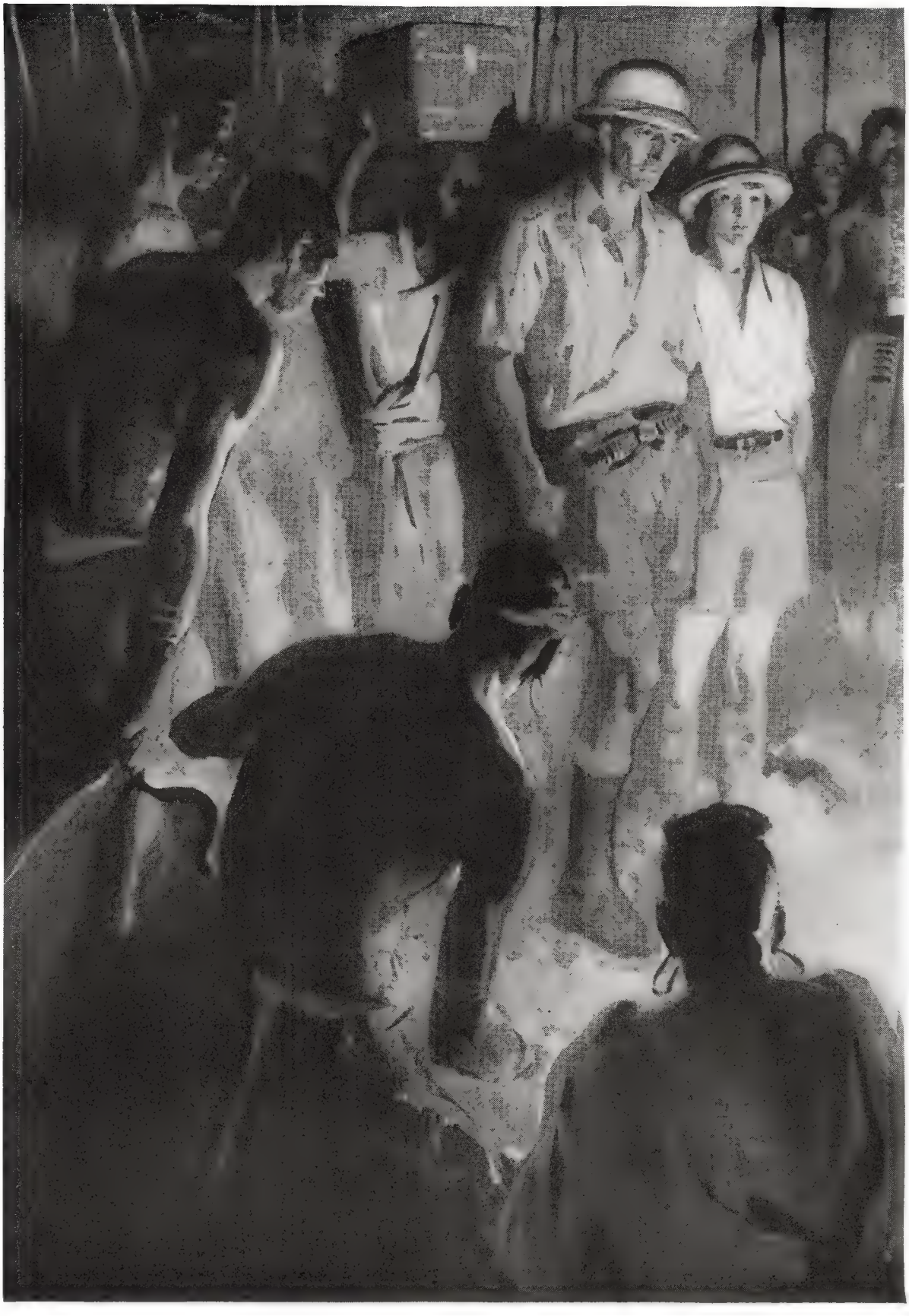
She nodded comprehendingly.

Strickland turned to Varney. "We will try for an elephant, anyway—any sort of bull. If it's a small one, we can put it on my license, or on the one we took out for your wife. But you may find your big tusker right here."

"Ah, the big tusker," murmured Varney absently.

In the same negligent, half-satiric tone he added: "Rice—and possibly curry?" as the table-boy, materializing out of darkness, put a steaming dish before him. "And some of the tinned tongue? How unusual!"

For the first time Strickland heard Judith Varney snap at her husband.



"White man, go down from my mountains. Go away at once, before we cut your throats!"

"How delicious! Your cook is a marvel, Captain Strickland."

The next instant, in a rush of repentance, she was smoothing it over with Varney.

"Think of it, Ted—the big tusker tomorrow. A chance, anyway! I hope you get some huge points."

"I am consumed with hope," said Varney lightly.

"Tomorrow early," Strickland told him. "And that doesn't mean *sabui sana*—it means *kuku kwanza,* the first cock-crow. And the cocks, I may tell you, crow early in Africa."

"I'll turn in early, then," Varney answered; and a little later he rose with good nights, and lifted his mud-bound boots. "God, what muck!"

Strickland rose too, with purposeful significance, but Mrs. Varney sat tight. Reluctantly he sat down again to finish his cigarette.

When Varney was quite out of earshot she leaned across the table confidentially. "Captain Strickland, I want most awfully to have Ted keen again on that big tusker. It would get him roused. There's something on his mind now—he got away from it for a while, but now— Oh, I *do* so want to keep his thoughts off it!"

"Quite so," murmured Strickland to the glowing tip of his cigarette.

He was steeled to her air of intimacy—he wanted none of these secret understandings between them. She was Varney's wife, and he had his own notions about women who confided about their husbands.

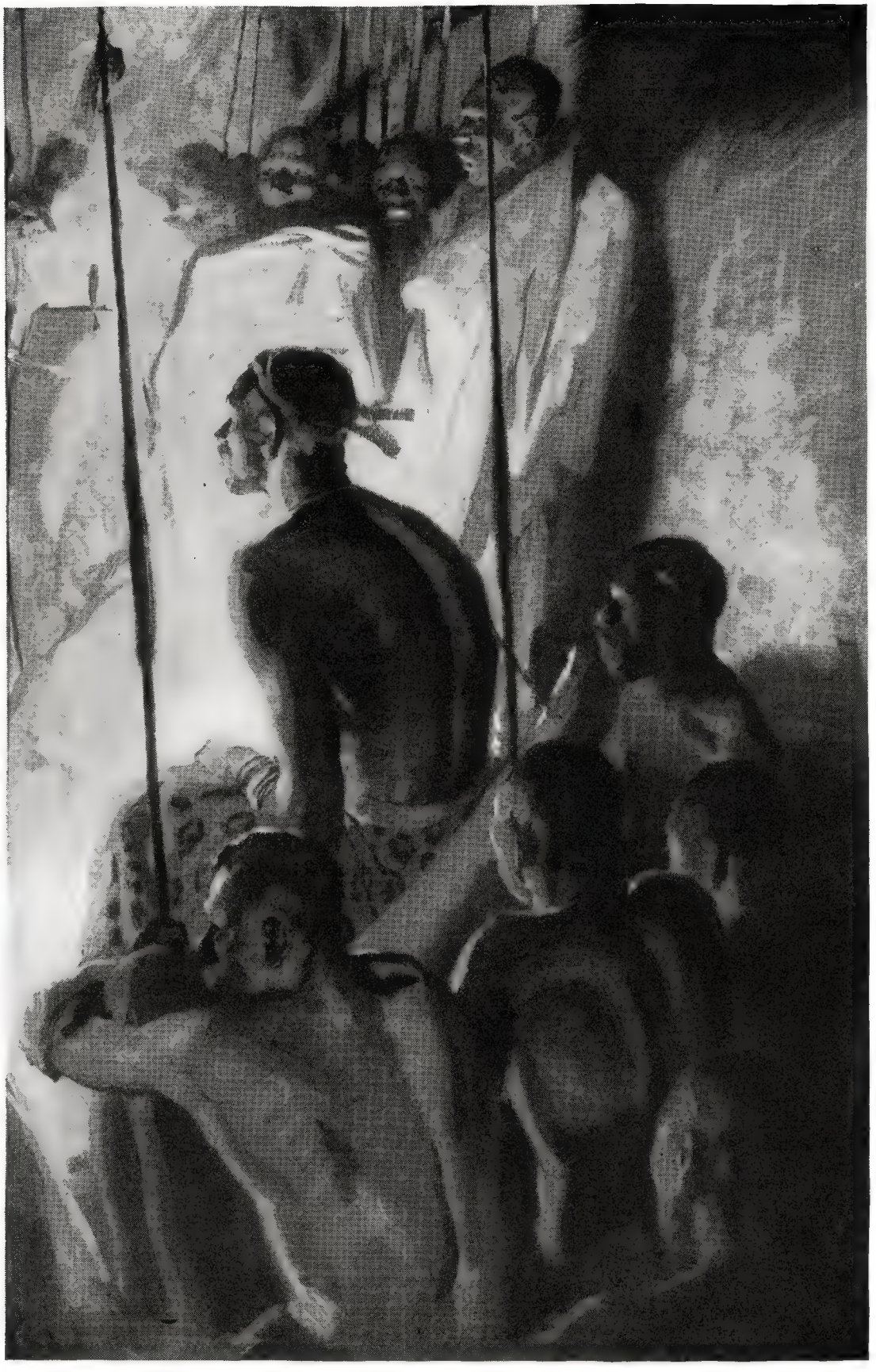
She brushed aside any rebuff she felt and went on in a note of deeper urgency: "I don't want you to listen to him if he—if he should want to turn back. . . . . He *must* stay—and get his elephant."

Strickland was startled. The suggestion of a man turning back on the verge of an elephant-hunt was new to him, but he kept his surprise to himself and said in that level voice of his: "I'm quite at his orders. Certainly I sha'n't urge him to go on if he's disinclined."

"You wont?" She was startled in her turn. It was clearly a shock to her that her wishes were so lightly regarded by this young Englishman. And she did not attempt to keep that surprise to herself.

"Oh, you must! Please! You don't know—he must stay—"

"I fancy he'll want to see it through," Strickland told her. He threw his cigarette away, then deliberately stood up. When she



rose, with visible reluctance, he said, "Good night," in his firmly impersonal voice, and added: "I fancy we'll be gone before you are up in the morning."

But that morning it was Mrs. Varney who came through the darkness to the candle-lighted breakfast-table, Mrs. Varney ready in khaki, buckling the cartridge-pouch on her leather belt.

"I heard the call and went to Ted's tent—he says he doesn't feel up to a hunt today, and wanted me to come in his stead."

Now, it was no part of Strickland's contract to take her out on a shoot—her license had been merely precaution and to give a margin for shooting for meat. It was in his mind to refuse point-blank.

"Would you rather not?" she said quickly. "I came because it was so unsporting for one of us not to make a start when elephant were reported. But I knew you'd hate it."

The imputation that it mattered one way or the other to him settled it promptly.

"Not at all. Eat as quickly as you can," he said, crisply. "There's a native here says he can lead us to big tracks."

Anger was burning in him. What the devil did Varney mean—playing the weakling like this and throwing the woman at him! He ought to know better. . . . . And she—well, if she came for an elephant-hunt, she'd have an elephant-hunt — a man's hunt! He'd make no difference for her.

He made none. He let the native guide set the pace, and it was a hard one. His gun-boy followed the guide, and he came next, shouldering his own gun, Judith Varney behind him, her gun-boy, carrying her gun, at her heels; and a reluctant porter, with a camera and a water-bottle and a roll of lunch wrapped in their raincoats on his head, brought up the rear.

Down the mountain they wound, on a goat-trail almost invisible in the darkness of before dawn, down through a jungle-choked ravine where their flashlights showed the fresh prints of leopard in the moist path, and across a river at a place where buffalo had been drinking within the hour.

Strickland was careful to keep close to her in the jungle; he was thoughtful about letting branches fly back, and he mentioned stones and thorns to her over his shoulder; but he let her wade that river, waist deep, like a man, though on the march he had always had her cross water on a native's back, if the carrying chair was not at hand.

And, once over, he clambered up the muddy trail with not a backward reach of a helping hand. Let her climb by herself! She had asked for it. He heard her panting as they reached the top, but he waited for no more time than to make sure the luckless porter was still with them, then pressed on.

Through light brush where the still air held the heavy smell of the wild beasts that had been wandering there before them, where Strickland's eyes searched every bush, and his hand was tense on his gun—down a slope and up another—through the sudden gloom of banana *shambas* and past a collection of spectral huts on the edge of open fields.

Out across the fields to where trampled ground showed the tracks. As Strickland and his tracker studied them, the world about them was suddenly lightened as if *(Please turn to page 112)*

SHEBA

By

Viña Delmar

Illustrated by
William Meade Prince

THERE had been a period in the life of the young community of Fordham when all slim and pretty female attachments had been known as shebas. The period passed, but the name Sheba had clung to one slender maiden. If one was not a stickler for accuracy, one could believe that the name suited her. She was lithe and slender. Her eyes were a glowing deep brown and her lips very, very red. She moved with a graceful quickness, and the short black curls on her head danced and gleamed. During the bangle era she had covered her arms with narrow gold-filled bracelets that chimed faintly when she moved. This was not a pet affectation of Sheba's. When bangles were popular, all Fordham wore bangles, just as all Fordham, including Sheba, stopped wearing them at a given signal. That is only one of the nice things about Fordham—its utter and complete unity of thought.

Sheba had a boy friend. Jack Daugherty was the name of the gentleman in question. He was a drug-clerk, and he clerked in that large pharmacy on Fordham Road where all the girls buy their raspberry lipsticks. Sheba and Jack danced together or went to shows together or just took walks on Jack's nights off. He was a nice, hard-working boy, and he was tall and thin, and everybody agreed that he was kind of good-looking.

Lots of times when they sat on a bench in Devoe Park of a summer's evening, Sheba thought Jack was perfect. But other times, when they'd just come from a movie—well, Sheba thought that Jack was a pretty commonplace dud to team up to for life. He was the kind of fellow who'd never do a dirty trick to anybody; but on the other hand, he'd never distinguish himself by going to the guillotine for a beloved but useless ideal. Just a fellow, this Jack Daugherty. Sheba would sigh heavily. She had a suspicion that there was something more in life than just marrying a fellow and raising kids.

"Hey, Sheba, no fooling, what do you think of this coming Friday for getting married?"

"Can't. Got a date with the hairdresser."

"Say, what do you hold me off all the time for? First thing you know, I wont marry you at all."

"Gee, that would be tough, wouldn't it?"

"I'll say so. Where would a dizzy dame like you get another fellow?"

"In any drug-store, brother."

"Yeah? I don't see you getting them! Honest, Sheba, I like

"Is that so? Well, what do you think of this? I've just promised Mr. Daugherty to marry him right now."

To read a story by Viña Delmar is to step into the circle of the self-supporting, self-reliant youth of the greatest city. There are so very many Shebas!

you heaps. Sometimes I get thinking,—like now, for instance,—and I think if you don't set a day, I'll croak from the suspense."

"Well, it's a nice night for it."

"That's a fine way to talk, aint it? Say, I saw a picture the other night where a girl thanked a fellow for asking her to marry him."

"Yeh, but the guy wasn't Jack Daugherty."

"Come on, call off the guns, Sheba. I'm nuts about you, and you think I'm all right. Your father says I'm O.K., so when do we do it?"

"What?"

"Get married."

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Daugherty, my mind was on something else."

Nobody—Jack least of all—would have believed that Sheba had a snapshot of her drug-clerk sweetheart on her dresser. Morning and night she looked at the snapshot, and sometimes she stuck her tongue out at it, and sometimes she smiled at it. Quite often Sheba's elder sister, who kept house, would move the picture from the center of the dresser. Sheba would always return it to its proper place. Oh, yes, Sheba was fond of Jack, but young love uptown does not manifest itself in soulful sighs or soft words. A person's got to keep right on the job in Fordham in order to distinguish the grand passion.

Sheba did a lot of thinking about Jack Daugherty. She supposed that sooner or later she would marry him, but not just yet. Not while all the fellows in the subway trains gazed yearningly at her morning and evening. Not while the boys at the corner of Jerome Avenue called out: "Hey, Sheba, whatcha doing tonight?" She thought it would be nice to sit with Jack on long winter evenings when her joints were too old for dancing—but right now. . . . . Oh, Jack was all right; but Sheba could not help wishing there was something just a little bit exciting about him.

Jack's nights off were Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Other nights he worked till midnight, and of course every morning and afternoon he could be found dispensing pills, powder-puffs and plasters. Sheba didn't do much on the nights when Jack worked. She had fallen into the habit of making a specialty of Jack. He danced better than a lot of other fellows, and he was always willing to go to any picture-show that Sheba selected.

Most times when his nights were tied up, she bought a magazine on her way home from the office and spent the evening on the couch in the living-room. Sheba, a bag of candy and a magazine, all present on Jack's busy nights, brought Sheba's father a very comforting sense of well-being. There wasn't going to be any trouble with this daughter, either, thank heaven! A nice, steady boy, Jack Daugherty, and Sheba had evidently chosen him from all the young men around. Allah be praised, was the thought of Sheba's father as he would go out to play a little game of pool with his friends.

There was one night when Sheba did not buy a magazine on her way home from work. It was a Tuesday, too, and the blind man at the news-stand watched her hurry by and said to his son: "This was her night to buy something."

"Whose night?" asked the blind man's son.

"The little dark girl. See her up there in the black felt hat? That's the one I meant."

"Oh," said the blind man's son disinterestedly as he turned to straighten the sign which said: *"Please buy papers from Blind Sam."*

The truth of the matter was that Sheba had made a date to go visit an office acquaintance who lived in Inwood. Inwood is west of Fordham. It is a smaller, less elaborate community, but pleasant and reasonable. It was not more than fifteen minutes from Fordham by the trolley, and Sheba had figured that she and Maude McCabe could go to the Dyckman movies over there.

Fordham damsels dressing to go out with a girl friend always remind one of the man who went fishing and took a rifle along. "Well," said the man, "we might see a stray rabbit!" And a Fordham girl never takes a chance on not looking her best, even when the Dyckman movies and Maude McCabe appear to be all of the evening's promise.

So Sheba was very careful about the way her make-up went on. She combed her hair very thoroughly, then wet it. It was the kind of hair that squirms about when wet and finally ends up in a most amazing mass of waves and ringlets. She changed her dress. There was a deep red broadcloth ensemble her sister had made for her that was a dream. It was trimmed with squirrel, because Sheba's sister had once had a squirrel coat. There was a deep red hat neatly stitched in gold that fitted with snug perfection upon the black curls. Of course Sheba needn't have dressed up like that to go to the movies in Inwood, but she'd never wear the ensemble to work, and how would Maudie ever get to see it? It was necessary that Maudie see it.

And Sheba stepped gayly down to the corner of Valentine Avenue and began to wait for a trolley car.

She had been waiting a few minutes when an automobile turned abruptly off Fordham Road and stopped on Valentine right beside Sheba.

"Hello, sister."

"Die," said Sheba in a low, venomous tone. That usually works, but it didn't on this chap.

"Don't be nasty. Come on, let me take you where you're going. I've looked into this trolley situation, and say, there isn't going to be one along for ages."

Well, in that case—Sheba looked at the driver of the car. He was young and darn' near handsome. He had an olive skin and dark bright eyes. His teeth were very white and straight. His hat was off, and Sheba liked his black wavy hair. She looked at the car then. Not so good. Not smart, not new, not even an original color. Just a regulation four-door job, a year or two old, and either dark blue or black. No class.

"Run along," she ordered.

"Hop in, kid. Honest, the trolleys are all in a row down at Bronx Park. Not a one of them intending to move. Come on."

He smiled, and his smile was irresistible. Gee, Jack would be sore if he knew this, Sheba thought as she stepped into the car. But how would he know it? Nobody would see her accepting the lift, and it was a quick, pleasant way to get to Inwood.

They started west. Sheba's companion did not speak for the first block or two; then he asked: "How far are you going?"

"Post Avenue."

"Must it be such a short ride?"

"Yep. Got a date."

"A heavy one?"

"No. Just a girl friend."

"Don't give me that. You're too dolled up to be meeting a girl."

"No kidding," Sheba giggled. "It's a girl, honest."

"Well, then call the date off."

"Can't."

"All right. We'll make it a longer ride next time."

"Say, you take plenty for granted, don't you?"

"Not too much. The minute I saw you I wanted to know you. You're a swell-looking kid. What's your name?"

"Sheba."

He laughed. Cigarette-smoke caught in his throat, and he laughed and coughed simultaneously.

"What's the matter?" Sheba asked. "Do you find my name very funny?" This was a moment for dignity.

"No, only my name's Solomon. That's a good one, isn't it?"

"Solomon? What's funny about that?"

"You're Sheba, and I'm Solomon. Sheba and Solomon. Get it?"

"Is that your first name?"

"No; Nicky is the rest of it—Nicky Solomon. A bit of a mixture there. Say, you haven't got the Sheba-Solomon thing yet, have you? Well, never mind; you're a good kid, anyhow."

Post Avenue. . . . .

"It's Post and Dyckman I want," Sheba said. "You can drop me here if it will be easier."

"No, I'll take you right to the house. It's just as easy. Say, don't you want me to come back and get you around ten o'clock?"

"Oh, say now! What do you think this is, your birthday?"

"Don't you want me to come and get you? We could stop and have something to eat, and you'd be home by eleven or so."

"No."

"Why not?"

"That's right, too. I guess there's no reason. All right, you ring the bell marked McCabe at ten o'clock, and I'll come right down."

He opened the door and jumped out of the car. He was on the other side to help her alight. Sheba thought that was very nice of him.

Sheba and Maudie didn't go to the movies. They sat all evening in Maudie's room talking of Nicky Solomon and the red broadcloth ensemble.

"Whatever will Jack say?" asked Maudie. She was thrilled by Sheba's description of Nicky.

"What can he say?" returned Sheba. "I'm not actually engaged to him."

Ten minutes of riding with Nicky had changed her whole view of the matter. Suppose Jack knew about it. Well, what business was it of his?

Nicky came back and rang Maudie's bell promptly at ten o'clock. Sheba had been sitting with her hat and coat on for ten minutes, and at his ring she said a hasty good-by to Maudie and flew down the stairs.

"Well, well, here we are again!" said Nicky. "Say, how would you like some good spaghetti?"

"Fine."

"Like Dago red? I know a place where the spaghetti's fine and the wine's great."

"Huh," said Nicky, "he needn't look so superior! He'd've been a stiff today if he'd been on this job last night."

It was a half-hour's ride from Inwood, this place of Nicky's. Not much farther downtown, but far east. Sheba didn't worry much about where he was taking her. He was a nice boy, and he was different. Nothing commonplace about Nicky. They talked and laughed a great deal. She told Nicky about Maudie and the office and about Jack.

"What does he do?" Nicky asked.

"He's a drug-clerk."

Nicky's lips expressed contempt. "Not much money there," he said. "How does he expect to dress a swell girl like you?"

"Well, we're not exactly engaged. What do you do?"

Nicky laughed carelessly. "Oh, this and that," he responded. "Mostly that. When I'm broke, I can always wire home for money."

"Pretty soft!" Sheba commented. "And where is your home?"

"In the West."

"Both parents living?"

Nicky seemed to consider her question for a time before replying in the affirmative. It was a habit of his, she noticed, to take the most casual questions and think them over before answering. He smoked a great deal, she thought, and wondered if he drank to excess too. It would be too bad if he turned out to be a tank, he was such a nice boy. A drink now and then was O.K., but Sheba'd never be able to stand a boy friend who'd sooner sit around getting plastered than trot out to a dance.

Presently Nicky led her into an Italian restaurant in the lower Bronx. It was a small place, and full of smoke. The walls were covered with atrocious paintings. One represented a fat, toothy maiden feeding a pair of doves. Another purported to be the Madonna.

Small, square tables were grouped closely together. At one sat a stout, black-haired young man sleeping soundly. A girl with yellow hair was tugging valiantly at his arm trying to awaken him. Across from them sat two couples watching them without sympathy or amusement. There was something almost uncanny in the silence and expressionlessness of the four. They just sat awaiting their order like figures without fear or hope in a timeless, limitless space.

There were two women at another table laughing loudly. Be-

tween them on the tablecloth there was a large splotch of red. One of them had upset her wine.

Some one had dropped a coin in the player-piano, and flat, tinny melodies which nobody had ever heard before or ever cared to hear again mingled with the laughter of the women and the entreaties of the yellow-haired girl.

Nicky looked about at the other patrons and chose a table close to the kitchen. A small, pompous man in a green-black dinner-jacket bustled up to them.

"Good evening," he said. "You will have spaghetti?"

"Yes. Antipasto first, and some wine right away. Listen, Joe, plenty of sauce with the spaghetti."

"Sure."

The little man went to the kitchen.

"Not much of a place," Nicky apologized, "but their stuff is good. Why don't you take off your coat?"

"I'm—I'm chilly," said Sheba. She wasn't, but the floor was covered with cigarette butts, and she hated to think of her nice squirrel banding touching the dirty linoleum.

The little man came back to them. "Your friend Muller was here one night last week," he said to Nicky.

"Yeh, he told me," Nicky answered shortly. Joe smiled and waited. "Run along, Joe," Nicky told him. "Can't you see I want to talk to my girl friend?"

The little man then departed without delay, and the antipasto arrived. Sheba was not wholly comfortable. She did not care for the restaurant, and she was beginning to worry about the Dago red. Perhaps Nicky would drink too much and pass out.

Nicky did drink too much, but he didn't pass out. In fact, no one would have known that he had had a drink. Sheba had never seen anybody drink so much and remain unchanged.

"Gee, you sure can punish that stuff," she said.

He laughed. "I was brought up on it."

And Sheba got home safely. Nicky walked with her to the foyer of the apartment house.

"Like me a little?" he asked.

"Sure."

"Give me a kiss."

"What do you think this is? A movie fade-out?"

"Just a little kiss."

"Oh, all right.". . . .

"Say, this Jack isn't sticking around for over a year to get kisses like that one! Electric refrigeration!"

"My doctor advised me not to hurry, big boy."

"Listen, Sugar, I'll be busy tomorrow night."

"Me too."

"How about the next night?"

"O.K."

"I'll meet you on the corner of Valentine and Fordham."

"All right. Good night." *(Please turn to page 100)*

Scotch and Water

By Guy Gilpatric

A MOON like Cortez' silver shield hung in the sky above Havana. It made of the city an intricate lovely pattern of sharp black shadow and cold pale green—the cold pale green of a luminous wrist-watch dial which, if it had happened to be an accurate wrist-watch, would have given you the time as a quarter to three. But it was really too hot to be wearing a wrist-watch.

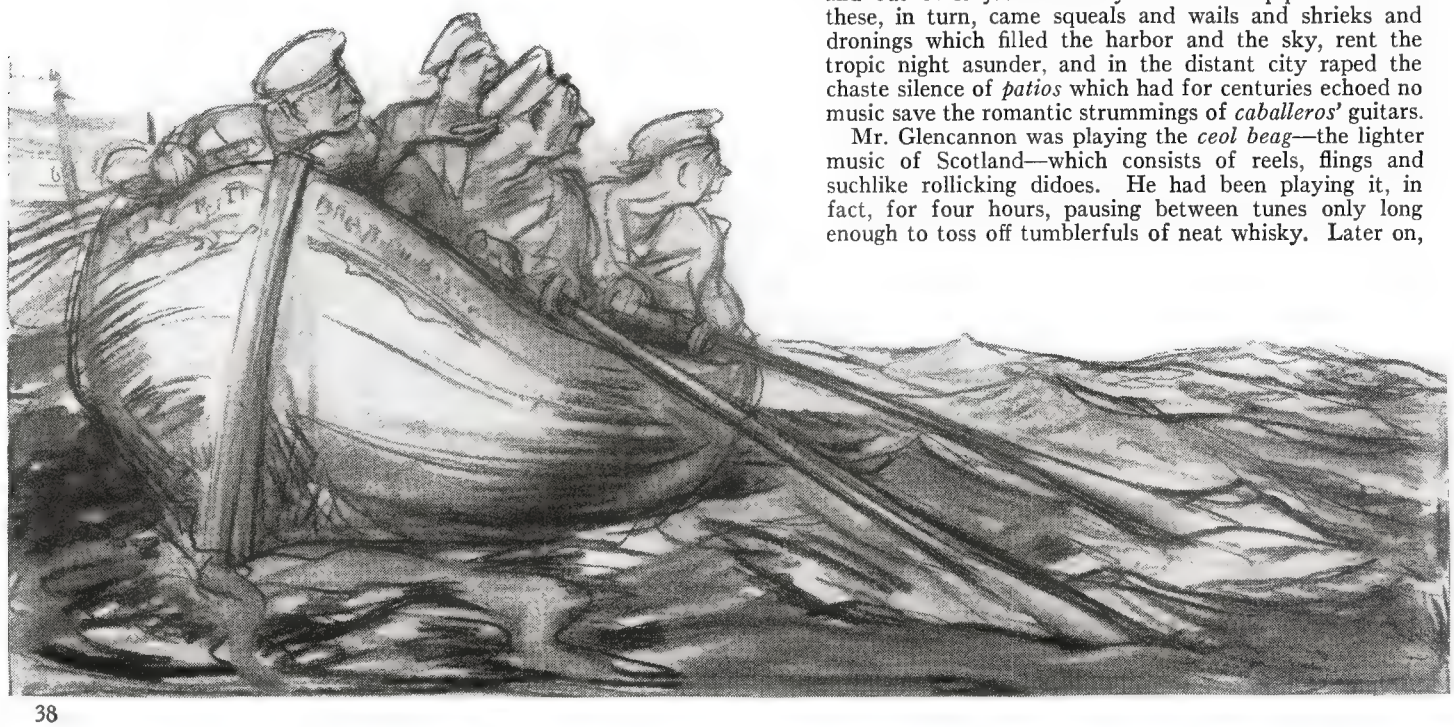
Out in the harbor lay a drowsy herd of tramp steamers—battered, they were, and rusty as old dun cows, and streaked with the salt of every sea from Bering to Sargasso. Beyond their humble picket line, towering and aristocratic, rode the world-cruise ship *Hummelberger*—twenty-five thousand tons of Diesel engines, gilt furniture, grand ballrooms, and electric horses for sluggish livers. From her mighty superstructure came the glow of many lights; but it was a discreet illumination, such as filters through a sidewalk awning on the night of an embassy ball, and just sufficient for the swabbing of decks and the chalking thereupon of cabalistic diagrams for the morrow's shuffle-board.

The *Hummelberger* would put to sea at six for San Juan, in Porto Rico. Meanwhile, according to the cruise prospectus, her passengers would "gaze back across the sleeping city, and spend the farewell pensive hours in the space-filled hush beneath the tropic moon."

The only obstacle between the prospectus and reality was the *Inchcliffe Castle*. The *Castle*—Montevideo to Cardiff—was the tramp moored nearest the *Hummelberger*, and perhaps the rustiest, most disreputable craft currently south of Cancer. She was laden with hides and beef-bones which in stifling wafts made mockery of the "spice-filled" allusion of the tourist company's literature. The "tropical moonlight" she disposed of with two five hundred-watt lamps slung in the mouth of the port poop ventilator—lamps whose blinding rays blanked the puny lunar effort, flooded her deck, and made the surface of the surrounding waters as nastily bright as a sheet of new tin. Directly in the glare, their oil-soaked carpet-slippers cocked at comfortable angles, their pipes distilling noisome juices, and their rugged faces wreathed in smoke and homesick wistfulness, sat seven alcoholized Scotsmen. Their corporeal selves (in a deplorable state of undress) were in Havana, but their hearts were in the Highlands. And the reason for this was the bagpipe recital even then in progress—a recital by no less a virtuoso than Mr. Neil Glencannon, chief engineer of the *Inchcliffe Castle,* and pupil of that greatest of pipers, the MacCrimmon of Gairloch, on the Isle of Skye. And—last straw for the prospectus—Mr. Glencannon's efforts most effectively disposed of the hush.

Clad in drawers, slippers, gnats, mosquitoes and perspiration, Mr. Glencannon was pacing before his guests, up and down upon the deck. Under his arm was a pig-shaped tartan bag, and out of it jutted sundry beribboned pipes. Out of these, in turn, came squeals and wails and shrieks and dronings which filled the harbor and the sky, rent the tropic night asunder, and in the distant city raped the chaste silence of *patios* which had for centuries echoed no music save the romantic strummings of *caballeros'* guitars.

Mr. Glencannon was playing the *ceol beag*—the lighter music of Scotland—which consists of reels, flings and suchlike rollicking didoes. He had been playing it, in fact, for four hours, pausing between tunes only long enough to toss off tumblerfuls of neat whisky. Later on,



Illustrated by August Henkel

when the pipes should be really in tone and the audience properly *en rapport,* he planned to play the classic *ceol mor,* and especially the *piobaireachd Coghiegh nha Shie*—strains so inspiring that they cause Scotsmen to bite the necks off bottles, and even, in the tenderer passages, to give away their matches.

On, on, and ever on he played! It was magnificent! Over in the Cabañas fortress, the garrison was tossing wide-eyed upon its cots and muttering fierce *carambas.* Out on the bastions of distant Moro, the very sentries were pacing sleepless. And forward, Captain Ball, master of the *Inchcliffe Castle,* had read five chapters of "Lloyd's Maritime Register" and three of the Book of Ezekiel, without unseating the insomnia which rode him. At last, even as Aphrodite, he arose from his bunk, draped a towel around his mid-section, and walked through the passage to the mate's room. The door was ajar on the hook.

"Mr. Montgomery," he whispered, "are you asleep?"

"Great God, no!" came a voice from the darkness. " 'Arf a mo', sir, while I switch on the light."

The Captain entered, sat down, and scowled resentfully at the electric fan.

"You'd as well turn it off, Mr. Montgomery—that breeze will give you blisters."

" 'Tisn't the 'eat that bothers, Captain—it's that bleeding racket aft."

"It's awful, Mr. Montgomery, isn't it? If only them tunes wouldn't wind on and *on* so—if only they'd *get* somewheres!"

"To hell, for instance!" suggested the mate, savagely.

Captain Ball leaned forward and shook the perspiration from his chin. "Well," he said gloomily, "there's really nothing I can do about it. I gave Mr. Glencannon permission to invite his friends to this party, and—well, there they are! I couldn't risk offending him, because he's the only engineer in the world who could keep that coffee mill below-decks running which our owners call an engine."

"I suppose he is," conceded the mate reluctantly, "but it's awful, just the same, sir! It looks like a gathering of the clans, back there on the poop. Thickest gang of Scots I ever set eyes upon. They're all engineers from the other boats."

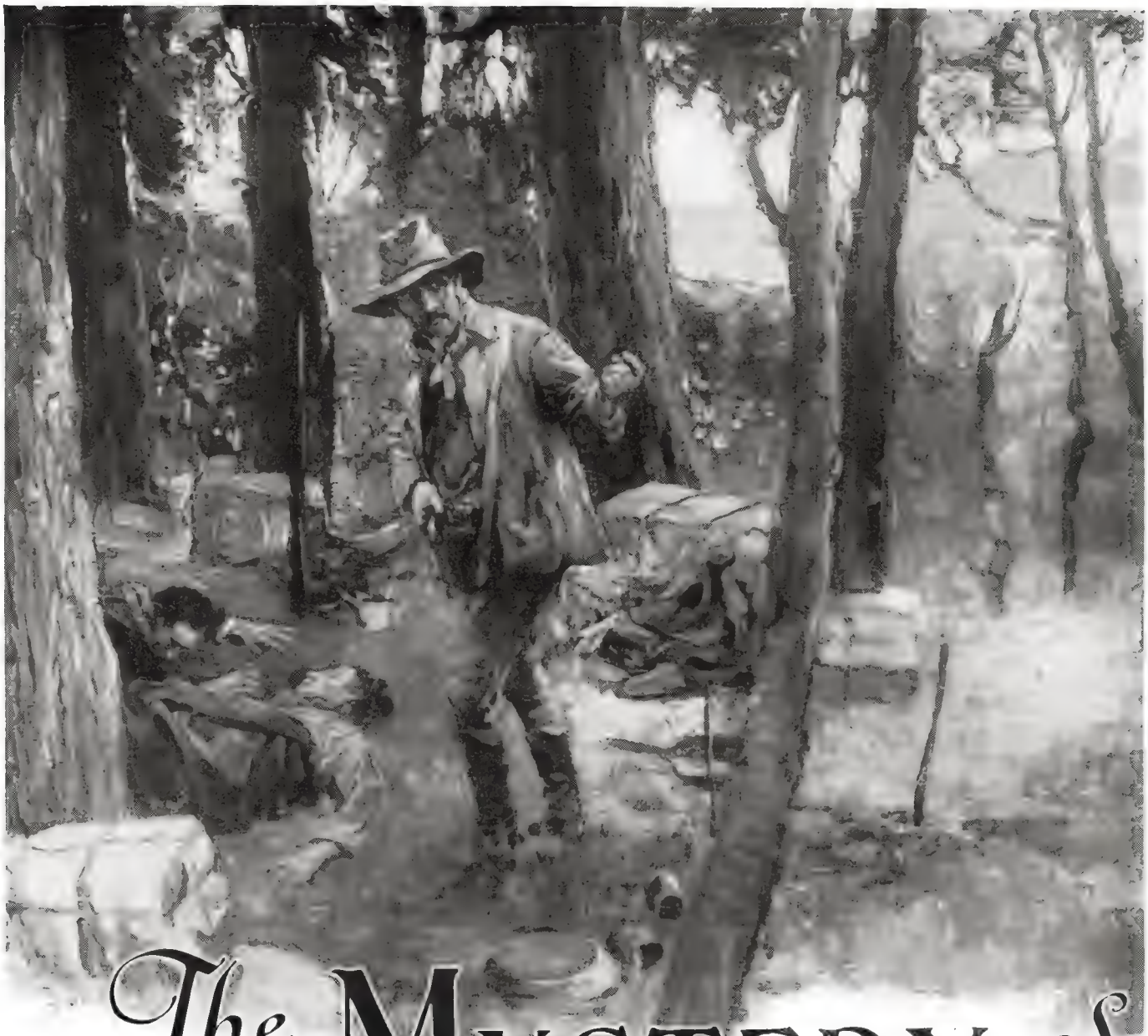
"All with Pollockshields accents and genuwine Edinburgh thirsts! When I looked 'em over, two hours ago, they'd done in nine quarts of Spey Royal, and every man of them still dreary sober."

There was a long silence, broken only by the purr of the fan—silence, that is, in the immediate foreground; all the rest of the world shuddered to the screech of pipes.

Through the porthole came the sound of oars, and of a boat bumping the companion.

"Hell's bones!" groaned the Captain. "Can that be more of them?"

Bos'n Hughes tapped on the door-jamb, and though he stood respectfully beyond the sill, a fierce light glinted in his eye. *(Please turn to page 104)*



The MYSTERY of

By Ben Ames Williams

I SAID that a man not used to riding was at a handicap in this Western country. He had to attend his horse when he might have been watching the columbines beside the trail, the snow bonnets on distant peaks, the pearly Rayado singing in its bed. I made the remark between jolts, as we trotted across an open park in the Bonito Valley; and Sam grinned cheerfully. We had left the fishing camp at damp dawn for a twenty-mile circle through the high pastures. The ride was my idea; and Sam, who has a fine consideration for the horseflesh in his charge, must have wished to dissent. But he dissembled; for Sam is a patient man.

He suggested that there were compensations in handicaps. He said, for instance, that a man who knew nothing about riding, and understood his own ignorance, was better off than one who knew a little and thought he knew more. And he said that a handicap made a man more careful, and sometimes gave him an advantage. He spoke of one Dell Beede. I perceived there was something about Dell which Sam was willing to relate to me, so I became receptively silent.

The tale was told in snatches, when the trail widened to let us go side by side, or when we labored up a steep grade, and Sam, ahead, turned in his saddle to talk back to me, or when we paused to drink at a flower-banked spring. The way was long, and there was no hurry, and Sam leisurely painted the scene against which he set the story he meant to tell. . . . .

The mining camp was called Lida. It was a community of two or three hundred souls, huddled in the upper end of a box cañon in the mountain west of us. A small stream rose in a bog on the bench above Lida, and joined a large creek some three miles below. At the head of that creek, there was a larger camp, already thriving before the vein at Lida was located; and the rush to Lida came from this older community.

The camps were remote, and the ore, or actual dust and nuggets, went down the cañon trail some forty miles or so by packtrain to the end of the nearest stage-line. Now and then, as was inevitable in such a community, a hold-up occurred; but such incidents acquired a routine. They seldom involved any casualties, since the robbers took care to assure their own advantage, and the nominal guardians of the treasure were forced to recognize this fact. Those who refused to surrender to the odds against them were apt to die. One or two rash adventurers demonstrated—to their own destruction—that the bandits were willing and able to shoot if they must; and a spirit of mutual tolerance arose.

But in the course of time this tolerance toward the outlaws ended. So long as the camps were young, each organized its own transportation; but when production became steady and regular, the express company established a service to take charge of these shipments. Agents were installed in each camp, and armed guards rode the trails, and the treasure went securely for a while.

the Swaggering Man

Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher

A STORY by Mr. Williams is an expedition into the secrets of extraordinary characters. Here is one of the best by the author of "All the Brothers Were Valiant."

The company sent Charley Collet in to act as agent at Lida; and he established himself in the cabin which Joe Very, discouraged with the local prospects, was just abandoning. Charley was a cheerful young fellow, with a ready tongue, and a friendly laugh; and the men in Lida liked him, because in the face of sore affliction he bore himself right well.

For Charley's left leg had been amputated, just below the knee. Till that disaster occurred, he was a cowboy and rode the ranges, but a bucking horse fell on his foot and crushed it beyond repair. The accident was recent. When he first came to Lida, he still moved on crutches, and with difficulty; but after a while he learned to discard one crutch.

He rode almost as well as ever. "But it's hard for me to mount," he pointed out in good-natured resignation. "So after this happened, I had to hunt a job where I could stay on the ground."

The cabin in which he settled himself stood on a low rocky spur above the Lida trail. The main camp was a mile up the cañon, around a bend and out of sight, but Charley did not mind solitude. He was always glad to see visitors; but he did not often come up to Lida himself, since for a man with only one good leg and a crutch, the way was long. Even when he presently acquired a horse, he seldom rode.

"I got Buck for company, that's all," he explained. "I don't feel natural without a horse around."

The express company provided a small safe, which Charley set in a corner of the cabin, and in which miners could deposit their gold to await the day of shipment. It was of course necessary that he stay near the cabin to protect this safe, when its contents merited that attention. For the rest, he read a good many magazines; and he used to sit in a chair tilted back against the front wall of his cabin and practice shooting at a mark affixed to the roots of a jack pine twenty yards away. He was an accurate shot, if you gave him time to aim, but not a fast one; not slow, but not fast by any local standard of speed.

Some of the men in Lida fell into the habit of riding down to Charley's cabin, now and then, to spend an afternoon with him. Peter Ogg, whose shaft was so profitable that he paid others to work it for him, and who was thus a man of some importance in the community, particularly liked to do so. He found Charley a lively talker, and good company. And Peter was not Charley's only visitor.

It was early fall when the express company took over the business of transporting the product of the mines, and all that win-

ter the shipments went unmolested. Not till late in the following spring did another hold-up occur; but when it came, there was a stunning finality about it. After these months of immunity, the effect of the new depredation would in any case have been considerable; but the circumstances of the affair were particularly hideous.

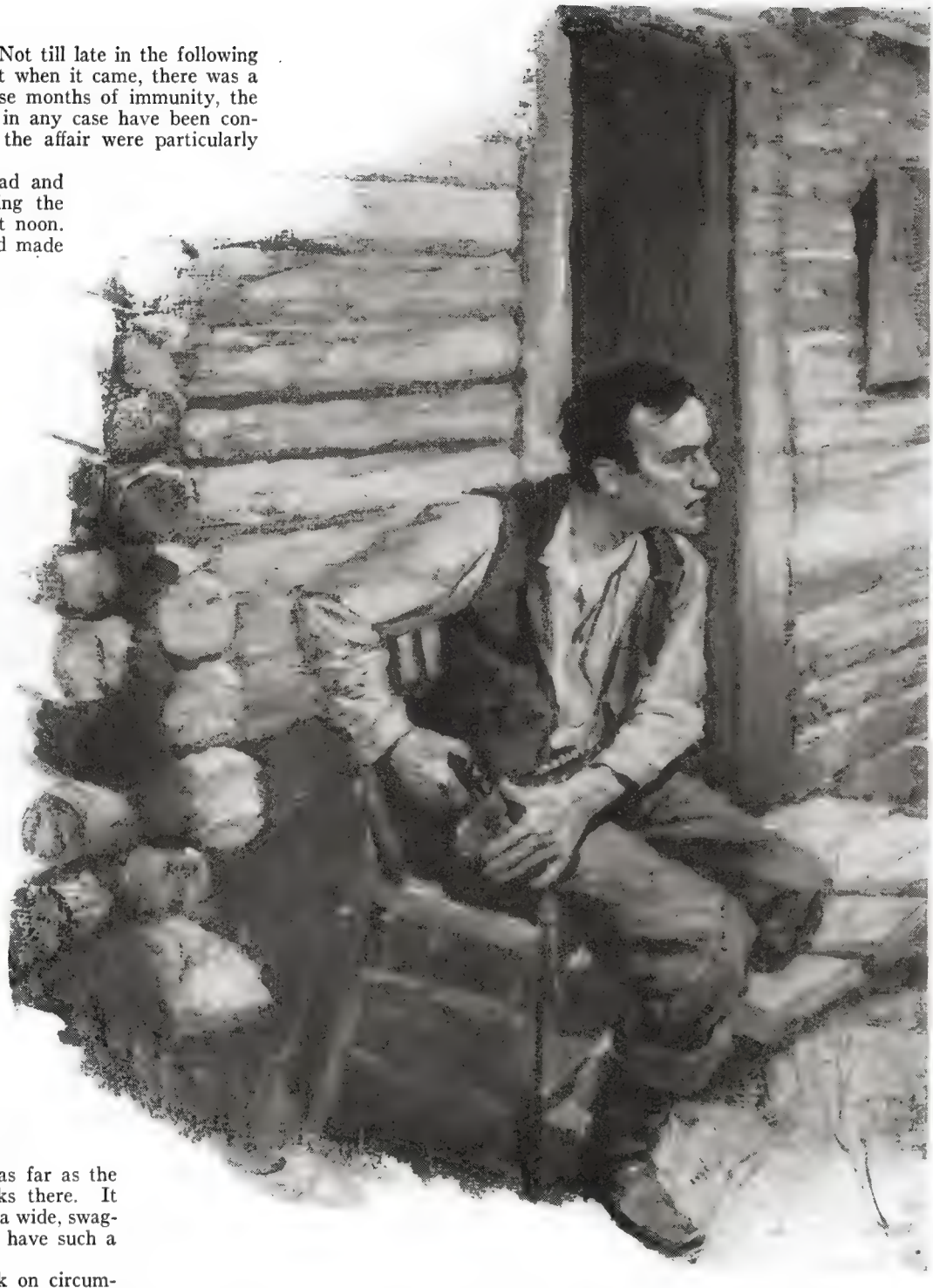
The pack-train, with a guard ahead and another behind, and two men driving the horses, had started down the creek at noon. The men must have turned aside and made camp that night in a little park a quarter of a mile off the trail, about a dozen miles below. Next day some of the horses drifted back up to Lida; and the searching party that went to investigate found the camp-site, found three men shot in their blankets, found another who had been on night watch lying dead with a crushed skull.

The ore in the packs was undisturbed; but the pouches of dust and nuggets were gone.

This discovery came with a shocking force; but it was almost immediately overshadowed by another. A hundred yards above the park where the pack-train had camped, in a little flat beside the creek, two more dead men were found. An empty pack-sack lay on the ground between them; and they had been shot from behind.

These two men were well and unfavorably known in Lida; and no one had reason to regret their deaths, which at once convicted them of complicity in the robbery and expiated their crime. It was remembered that they had occasionally spent an afternoon at Charley Collet's cabin, presumably in order to gather information about the amount and date of gold-shipments; but this did not explain the manner of their deaths.

An examination of the ground about the spot where they lay shed some light on this point. For the searchers discovered the tracks of a third man, who presumably had killed his two associates and lugged away the easily portable treasure. The prints of his boots were traced as far as the trail, and lost among the horse-tracks there. It was observed that he had walked with a wide, swaggering stride; but many old cow-men have such a gait.



The investigators were thrown back on circumstantial evidence; and some one pointed out that the two dead men had been on intimate terms with one Jeff Waylor, who held an undisputed place as bully of the camp. Suspicion immediately turned toward this individual; but when the investigators came back to Lida, it was to find that Jeff's movements the night before were known beyond dispute, and appeared to prove his innocence. In spite of this, during the succeeding days, Jeff seemed to feel himself suspected. He made some swaggering talk, sought to provoke an open accusation. But Jeff was dangerous, and no one was willing to affront him needlessly. The matter rested there.

About a month after the first robbery, another one occurred. An old prospector named Feeling found a rich little pocket in one of the draws back in the hills, and brought Charley Collet a fat pouch of gold for shipment. One of the company men happened to come up at about that time on an errand to the camp above; and Charley delivered the pouch to him for transportation. The rider went on to the upper camp; but upon his return trip, he was shot from ambush, near the mouth of Lida Cañon, and the pouch of dust taken from his saddlebags. When his body was found, the tracks of the swaggering man were there again observed.

Jeff Waylor had been missing at about the time of this killing; and Jeff had a wide, swaggering gait. No one spoke of this in his presence, yet the bad man, as though he sensed this unspoken thought, began to bluster more and more loudly. There was a good deal of uneasiness as to what he might do.

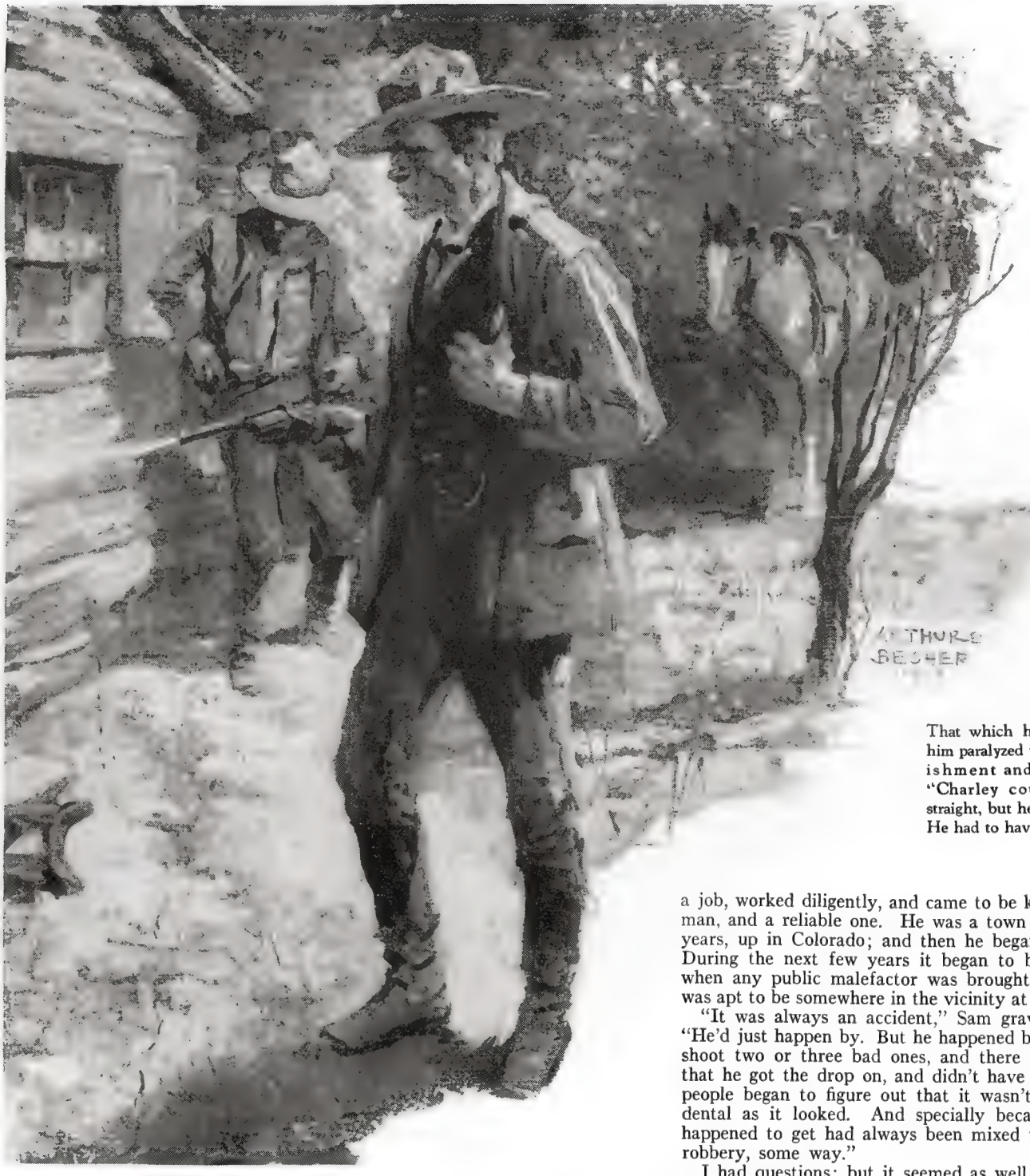
So everyone was infinitely relieved when Charley Collet, a day or two later, rode up the cañon to report that he had killed Jeff, and to ask that some one fetch Waylor's body away. Waylor had come to his cabin, he explained, and demanded that he open the safe, in which there was at the time a small amount of dust.

"He was drunk," Charley said, "and I tried to talk him out of it. He had thrown down on me, and I was scared. I knew if I did open the safe, he'd kill me before he left. So I kept him talking, watching for a break."

Peter Ogg asked frankly: "But how in time did you do it, man? Jeff was lightning with a gun; and you're slow as all can be."

Charley waved his hand. "That was luck," he confessed. "I'd been shooting at a mark, and my gun was on my lap. He come around the corner of the cabin and got the drop on me before I saw him. I talked to him for a while—till I saw he couldn't be talked out of it. He was half-drunk, and wabbly, so I decided to take a chance. He missed me, but I got him. That's all."

He showed them where Jeff's bullet had struck, in the logs of the cabin behind his chair, and a little at one side.



That which he saw left him paralyzed with astonishment and dismay. "Charley could shoot straight, but he was slow. He had to have a break."

"Luck's sure the word! He wouldn't miss you, when he was that close, once in a hundred times!" Ogg said, wagging his head.

"I always was lucky," Charley assured them cheerfully; and they slung Waylor's body across a horse and went back up the trail.

It was about ten days after this episode that Dell Beede drifted into Lida and began to look around.

Dell, Sam explained, was an old-timer, now a dozen years dead. He had drifted West in the seventies, a youngster full of the ebullience of youth. He did this and that, and he moved to and fro; and his saddle was his home. He was a cowboy for a while, and a miner for a while, till a premature dynamite explosion laid him on his back for weeks on end, and cured him of that pastime. When his hurts healed, he was a tramp for a while, with no visible means of support; and some of his exploits strained the good-humored tolerance of the communities in which he moved.

"He was a little bit wild," Sam told me. "It come to the point where somebody was likely to abolish him, any time; or maybe he'd stretch a rope or something."

But this calamity was averted, for Dell of a sudden sobered down. He had been a good man with a gun, but he seemed to forget this. He reduced his liquor consumption to a minimum, got a job, worked diligently, and came to be known as a sober man, and a reliable one. He was a town marshal for two years, up in Colorado; and then he began to drift again. During the next few years it began to be observed that when any public malefactor was brought to justice, Dell was apt to be somewhere in the vicinity at the critical time.

"It was always an accident," Sam gravely assured me. "He'd just happen by. But he happened by just in time to shoot two or three bad ones, and there was quite a few that he got the drop on, and didn't have to shoot. Some people began to figure out that it wasn't always as accidental as it looked. And specially because the men he happened to get had always been mixed up in an express robbery, some way."

I had questions; but it seemed as well to hold them in reserve, and Sam went smoothly on.

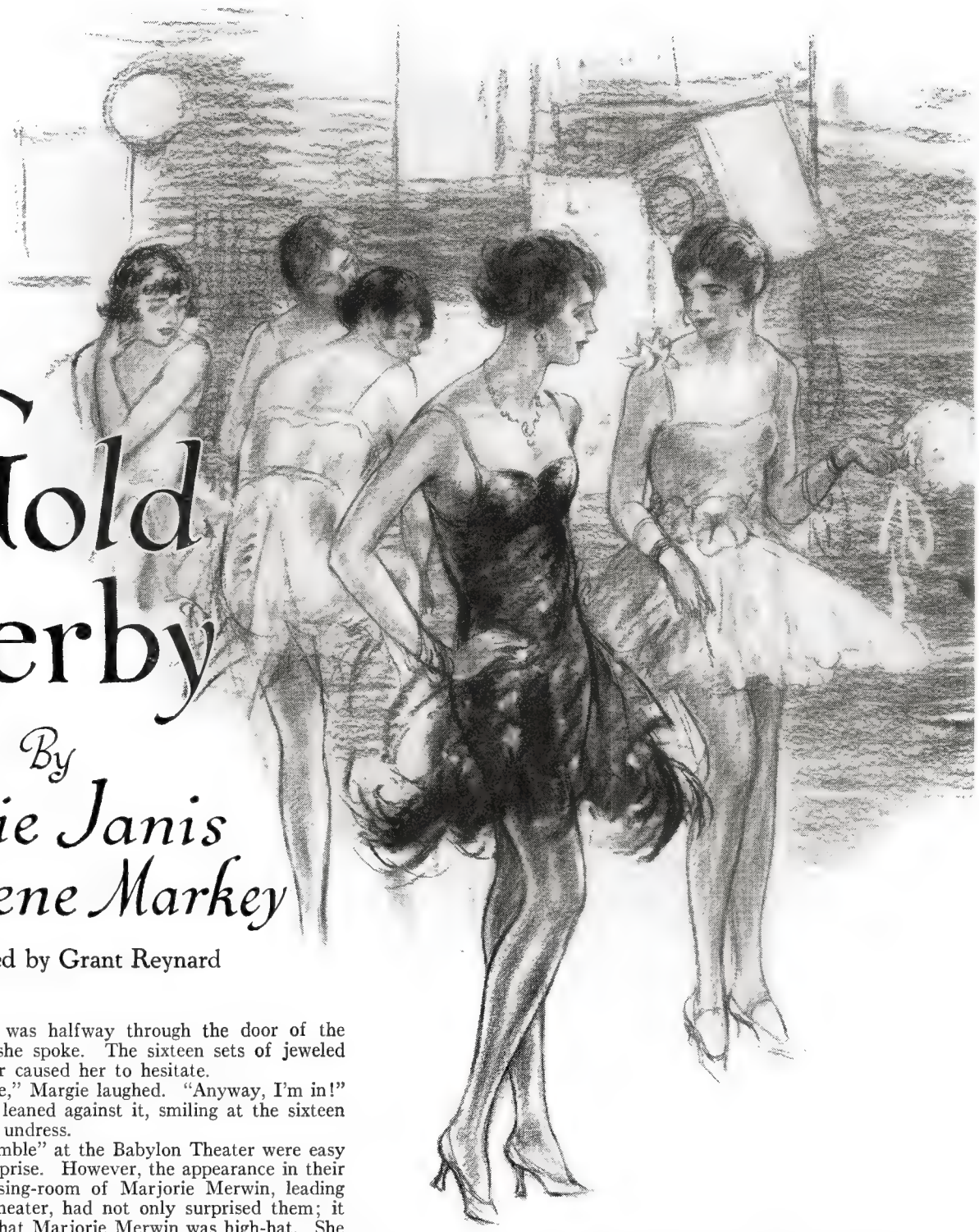
It was one of Beede's notions, Sam assured me, that most outlaws were smarter than the average; and he would elaborate this thesis at length. Beede urged that the average man was a fairly reliable citizen. He might commit an act of sudden violence; but he was unlikely to devise a premeditated crime, unless he were intoxicated by some unforeseen success or unearned preëminence.

"The superiority complex," I suggested.

"Well, too much imagination, or whatever you call it," Sam returned; and he continued: "Anyway, Dell always ran by that rule. He told me it was a big help to him, more than once. If he was looking for a man and didn't know who, he'd start with the smartest man in sight and work on down."

Sam said Dell Beede came to Lida very casually. He drifted into camp on a wiry little horse with a wall eye; and he began to look around. No one there knew him, or seemed to know him; but no one questioned him. He drank, ate, played a little stud, and minded his own business. When anyone spoke to him, he looked at them thoughtfully, and replied in mild and courteous tones. After a day or two he rode down to see Charley Collet, and this movement was observed; thereafter it came to be tacitly accepted that he had come to investigate the *(Please turn to page 108)*

THE most popular impersonator in "the big time" and the author of a much-featured "talkie" collaborate on a real love-story of the stage.



Gold Derby

By

Elsie Janis and Gene Markey

Illustrated by Grant Reynard

"MAY I come in?"

Margie Merwin was halfway through the door of the chorus dressing-room as she spoke. The sixteen sets of jeweled eyes that turned upon her caused her to hesitate.

"Don't all speak at once," Margie laughed. "Anyway, I'm in!" She closed the door, and leaned against it, smiling at the sixteen girls in various stages of undress.

The "ladies of the ensemble" at the Babylon Theater were easy to look at and hard to surprise. However, the appearance in their crowded and untidy dressing-room of Marjorie Merwin, leading specialty dancer of the theater, had not only surprised them; it had silenced them. Not that Marjorie Merwin was high-hat. She always had a smile and a wise-crack for the girls when she passed them on the stage; and even when pirouetting in front of their well-trained ranks she was their friend first, and a *première danseuse* afterward. But today as she stood there waiting for some word of welcome, the girls didn't know whether to cheer or tremble.

Lucy Lawlor, a small blonde with a large past, broke the silence. "Nice of you to come and see us."

"Can you find any parking space?" asked a red-haired girl, busily engaged in painting her shapely legs with liquid whiting.

"I'm too excited to sit down." Margie's blue eyes were very bright. "Girls, I've come to tell you a secret!"

"Why not broadcast it?" said Lucy Lawlor. "That's safer than telling this crowd."

"I'll probably do that, too. But seriously, I'm so excited I just had to tell somebody—I mean some females—and after all, you girls have helped me a lot to put over my stuff here at the Babylon and—" She got no further. The somewhat cool atmosphere warmed as if by electricity. In giving the chorus-girls some of the credit, due but so often denied them by leading performers, she had won every heart in the crowded dressing-room. And the mirrors lining the walls made it look twice as crowded as it was.

"You don't need no help, Miss Merwin!"

"And where would *we* be without *you?*"

"Go on, tell us the secret!"

They clustered around Margie, buzzing like bees around a flower.

"Will ya let her tell the secret—or will ya take up a collection and give me a decent burial?" Lucy Lawlor pushed her way to Margie's side. "Spill it, dearie!" She looked up at Margie expectantly.

"Well,"—Margie included every girl in her glance,—"two weeks from this moment I will be Mrs. Al West." She waited for the cheers in vain.

"I'll believe it when I see the license," the red-haired girl said.

"He's a nice fella," remarked another girl, "but you'll get cross-eyed trying to keep him in sight."

Margie looked surprised. "I thought all you girls liked Al."

"We do!" they chorused. "But we like you too, and—"

On the stage, surrounded by girls, Al was telling what he was going to do to the main street of New York.

"Well, if you like me, then congratulate me. Because I'd rather have Al—and worry—than any other man and be sure!"

"You'll worry all right if you—"

"Oh, for the love of charity, will you girls stop crabbing! Al's a great guy! When is it to be, honey?" Lucy Lawlor squeezed Margie's arm understandingly.

"You see, we both finish here a week from Saturday, and rest up on Sunday and take the big leap on Monday and—"

"And hit the earth on Tuesday!" the red-haired girl added.

"Perhaps!" Margie said wistfully. "But after all, we've been going together nearly a year; we've known each other two years, and—"

"Gee! Imagine having to explain why you're marrying a guy that every dame in Chicago is cuckoo about."

It was the first time Dolly Lee had spoken; and the girls, all agreeing that she had said a cannon's mouthful, raised a cheer for Al West and Margie Merwin.

They were still cheering when a few moments later, blushing happily, Margie ran down the iron stairs leading to the stage, to tell her "secret" to a few more people. But not one of them that did not feel that in marrying Margie Merwin, Al West was getting a big break; whereas, in taking that same uncertain gamble with Al (the Jazz Sheik, whose fame as a band-leader was only equaled by his reputation as a heart-smasher) Margie was not only running after trouble—she was in it up to her gorgeous blue eyes.

In the dressing-room, after her departure, the conversational lid was well off.

"That poor kid! He'll lead her a dance she never learned at no ballet-school!"

"Look at the way he fell for that picture star Zita Kari!"

"An' plenty of others!"

"Yeah, he strays, but he always comes back to Margie."

"Sure! 'Cause he aint found out all he wants to know about her. But once he has the old key to the flat—"

"Do you mean to say you think she could go around with Al West for a year and still be the same sweet girl?"

"I don't think; I know!" Lucy Lawlor cut in. "Margie Merwin is as straight as they make 'em."

"Oh, Teacher—if they're straight, *nobody* makes 'em!"

For this jest the pretty girl with the chestnut bob received a sponge, well-soaked in whitening, where it was most unnecessary. Her teeth were already very white, but Lucy Lawlor's aim was as direct as her conversation.

"Listen, you onions," she told them. "Margie can out-think Al West any day in the week. She'll know how to hold him."

"Well, that's that!" said another girl. "But all the same, I'd like to see Max Mindel's face when he hears it. He's done everything he could to take her away from Al."

The Babylon was Chicago's most colossal movie cathedral. In these new temples of amusement that rear their glittering façades in the brightly lighted streets of America's large cities, the motion-picture itself ranks last in importance. The public is more interested in the Byzantine decorations, in the battalion of scarlet-uniformed goose-stepping ushers, in the flash acts of the "presentation feature"—and particularly in the jazz band. At the Babylon, Al West and his Jazz Joy Boys were the *pièce de résistance*.

"There's the big shot, now!" Lucy Lawlor whispered, as the chorus girls crossed the stage to take their places.

In the first entrance stood Al West, tall, slim, blond and handsome, in conversation with a small man whose derby and cigar were worn at the Broadway angle.

"That's Joe Murray, Ada Adkins' manager, he's talking to—or listening to," said Lucy Lawlor. "She comes here next week."

"What does she do?" asked the other girl.

"Lots of things, I guess. But blues-singing is the line she bills. You don't mean you never heard of Ada Adkins, the Cyclone of Songland?"

"*I've* seen her," put in the red-haired girl. "Cyclone aint the word—she's a tornado, that baby is!"

Whereupon they ran to their positions in the chorus line, just as the curtain rose.

In the first entrance little Joe Murray, standing beside Al West, watched the dancing girls approvingly. Extraordinary, he mused, how sixteen girls with assorted hair, eyes, figures, legs and ideas could dance as one. Suddenly their line divided, and the sixteen, whirling obliquely, became a posed tableau, pointing toward the diamond-sprinkled velvet curtain. From its shimmering depths a delicate little figure bounded, an animated powder-puff with a face like a wild rose.

"Who's that?" Joe Murray's eyes followed the twinkling legs with interest.

"That's Margery Merwin," Al West told him.

"Boy—she's there! Personality plus!"

Margie did a triple pirouette and then leaped at the "high spot" of her solo dance. Round and round the enormous stage she twirled, faster and faster, the orchestra crescendoing as her speed increased. Sometimes she did fifty twirls, sometimes sixty. Tonight sixty-five—because Al was watching from the wings. Margie finished on her toes in the center of the stage, then sank into a Pavlowa curtsy as waves of applause rolled forward, lapping her small feet.

"Say, that girl's a good bet." Joe Murray had joined in the applause. "She's got a future."

"I like to think she's got a *swell* future." Al West's eyes did not leave Margie as he spoke. "Because she's going to marry me two weeks from today."

"No kidding? Say, you're a lucky guy! Well, I gotta beat it. Ada's waiting. I'll tell her she can count on you next week, huh?"

"Sure." Al shook hands. "It's my last week, and I want it to be a riot."

"And you'll get up a hot arrangement of the 'St. Louis Blues' for her?"

"Hot!" said Al. "Listen—when I get through with that number, the band'll have to wear asbestos hats to play it."

"Atta boy!" Joe Murray grinned, and walked away.

Margie had taken three bows. Pretty good for a blue Monday matinée. She glanced across to the entrance where Al West had stood. He was gone—and so was the light in Margie's eyes. Then she saw Max Mindel, general manager of the Sullivan & Crane chain of movie theaters.

"Oh, hello, Max!" She skipped over to him with a friendly smile. "How's everything?"

"O. K." But Max Mindel did not smile. "Got a few minutes now, Margie?"

"Funny—I was going to ask you that. Come on up; I've got something to tell you." She started up the iron stairs.

Mindel followed her. "And I've got something to tell *you,*" he said.

"I'll match you for the first tell." Margie laughed as she entered her dressing-room. "Leave the door open, Max—it's hot."

"Careful little Margie!" Mindel sighed. "You know I'm harmless."

"How you'd hate it if I said you *were!* Well, what's your news? Mine can wait." She sat down in front of the mirror. In it she could see the reflection of his face and dark, somber eyes over her white shoulder. She had always considered Max the best-looking man—next to Al—of her entire acquaintance.

"I'm leaving Chicago at the end of this week," he said.

"Leaving!" She turned and faced him. "For good?"

Mindel drew up a chair and sank into it somewhat wearily. "Well, I hope it *is* for good. But I hate to leave the Babylon. I've sort of felt that it was mine."

"You've made it," Margie said.

"That's what the Superba crowd think. They've offered me their New York office."

"Max!" Margie exclaimed. "How wonderful!"

"Yes, it's a great opportunity."

Margie—and everyone else in show business—knew about Superba, the powerful new syndicate controlling "presentation features" over a circuit of forty of America's largest motion-picture palaces. It meant a high step upward in the career of Max Mindel. Some day he would be one of the mighty magnates of the industry.

"Oh, Max, I'm so glad for you!" Margie's eyes were shining.

"I suppose I ought to be pleased, but—" He hesitated, and looked at Margie with a searching directness.

"But—what, Max?"

"I'd like to take you with me," he said quietly.

"Max—that's sweet." Margie sat very still. She felt strangely like crying.

"You know how I feel about you," he said. "I'd do anything to make you happy." He reached over and took her hand. "If you don't want to give up your career, I could help—"

"Oh, please, Max—don't! I—I'm so sorry, but—" A tear splashed down upon his hand which held hers tightly. "But I—"

"Dear little kid—don't cry. I thought perhaps you were fond enough of me to—"

"I *am* fond of you, Max! But I don't think I—I love you enough. And—and I couldn't leave Al."

Mindel frowned. "How sure of him are you?"

"I'll have to risk it, Max. We're going to be married in two weeks."

"Married?" Mindel looked as if she had struck him. He knew that Margie had helped Al West become the great success he unquestionably was. He knew that Margie's quick thinking had several times saved Al West from slipping down the greased ladder of fame. He knew also that Al West loved her in his own careless way. But he had counted on the Jazz Sheik side-stepping when it came to the ball-and-chain of domesticity.

"In two weeks—" Mindel said. Then: "My God, you're a wonderful kid! I'll bet when Saint Peter opens the golden gate and says, 'Come in, Miss Merwin—we've watched your conduct and you're welcome in heaven,' you'll ask him if he saw how Al stopped the show in Dubuque!"

"I've never played Dubuque," said a deep, masculine voice behind them—and there was no suggestion whatever of lurking humor in it.

They turned quickly. Al West stood leaning against the side of the door, smiling. His eyes, belying the smile, stared coldly.

"Thinking of booking me for a long run out there, Max?"

"Not exactly, Al. My days of booking in these parts are over." Mindel was suaveness personified. "I'm leaving for New York on Sunday."

"Leaving the Babylon?" Al tried to muster up a regretful expression. "Well, we'll certainly miss you."

"I'm sure you will. But from what Margie tells me, you're going to be pretty busy getting up your new act. You ought to be able to jazz up the wedding march considerably."

Al West grinned. "It's a new tempo for me."

"It's not exactly an old one for me," Margie said, moving to Al's side affectionately.

Mindel extended his hand. "I congratulate you, Al. And if you don't mind my being frank—I envy you."

"Thanks." Al took his hand.

"Good night!" Max Mindel smiled again, and went out.

"We'll see you a lot this week, Max!" Margie called after him.

"I hope so!" His heels clicked down the iron stairs.

Margie walked to her make-up shelf and dabbed some rouge on her cheeks. Al walked over to her, and stooping, pressed his cheek against hers. In the mirror, the gold of his hair seemed to light the silky blackness of hers.

"Handsome couple—those Wests!" he said, gazing at their reflections.

Margie caught her breath. How she loved him! It almost hurt to love anyone so much. She turned, and her lips brushed lightly across his cheek. "Run out, darling. I've really got to change."

"It wont be long now," he said, "until there aren't any changes without me."

"Oh, Al," Margie whispered, her lovely eyes misty. "I know it's not blushing bride stuff, but I wish the next two weeks were over. I'm so afraid something might happen."

"Listen, baby—the end of the world might come, but if it does, we'll hang on to each other and register in the next world as Mr. and Mrs. Al West."

"Hey, Al!" the stage manager yelled. "Picture's nearly over!"

"Coming!" Al answered, and kissing Margie again, hurried from the room.

Margie stepped out of her ballet costume, and in her little white satin trunks walked slowly over to the long cheval-glass in the corner.

As she viewed there the slender splendor of her young body, she smiled approvingly. "Mrs. Al West!" she whispered, and nodded gayly to the scantily clothed but happy-looking girl in the mirror.

(Please turn to page 134)

"I've never played Dubuque," said a masculine voice behind them. They turned quickly—Al West stood leaning against the side of the door.

How Handwriting Convicts

By Claire Carvalho and Boyden Sparkes

When life or death, freedom or imprisonment, fortune or poverty turned upon handwriting, David Carvalho gave vital testimony. How he reached his results, which sent men to death or imprisonment, or freed from the shadow of "the chair" men unjustly accused, is here first told by his daughter, collaborating with Mr. Sparkes.

ONE of the most important murder-cases in the solution of which my father's talents were employed was the crime recalled as the Rice-Hendon affair. Although I was a small girl at the time, I remember leaving my home-work studies to answer the telephone. It was one of those boxlike arrangements that hung on the wall in the entrance-hall, too high for me to reach without standing on a chair.

"Is this David N. Carvalho's residence?" some one asked in a deep, husky voice.

"Yes. Who is this, please—who is speaking?" Father was meticulous about the manner in which any of his five children received or gave a message over the telephone.

"This is the office of the district attorney of New York County. May I speak to Mr. Carvalho?"

I called him to the telephone, and a little later saw him in one of the tantrums that sometimes swept over him like a tropic storm. He did not wish to be disturbed at home, because, for one thing, this was an interference with his satisfaction of an extraordinary appetite for cheap detective-stories. He would read these stories in his leisure with the same passionate intensity with which he devoted himself to the cases in which he figured as a detective-specialist. As fast as he read one story, he would toss it into a waste-basket and reach out his slender artist fingers to pick up another. He read detective stories at night, but the mysteries he undertook to solve by day as a handwriting expert were so much more fascinating than those hackneyed plots that one wondered why he found them entertaining.

General E. L. Molineux (standing), whose son was saved by David N. Carvalho (right), from conviction in a murder-accusation. George Gordon Battle at left.

Like every genius, he was a compound of special talent and extraordinary singleness of purpose. If you gave him a thousand samples of handwriting and an anonymous piece of writing prepared by one of the thousand, he could pick out for you the sample that matched it. Unless you knew about the decades of study, the almost incredible amount of research, the chemistry and fine measurements that entered into his work, you might have thought after seeing such a proof of his skill that it was the result of magic.

On that day when I called my father to the telephone, there had been a big funeral in New York. A few days before (this was in September, 1900), William Marsh Rice had died in bed at 500 Madison Avenue, a fashionable section of town where he had lived alone except for his valet. He was eighty-four; he had been ill; and but for one circumstance he probably would have been hustled into a grave and forgotten. The circumstance to which I refer was his fortune. The old man in the course of a life that had begun in 1816 had accumulated stocks, bonds, land and other treasure worth six million dollars. He had accumulated also a list of distinguished acquaintances, men prominent in Wall Street, that marketplace where railroads, steamship lines and factories are sold as freely as a grocer sells soap and eggs.

These financiers, in double-breasted frock coats, silk hats, shoes carefully blackened, and with mutton-chop whiskers neatly combed, had said "Amen" to the minister's prayer. There was the usual sweetish odor of too many flowers. In an expensive coffin, the dead was no longer concerned with the cause of the whispered appraisals that were one of the overtones of the service. The undertaker produced a screwdriver, hissed a command to the hired pall-bearers, and began to secure the lid of the coffin. Outside in the street the coachman on the box of the shiny black hearse had backed his horses until the glass doors were open over the pavement.

There was one man who may have been impatient for the obsequies to end. He was D. A. Hendon, who had been the lawyer of the dead man during the last feeble years. For some reason Hendon had arranged for cremation of the body and then had canceled those arrangements when he was informed that it required twenty-four hours to prepare the crematorium. It was he who had arranged for the embalming operation. It was he whose foot tapped nervously in the heavy air during the final words of the service. Mr. Hendon had important business to attend in connection with the probate of the Rice estate.

Then suddenly there was a disturbance outside in the hall. A paunchy man, red-faced and carrying a square-crowned brown derby ostentatiously on his forearm, had pushed himself into the throng that was preparing to be called to the waiting line of funeral hacks. This man flourished a paper bearing a significant red seal. He was the coroner.

The body of Mr. Rice did not go to the cemetery that day. Instead it was taken to the morgue, and there was subjected to the scrutiny of doctors. At eighty-four there is normally small ground for suspicion in the death of anyone, rich or poor; but following this death, certain things had occurred that created deep suspicion.

Those things were explained to my father over the telephone; and as he listened, you might have seen him plucking nervously at his pointed beard. Once his imagination was gripped by such

a case, he never lost interest; and every faculty was brought to bear on the matter presented to him.

From the very beginning the Rice murder case turned on handwriting. A check for twenty-five thousand dollars had been carried to the millionaire's bank by his negro valet, Charles F. Jones. The paying teller, because he knew him, would have given the cash to the man without question, but for one small error. The endorsement written on the back of the check was *"Daniel A. Hendon,"* but the name on the payee line was written *"Danel A. Hendon."* There was no suspicion in the bank clerk's mind then. He was merely obeying a rule of the institution when he telephoned to Mr. Rice's residence for the purpose of inquiring if it would be all right for him to honor the slip of paper in spite of the small error. But when he asked for Mr. Rice, a voice informed him that the old man had died during the night.

It must be remembered that when any citizen of this country dies, all of his property automatically passes to the custody of the county surrogate until a will is probated or, in the event that there is no will, until the legal heirs have established their right to inherit. Presentation of that check for twenty-five thousand dollars by a servant of the old man who certainly knew that his employer was dead, and on behalf of the old man's lawyer, who also knew it and knew as well the legal implications of his behavior, was decidedly suspicious. An investigation began at once.

Seizure of the body of the victim was but one of a sequence of occurrences that followed in rapid succession. The result was that the district attorney's office took possession of four checks drawn against Rice funds and presented for payment on the day he died. Each check was made out to the order of Hendon. One, as I have pointed out, was for twenty-five thousand dollars; another on the same institution, the Fifth Avenue Trust Company, was for one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars; two others for sixty-five thousand dollars and twenty-five thousand dollars had been presented to the banking-house of S. M. Swenson and Sons.

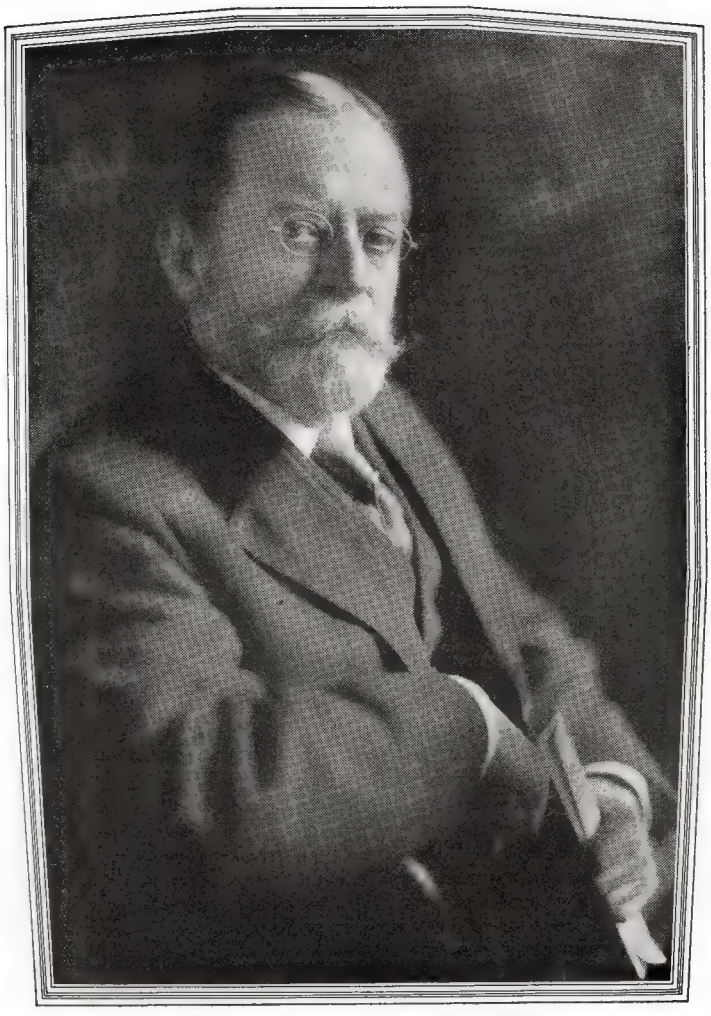
The question was—were the signatures on those checks forgeries? If they were forgeries, the duty of the district attorney was plain. The four checks were turned over to my father, along with signatures of the dead man concerning which there could be no question. The authentic signatures were obtained from the records of a trust company which had handled some of his affairs. Officers of the company had watched him as he wrote those signatures.

The questioned signatures on the four checks would all have been honored at the two banks and nothing ever thought about them if Mr. Rice had been alive at the time they were presented. Even to the trained eyes of the paying-tellers, the name *"W. M. Rice"* appeared to have been written by the old man. But my father was able to prove that they were forged. Farther along, in connection with another document, I shall explain how he did so, and why it was easy for him to convince others that he knew what he was talking about.

I am sure many persons must puzzle over the processes by which police and prosecutors finally determine that this man or that woman should be brought to trial for some mysterious crime. In New York County in hundreds of cases my father's unique ability was employed by the district attorney as a hunter uses a bird-dog to find his game. Convictions did not always follow when my father "pointed," any more than game always falls to the gun behind the dog that points. In the Rice-Hendon case, you may be sure the district attorney was not eager to bring about a trial in which he was certain to be opposed by some of the best legal talent in the country, unless he was satisfied in his own heart that he had identified the criminal. As often happened in important criminal cases, that was the function of my father in the Rice-Hendon case. He convinced the district attorney.

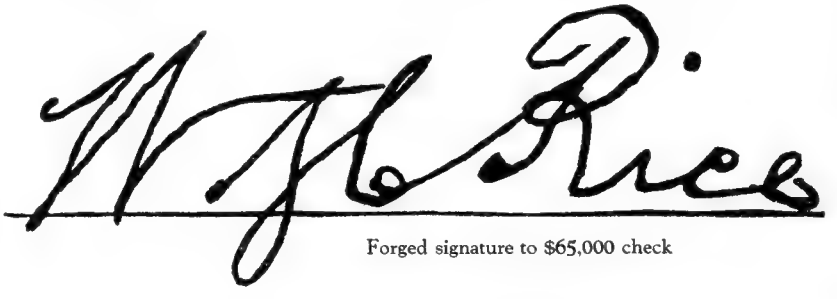
First there were those checks; then there was the will. When it was offered for probate, there was no longer any doubt as to a motive for a crime. The autopsy had established a congested condition in the lungs of the dead man that could not be accounted for by anything that was known to have contributed to his death. It was written in his death-certificate that he had died of acute indigestion. The actual cause of death remained a mystery for weeks after my father had established a motive for the killing.

The will disposed of property worth in excess

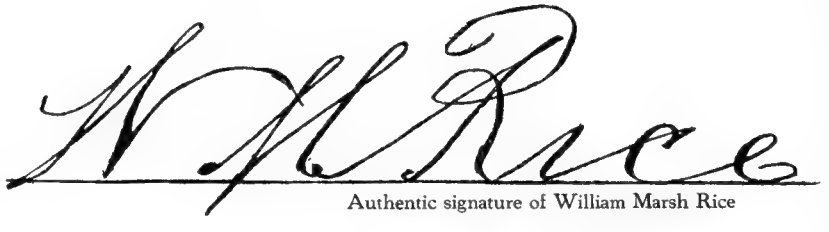


DAVID N. CARVALHO

The famous handwriting expert whose testimony decided so many important legal battles.



Forged signature to $65,000 check



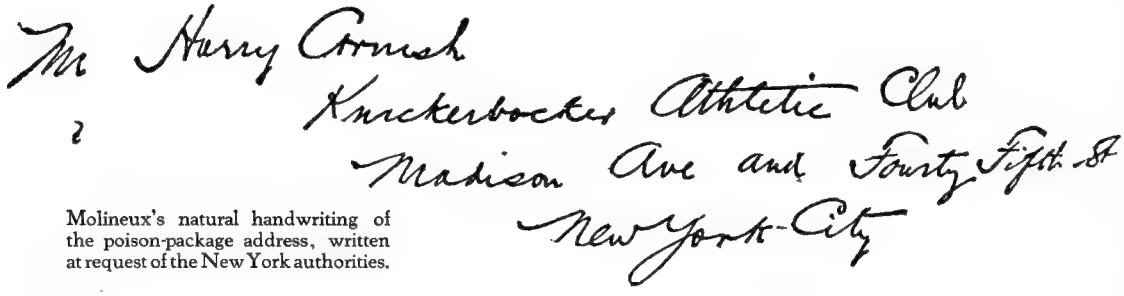
Authentic signature of William Marsh Rice

Forged signature to $25,000 check

The actual and forged signatures of the millionaire William Marsh Rice. It is interesting to observe that the real signature (center), is firm, whereas the other two, forgeries, are shaky.

of six million dollars, and that tremendous fortune was bequeathed to the old man's lawyer, Hendon, as trustee, except for about two hundred thousand dollars, which was given to William Marsh Rice Institute in Texas. Each page of the document bore what purported to be the signature of Mr. Rice; but my father was able to prove to the satisfaction, first of the district attorney and afterward to a jury, that the signatures were forged.

"They were too good," he told me afterward. "It isn't possible for any human being—let alone a feeble old man—to write his signature exactly in the same way twice. By careful measurements and by means of photographic reproductions transferred to thin transparent paper, I was able to show that each of those four signatures was patterned like the others. The law of chance as



Molineux's natural handwriting of the poison-package address, written at request of the New York authorities.

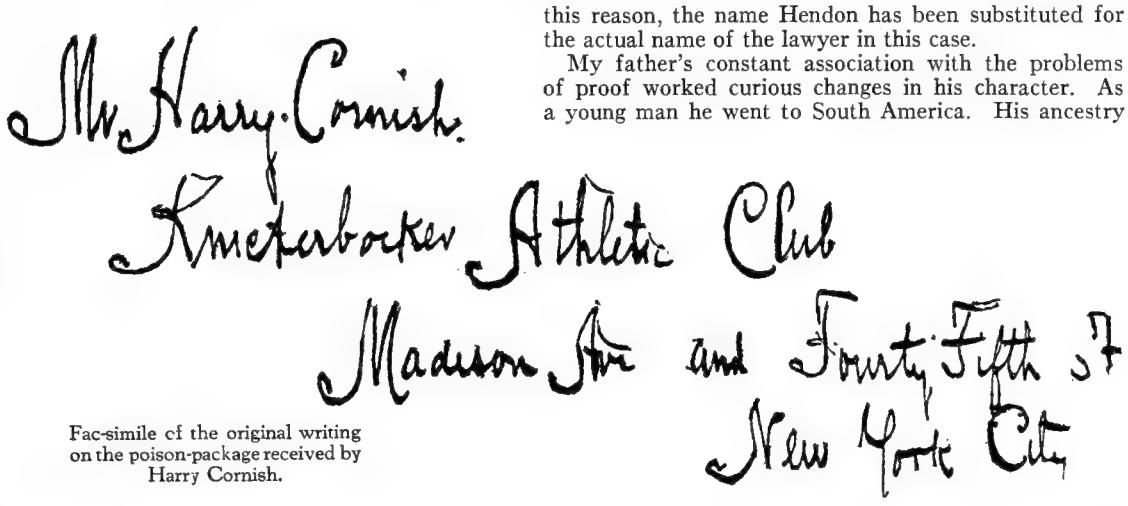
determined by mathematical science is wholly against such an occurrence. It became obvious in the light of such a test that the four putative signatures actually were forgeries traced over a single genuine signature of the dead man."

Here was that small obstacle that seems always in one form or other to be placed by some higher power in the way of the calculating murderer. If the forger had exercised just a little of that knowledge of writing in which David Carvalho was so rich, if he had made each tracing from a different signature, it is probable there would have been no prosecution. But my father's investigation and findings so strengthened the district attorney's beliefs that the mystery began to unfold itself swiftly.

It is reported almost every day in the newspapers that this or that unfortunate has confessed to the authorship of some horrible crime. Yesterday, perhaps, it was a young high-school boy who admitted under the pressure of awful questionings that he had strangled a girl whom he had violated; today it may be an old man who confesses that he slew some one while in a storm of temper.

How, we ask, are those confessions obtained? I do not know. I may only suppose that every advantage is taken of the prisoner to force him to confess; and I know that Jones, the negro valet, confessed.

He told three stories, each differing from the others in essentials, but all agreeing that Hendon had instigated the crime. Jones had only one weakness, but it was an all-embracing one: it was his character. He was not capable of drawing up a forged will, but he was thoroughly capable of assisting another to snuff out the life of a senile man. Jones first said that Hendon had killed Rice by giving him ammonia. Then he said Hendon had given the old man some gray pills. Finally he confessed that he himself had saturated a sponge with chloroform and, acting under the instructions of Hendon, had held it against Rice's mouth and nose until the aged chest ceased to rise and fall. That was the story to which Jones stuck throughout the trial of Hendon for murder.



Fac-simile of the original writing on the poison-package received by Harry Cornish.

Nearly nineteen months after the death of Mr. Rice, Hendon was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be electrocuted. Jones, the confessed killer, was never brought to trial, and was permitted to return to Texas a free man except for the strictures of his own conscience. The failure to try him had a great deal to do with the feeling of many persons that Hendon was not guilty of murder. In the death-house at Sing Sing, Hendon continued to fight for his life, using as his weapon his own knowledge of the law and the facts of the case. Finally after six years his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, but he swore he would refuse to accept the commutation.

"I am either innocent or guilty," he proclaimed from his condemned cell. "I want death or freedom."

Eminent men, Grover Cleveland among them, signed a petition for his pardon; and at last on Thanksgiving Day in 1912, tight-lipped, gray and bitter, Hendon was released. Governor Dix had pardoned him.

To this day there are only two men in the world who can testify with accuracy concerning the end of old man Rice's life. Hendon would swear the old man died a natural death. The negro, Jones, probably is still inclined to stick to his story of a murder by means of chloroform. But there cannot be two opinions as to the crime that suggested that a cunning murder had been committed. There is no doubt that the checks presented at the banks after Rice's death had been forged. There is no doubt whatever that the will giving Hendon control of the estate was forged.

The Rice fortune was disposed of in accordance with a genuine will of the old man which bore a date earlier than the one which my father testified was a forgery. He did not say that Hendon traced the signatures. Hendon's contention that he had seen the old man sign the four pages of the will seemed in the minds of the jury to link him with the preparation of that counterfeit document. If it was forged, they argued, who else would have forged it?

Instead of going to Hendon, the money went to the Rice Institute of Technology, a free school in Houston, Texas, that stands today as a monument to the beneficence of old man Rice. After Hendon was pardoned, he returned to New York and at the office of his attorney gave an interview to a group of reporters in which he asserted that he was going to renew his fight for the recognition of his rights as Rice's legatee. He did not pursue that intention very far, however, but went instead into the West, where he began to rebuild his life. It is gratifying to report that his career since that time has justified the confidence of those kinsmen and friends who worked so hard to save him from the electric chair and restore his freedom. For this reason, the name Hendon has been substituted for the actual name of the lawyer in this case.

My father's constant association with the problems of proof worked curious changes in his character. As a young man he went to South America. His ancestry was Portuguese, and in Brazil he found a sympathetic background for every one of his artistic tendencies. Then he wore a tender little mustache, and on the curve of his chin just under his lower lip a tiny tuft of black beard. His disposition was romantic anyway, and when he returned from South America, his friends saw him in a black cloak like those that are worn in

Spain and Portugal and in countries influenced by them. Those black cloaks are comfortable garments for a young man who plays the bear to some señorita imprisoned by watchful parents behind an iron grille. In such a cape he may keep warm and play a guitar or in other ways entertain the young lady he may not touch. A Don Juan, my father's friends said of him when he returned to the United States; but if he was, he had a complete recovery except for certain foppish tendencies. He worshiped my mother, who died when I was a small girl; but after her death he would not have a woman around his house other than his daughters.

We needed a housekeeper, but Father would not have a woman for such a position. He felt that a woman might in some way betray him to the enemies he made in the practice of his profession, and instead he had a Jap or a Chinaman to look after his household. He loved perfumes—his beard was always fragrant with the odor of some flower essence; but the longer he lived, the less he wished to have women about him. He detested any sort of indirection. If he asked you what time you had returned from a dance, and you said "about eleven," when actually it had been fifteen minutes past eleven, he would go into a rage. Probably he had been lying awake watching the clock when you returned. He was intolerant of the harmless little inaccuracies with which women characteristically smooth their lives.

I am sure there was a yearning for feminine society threatening at all times to upset the regime of his life; yet he never gave way to it. His passion for hunting criminals by means of their pen-tracks, as a woodsman follows the footprints of the game he chases, compelled him to sacrifice his desires. He became a sort of monk dedicated to Justice. Ancient manuscripts, microscopes, the apparatus of a chemist's laboratory, held him in a thralldom from which he never escaped; he worked constantly up to the week of his death.

CLAIRE CARVALHO

Occasionally during his career, though, his work gave him an opportunity to play Sir Galahad. When a woman had been a victim of a crime, he labored with that furious intensity which genius requires for the production of its finest work.

About ten years after the Rice case there was an instance of this in the mysterious disappearance of a pretty young stenographer named Ruth Wheeler. Ruth was barely fifteen when she completed a course at a business college and set out to find work. With two sisters and her mother, she had been living in an apartment in Manhattan. One night she failed to return home.

Half mad with anxiety, the mother and sisters remembered that Ruth had gone in search of work to an address given on a post-card received after she had replied to a "blind" advertisement in the help-wanted columns of a New York newspaper. The eldest sister found the card lying on a dresser and went to the address it bore, near the River, in East Seventy-fifth Street.

A surly young man there named Wolter, Albert Wolter, assured her he did not know anything about her sister. He was about eighteen, heavy-featured and with a stolid gaze. The terrified young woman wished to enter his apartment to see for herself if it bore any traces of Ruth's presence. Some insistent urge born of her sharpened intuition kept her there cross-examining the heavy-shouldered youth in spite of personal fears. It was dark in the tenement hallway. All she could see really was the man's scowl and his enormous hands. Finally she left and went to a police station. Escorted by bluecoats, she returned and this time was admitted.

A search of the squalid rooms revealed nothing to justify further action, but the insistence of the mother and sisters kept the investigation alive, kept it centered on the German immigrant youth Wolter. The result was a much more thorough search of the building. On a fire-escape the detectives found a bulky sack which stiffly resisted their prodding. One of them tore open the top, drew down the folds of jute and suddenly began to swear and cry simultaneously. The sack contained a girl's body, burned beyond recognition. It was the corpse of Ruth Wheeler.

Wolter was arrested, of course, but juries are stubborn about convicting in murder cases when the only evidence is circumstantial unless it is something tangible. It developed through the testimony of the owner of a small hardware store that Wolter had bought several gallons of kerosene the day Ruth disappeared. Another storekeeper of that shabby East Side community remembered selling him a can of red paint. He had painted his fireplace. Chemists made many tests to determine what had been burning in the small pot-bellied stove in his apartment. Everything pointed to Wolter, but the bit of circumstantial evidence that sent him to the electric chair was that given by my father.

The post-card to which I referred, the one that had lured Ruth Wheeler to that trap horribly baited with an offer of a secretarial position, was signed "C. Walker." There was also a memorandum-book in which the police found an entry reading: *"Ruth Amos Wheeler—lives at home—mother living."*

In olden times suspected men were tried by ordeal. They were required to plunge their arm into fire or boiling water. If unscathed by this test, they went free. None ever escaped, of course, except through the connivance of those conducting the trial. Wolter's was a trial by ordeal too, you might have thought, if you had seen him writing under *(Please turn to page 129)*

"I Never Miss!"

By Sam Hellman

Illustrated by Tony Sarg

Being a fair and frank account of the hardships and horrors of hunting in Maine.

"BUT why," I asks, "should I shoot a moose? I've never had an order canceled by a moose; I've never had a sure trick trumped by one; I've never—"

"That's neither here nor in the rose-bower," cuts in Breeze Emerson. "It's up to us in a business way—"

"Business way!" I exclaims. "What's there in selling Pommefrite Products that calls on this neatly dressed Nordic to knock over a brace of meese? What are you going to do—give away a set of antlers with each package of peanut butter?"

"Don't be so natural," growls Breeze. "Bowen's invited us to this dump in Maine, and on account of his uncle, we just can't turn him down."

"Maybe you can't," says I, "but I can, and *comment!* I'm getting tired of this game of kissing Kittie in order to sell Casimir a can of sardines. Can't we unload our line on its merits?"

"Maybe we can on a five and ten scale," returns Emerson, "but big business these days isn't done over the counter by steady young men. If you want to get yourself a vestful of gravy quick, you've got to be a hell-fellow-well-meant and mix socially with the buy boys. . . . . Did I ever tell you how I once sold a bozo a carload of imitation fish-flakes just by learning to play zither duets with him?"

"That's no trick," I comes back. "Zither players are always in the market for imitation fish-flakes. . . . . But tell me, where's this system of yours leading us to? Today you're planning to introduce Old Man Bowen to our potted pig's-feet by a massacre of moose; tomorrow, I suppose, you'll want me to climb up a banyan tree and strangle a pair of polar bears just to impress a possible customer with the quality of our shelled pecans. Go out and get yourself X-rayed for another partner, baby."

Breeze and I, if you can't forget, are the American representatives of a couple of European firms engaged in the dissemination of de luxe delicatessen. We'd met abroad and both of us had horned into the Pommefrite and Dawkins concerns over the marriage route, Emerson snatching off the niece of the Frenchman while I'd picked Dawkins out of the British mists and established him as a father-in-law.

"Leaving business aside for the nonce," says Breeze, "doesn't the idea of a shoot in the Maine woods stir the sap in you?"

"If it stirred anything," I replies, "it'd stir that. My private records show there are eighty-six things I care nothing about and at least eighty-seven of 'em are traipsing through slush and snow after animals in a wild and Republican State. Nor do I see where killing a moose is going to make me an Elk. Not, understand, that I could kill one, for, after all, I'm a vegetarian huntsman."

"You're a what kind of a what?" inquires the Frau, who up to this time had kept her ears in the line-up and her tongue on the bench.

"A vegetarian huntsman," I repeats. "There are quite a few of us in Brooklyn and in the United States. Every spring we take our bows and arrows and shoot buds from rutabaga bushes and mangel-wurzel vines. Often, too, we stalk celery. Ah, how sweet is the deep-mouthed bay of the scallion hound as he—"

"You been drinking?" demands Emerson.

"Me!" I exclaims. "Do I look like the sort of guy that'd ever throw a corkscrew into a noble experiment?"

"I don't care what you look like," barks Breeze. "We can take that up later with a veterinary. In the meantime, let's get together on the Maine idea. The girls are keen to go. What's the answer?"

"I so much love the huntings," says his wife, Chérie, slipping me a coaxy eye.

"What," I asks, "did you ever hunt besides mark-downs and moth-holes?"

"Oftentimes," returns Madame Emerson, "I have shooted the *lapins* in the *bois*."

"There is some slight difference," I points out, "between being rude to a rabbit and having a wild bull moose charge on you while you're lying on an ant-hill with a broken leg, a fractured skull and the rent back home going on just the same. Have you ever thought of that, my little one, in the stilly watches of the night?"

"For why," inquiries Chérie, "should it be that I break the leg? Is it of a necessity?"

"He's spoofing you," guesses my Jennie. "I should love to rough it for a bit—"

"Very well," says I. "We'll move into a walk-up over Staten Island way and sleep out on the roof in a rain. That's what camp life in the North Woods would be like, anyhow."

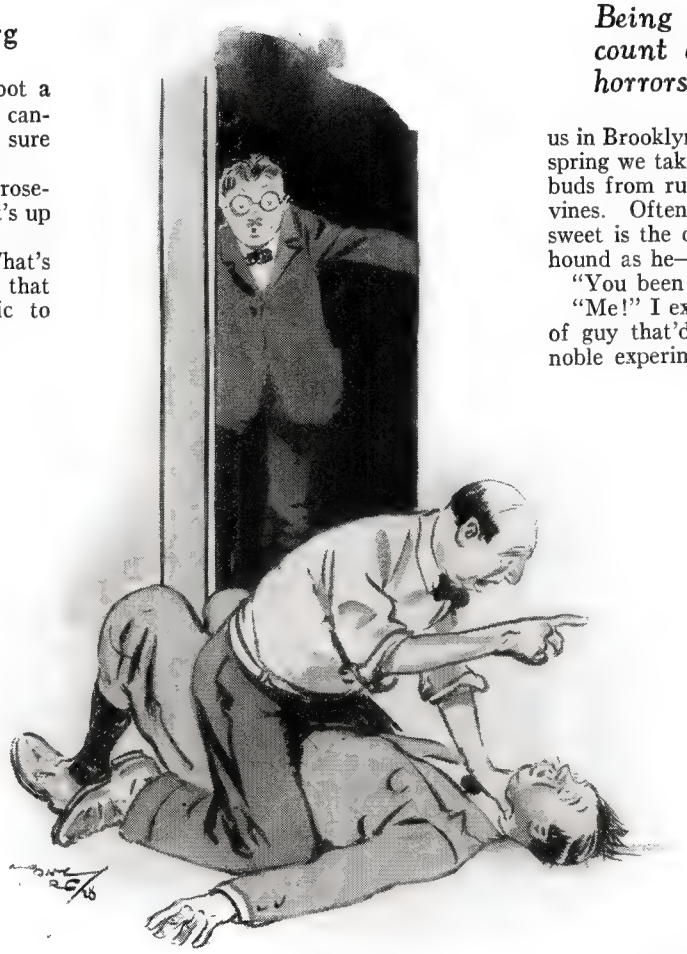
"Where," sneers Breeze, "did you get your info about the outdoors—from a bartender's guide?"

"From experience herself in bitter person," I assures him. "Didn't I ever tell you about my Colorado bear-hunt?"

"No," comes back Emerson. "Occasionally I get the breaks."

"Well," says I, continuing the filibuster against Maine and its merry moose, "there was a bunch of us on this trip you're so interested in, and boy, did we have troubles, or would I lie to you? We're no sooner in the Black Hills than the pack-horse with all our duffle slides off the side of a mountain and there we are with nothing but a sense of rectitude between us and the next general election. To make things less like a picnic and more like a panic, it starts raining cheetahs, three-toed sloths and casks of amontillado, and in the excitement of hunting for shelter we get lost. For three days we wanders around in a rough country that must have been miles from the nearest mortgage. Finally we reaches a clearing and just as we drop with exhaustion, a guy comes along and pinches us."

"Arrests you!" exclaims the Frau. "What for?"



On the floor is the gallant veteran; astride him with one hand on his throat is Breeze. "I'm telling the Colonel a story," grins Emerson.

"For camping on a private golf-course," I replies. "You see, what we'd taken for a clearing was really the eighteenth green of the—"

"Maybe it be," suggests Mrs. Emerson, "that in Maine it is not so—what you call—*sauvage*."

"Don't kid yourself," says I. "As the country goes so goes Maine. Hoover carried Colorado, didn't he?"

"Nevertheless," remarks Jennie, sweetly, "I think we shall all accept Mr. Bowen's invitation. It may not always take you three days to make the green."

"Oh, very well," I shrugs, "but doesn't it strike you as a peculiarly goofy stunt for a couple of lads to go after moose who've never shot anything but their cuffs and an eighty-six?"

"Talk for yourself," growls Breeze. "While it's true I've never bagged a moose, there are few specimens of American flora and fauna that haven't fallen before my gun."

"It makes no difference," declares the Missus, "whether we get any moose or not. I'm thrilled just at the idea of sitting around a camp-fire with the moon splashing silver on the lake and a breeze soughing through the balmy pine trees."

"I'd like to see Breeze soughing through the trees myself," says I. "Show the boys and girls how nice you can sough."

"What," inquiries Chérie at this juncture, "does one wear when one goes for to shoot the moose?"

"There is a wide difference of opinion among steam-fitters," I replies, "but I should imagine that mauve dance frock with the insertions and the medallions and the rhinestone garniture would be just the thing, though it's really an outfit more associated with zebra-trapping. Personally, I shall wear a sleeveless vest and at least two shoes."

"Listen here," I yelps. "I can rough it as well as the next fellow and his brother Nehemiah, but I did expect that you'd deal out the ordinary comforts. I'm used to having an organ recital during breakfast and—"

"That's all right," he cuts in. "We have an organ. It's just off the billiard-room near the Pompeian pool."

"That defeats me," says I. "What's the idea of all this dog in the woods?"

"Why not?" shrugs Bowen. "You can shoot moose without being uncomfortable about it, can't you?"

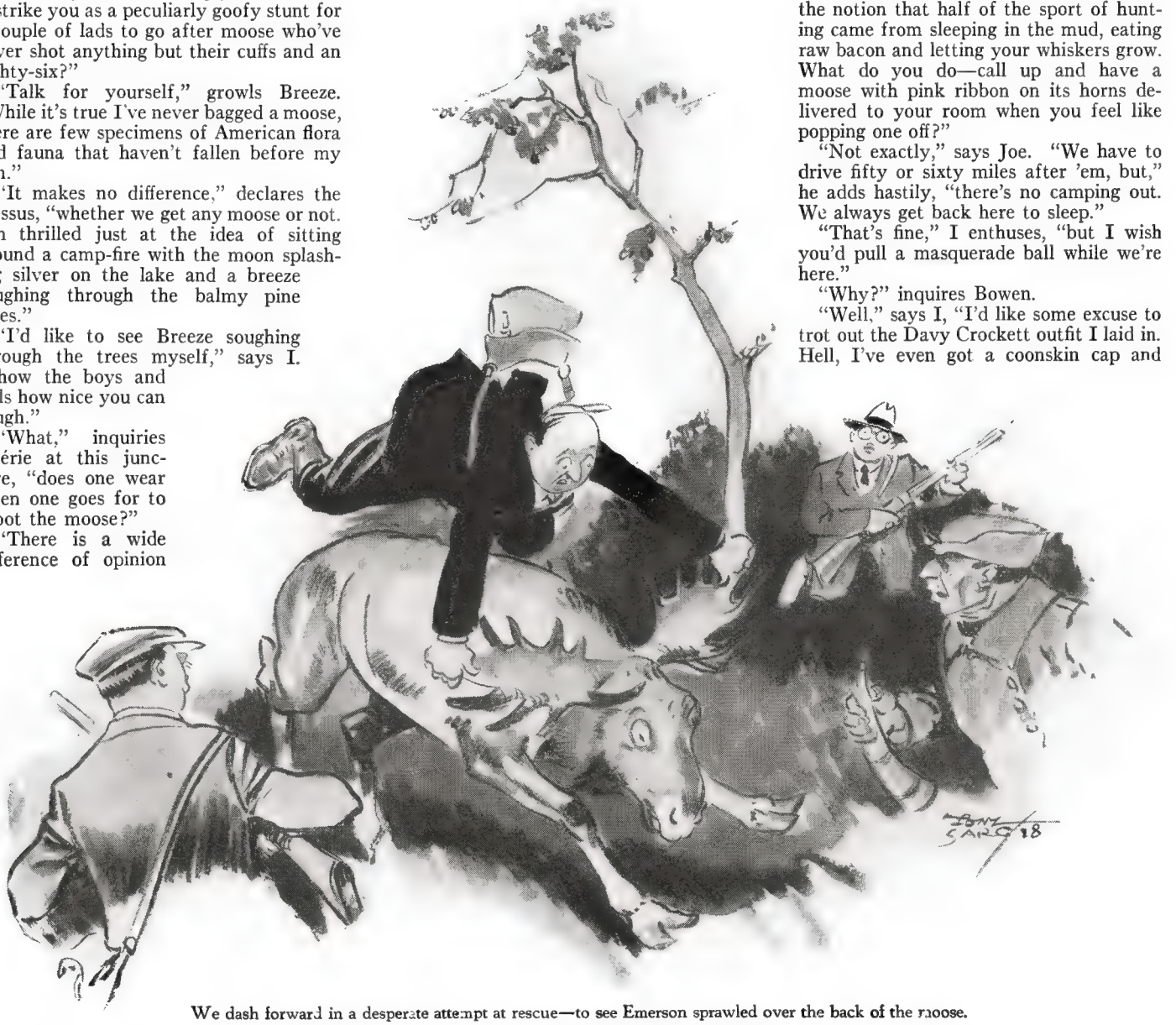
"Perhaps," I returns, "but I sort of had the notion that half of the sport of hunting came from sleeping in the mud, eating raw bacon and letting your whiskers grow. What do you do—call up and have a moose with pink ribbon on its horns delivered to your room when you feel like popping one off?"

"Not exactly," says Joe. "We have to drive fifty or sixty miles after 'em, but," he adds hastily, "there's no camping out. We always get back here to sleep."

"That's fine," I enthuses, "but I wish you'd pull a masquerade ball while we're here."

"Why?" inquires Bowen.

"Well," says I, "I'd like some excuse to trot out the Davy Crockett outfit I laid in. Hell, I've even got a coonskin cap and some fringed moccasins. I have also a sleeping-bag and a brace of army blankets that I'll sell cheap to some unworthy charity."



We dash forward in a desperate attempt at rescue—to see Emerson sprawled over the back of the moose.

BOWEN'S place is on Lake Okechotowamasatamawarumph, pronounced dangerous when the wind is from the west. It's just a shack with only thirteen master bedrooms and an equal number of De Mille bathrooms. You can't walk anywhere in it without tripping over at least one footman and falling into an under-butler's lap.

"Is this what you Americans call a shooting-box?" inquiries the wife.

"When they get to be this size," says I, "they're usually referred to as shooting-crates."

"Comfortable?" asks young Joe Bowen, popping into our apartment.

"There goes your camp-fire," I remarks to the Frau when Joe takes his departure, "but you can still have the wind do some well-bred soughing through the balmy pine-trees and the moon splatter the lake with free silver, though it'll probably be platinum around here."

"What'll I do for clothes?" wails the wife. "I didn't bring anything but knickers."

"Don't you worry, girlie," says I, comfortingly. "If everybody had what you have to fill 'em with, they'd be worn even at formal funerals. Anyhow, we came here to hunt, not to make a display of my line of credit. Know what I'm going to do?"

"What?" asks Jennie.

"Build a fire in the middle of this room tonight," I replies, "and flop on the floor in my sleeping-bag. I'm here to rough it, and I'm going to rough it even if I have to get rough about it. They can't make an all-day-sucker out of this braw sportsman."

Besides our gang of earnest nimrods there are two other guests at the Bowen lean-to—a Colonel Sowersby, who's shot everything from ring-tailed rhinoceri in the second ward of Burmah to the chutes at Coney Island, and a Miss Beatrice Blandish, who's as young as she feels and easily as old as she looks. She's a poetess but otherwise in fairly good health.

When the Missus and I get down to the living-room, which is not quite as long as the Grand Central Station but almost as wide, the Colonel is regaling the Emersons and the Blandish blemish with a yarn made up entirely of I's and wild animals, the score being thirty-six to eighteen in favor of the personal pronoun, with ten yards to go.

"I had just fired my last cartridge at the tiger," retails Sowersby, "when I hears a roar and there's a lioness to my rear ready to leap. Now, what would you have done, sir?" he demands—of me, of all people!

"Oh, position perilous!" murmurs the poetess.

"What you did," I returns, "but probably a bit faster. My time for the hundred—"

"If you are intimating that I ran," blusters the Colonel, "you are mistaken. Seizing the empty rifle by the barrel, I swung the butt-end at the head of—"

"I suppose," I cuts in, "you have the rifle to prove it?"

"I have, sir," snaps Sowersby. "Why do you ask?"

"It's my nature," says I. "I'm the sort of doubting Duncan who doesn't even believe a town's incorporated unless I'm shown the incorporation papers."

"Your story," remarks Breeze, addressing the Colonel, "reminds me of a little affair I had—"

"Affair!" exclaims Chérie. "You have had the affair?"

"This is hardly the time or place," says I, "to brag about your amours. Don't you think it would be advisable to wait until the ladies have retired and we gentlemen have assembled about our mulled sack and walnuts? Remember, there is a young unmarried woman in our midst and—"

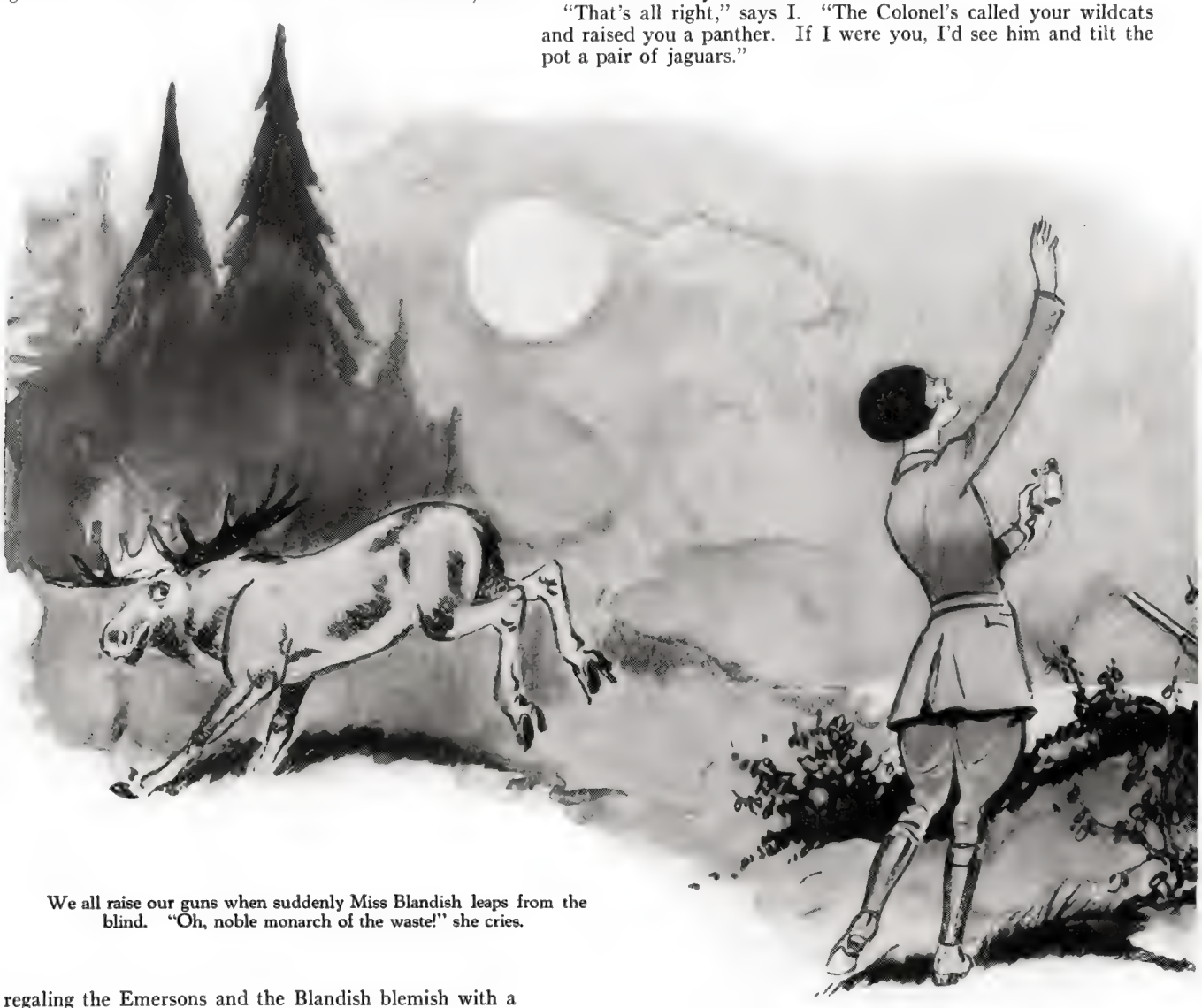
"Hush not for me," interrupts the sweet singer of Skowhegan. "Even though my soul soars—"

"—an affair I had," barks Emerson, "with a couple of wildcats down in New Mexico! I had—"

"Ah, yes," says Sowersby, "very interesting, very interesting, indeed, but I must tell you about a rather amusing adventure with three panthers in the Straits Settlements."

"How about my wildcats?" scowls Breeze.

"That's all right," says I. "The Colonel's called your wildcats and raised you a panther. If I were you, I'd see him and tilt the pot a pair of jaguars."



We all raise our guns when suddenly Miss Blandish leaps from the blind. "Oh, noble monarch of the waste!" she cries.

That's enough for Sowersby. With a snort he leaves the room, and one by one others follow, a fact I don't realize until I finds myself alone with Bee Blandish and under the necessity of making conversation with that princess of poesy.

"I hear," I remarks, "that you heave a mean hexameter."

"You have read my triolets?" she breathes, and fixes a pair of burning lamps on me.

"My shame is so great," I returns, "that I can hardly bear it, but the truth is I haven't. You can't imagine how exacting the delicatessen business is. What with peddling sheaves of pickled pig's-feet, unloading crates of marinated herrings and disposing of barrels of head-cheese, I have but little time for triolets. A glance at the tabloids to keep abreast of the love-nest and I'm pounding the pillow."

"Tell me," demands Miss Blandish, grabbing hold of my wrist, "do you bode me evil?"

"Me!" I gasps. "Why should I bode you evil? As a matter of fact, I haven't done any boding for years. At my age even tennis gets to be a kind of a strain."

"I wonder," she muses, "if you are not he who is to come in a clashing of cymbals and snatch me— May I call you Pyramus?"

"Help yourself," says I, "but why Pyramus? Why not Aloysius or Patrick J. Ginsberg?"

"Because," explains the poetess, "you are a minaret of purple shadows in a world cold with the sweat of death."

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "Wait till the delicatessen trade hears that! Mind if I use the line on my letterheads, Miss Blandish?"

"Call me Thisbe," she flutters.

I'm just getting ready to take it on the lam when the Colonel and Breeze drift in. They're still talking about their wild-game bags.

"As the hippo charged," relates Sowersby, "I let him have the full contents of my express gun."

"Wonderful," votes Emerson; "but I must tell you about the tussle I had with the two wildcats in—"

"You must indeed, old fellow," interrupts the Colonel, "but, first, you should hear of—"

I takes advantage of the distraction caused by the palaver and ducks out of the living-room. In the hallway I runs into Bowen.

"What," I asks, "is the matter with that Blandish wench? Is she shy some of her marbles?"

"Miss Blandish," he replies coldly, "is my fiancée." And he turns away abruptly.

boa-constrictors and maimed mongooses, and Emerson's thrown for a loss. It's beginning to appear that the story starting off, "It seems that there were two wildcats—" is never going to be told, woe is me!

"Is this moose meat?" I inquires quaintly when the roast is piped to the table.

"Moose meat!" shudders Bowen. "You wouldn't eat moose meat, would you?"

"Pardon me for asking her in at this hour of the night," says I, "but if moose meat's not fit to eat, why do you shoot the beasties?"

"I have shot elephants," recalls Sowersby. "Once in the Belgian Congo—"

After chow there's bridge, but not for me and Thisbe. She insists on taking me outside and showing me off to the moon, and it's near midnight before I can bust the daisy-chain and break away.

"It seems to your present wife," remarks the Frau in our Madison Square bedroom, "that you and Miss Blandish are getting a bit thicker than the recent electoral vote calls for. What?"

"Blam!" says I to myself. "There goes the Bowen business."

Later in the evening I makes an attempt to square myself with Joe, and to some extent, I succeed.

"Beatrice," explains Bowen, "has a habit of thinking lines of poetry out loud—especially when she is talking to people in whom she hasn't the slightest interest."

For a gal with no interest she certainly displays a compound lot of it in me. She insists on squatting next to me at dinner and fills my ears with a flood of iambics, dactyls and other meter-readings that seem to suggest everything from an immediate elopement to Nirvana in a chariot of flaming petunias, to a dip in the Pierian spring attired in no-piece bathing suits made of rainbow remnants with a piping of young dew.

All this time Breeze is trying to put over his wildcat story but he hasn't a chance. Whenever he makes a pass, the Colonel meets it with a stone-wall defense of slaughtered leopards, mistreated

"Darling," says I, "did you know that I was a minaret of purple shadows in a world cold with the sweat of death?"

"I'm a stranger in New England," returns Jennie, "but I should imagine that this close to the Canadian line the liquor would be good."

"Also," I goes on, "it has been brought home to me in elfin whispers that I have a rainbow round my shoulder, the Promethean fire in my soul and a clashing of cymbals somewhere or other. You may call me Pyramus."

"Does it occur to you," says the Missus, after I tells her all about the Blandish hooey, "that this junket has deviated some distance from its original intent and scope? If it's to continue like this, I can always remember that I left the water running in the bathroom back home and the cat in the canary cage."

"Tomorrow," I assures her, "we are actually going after the festive moose." *(Please turn to page 143)*

Double Murder

Mr. King, having graduated from Yale and having been a member of the 105th Field Artillery "during its shooting-tour in France," put in a few serious years at sea as wireless operator on tankers and freighters, seeking excitement; and then found, in New York City, this extraordinary story.

The Story So Far:

"THIS is Mrs. Herbert Endicott speaking," she said when her call to the Police Department had been put through, "and I am worried about Mr. Endicott. I wonder whether you could send some one up to talk it over with me. . . . . No, he hasn't disappeared. I know exactly where he has gone, but I have reason to believe that something might happen to him. . . . . Yes, it's the Mr. Endicott who has been in the papers recently in connection with Wall Street."

Lieutenant Valcour called in response to this message—found a young and very beautiful woman and a luxurious ménage. She explained to him her reasons for anxiety about her husband—his intrigue with a rather notorious young woman Marge Mylen, the strange and apparently threatening scrap of paper on his desk, *"By Thursday or—"* and some other things. And upon the Lieutenant's suggesting the possibility of further clues in the pockets of his clothing, Mrs. Endicott directed him to the closet of his room. Valcour opened the door—and found doubled up on the closet floor the body of the man they had been discussing. . . . .

Endicott's physician, the medical examiner and various police officials were summoned. No wound was found on the body, and it was decided Endicott had died from shock. And then—the medical men determined that there was a good possibility of bringing him back to life by the injection of adrenalin into the heart muscles, and made ready for the experiment. *(The story continues in detail:)*

Chapter Seven—11:01 P. M.

THE corridor was deserted.

Lieutenant Valcour walked along it to the top of the stairwell and looked down into the entrance-hall. He could see the broad athletic back of Officer O'Brian on guard at the door. O'Brian's snub nose was pressed against the plate glass; and his eyes, one presumed, were staring out through the door's bronze grille upon the street.

As Lieutenant Valcour went down, he wondered at the complete stillness of the house. There was no sound of any nature at all. There was a waiting quality about the stillness: a definite waiting for something that would shatter the hush into bedlam.

"What are you pressing your nose against the glass for, O'Brian?" he said.

The young policeman turned and grinned at him broadly.

"Sure, it's them boys from the papers, sir," he said. "They're all stirred up over what the medical examiner has just told them."

Lieutenant Valcour groaned faintly. "When was this, O'Brian?"

"Not two whisks of a lamb's tail ago, sir—out there in the vestibule."

"Did the medical examiner go out into the vestibule?"

"He did that, Lieutenant, and the last mother's son of them has just beaten it off down the street like a jumping jack-rabbit. They were crazy after photographs, but he drew the line at that now."

"Really?" Lieutenant Valcour was politely astounded.

"Sure, and he did—with the exception of a flash or two he let them take of himself."

"Any of the servants been drifting around?"

"Only one old dame in black, and seven foot tall if she's one inch. She came halfway down the stairs, took one dirty look at me, and then stalked back up as stiff as a poker. Her bonnet was on her head."

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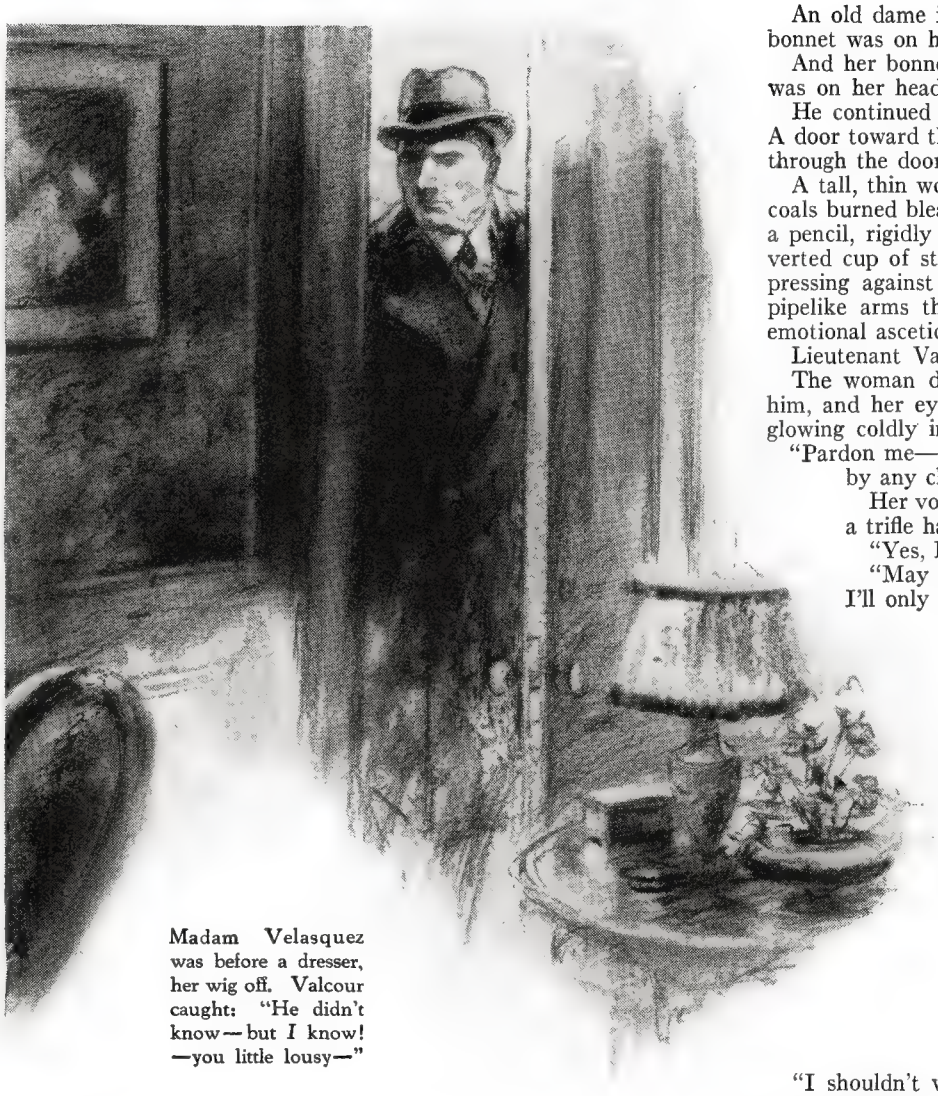
By Rufus King

Illustrated by Dudley Gloyne Summers



Madam Velasquez was before a dresser, her wig off. Valcour caught: "He didn't know—but *I* know! —you little lousy—"

"You don't know who she was, I suppose?"

"That and I don't, sir. She looked like she might be a housekeeper."

"She probably was. By the way, O'Brian, just what was it the medical examiner told the boys?"

"Lieutenant, I could make neither the head nor the tail out of it. I'd been telling them myself that the boss upstairs was dead, and that foul play was suspected, and they were hot after the medical examiner for a further word, and I'm damned if he didn't give it to them."

"What was the word, O'Brian?"

"Indeed, and it sounded like crinoline, sir—the stuff the missus do be talking about in old dresses."

"Was that all he said?"

"It was enough, sir. 'Crinoline,' said he, and looked very wise at that. Then he added, 'For the present, boys, no more,' and off they scampered like the devil in person was after them."

"All right, O'Brian. Just stick where you are."

Lieutenant Valcour wandered around the entrance-hall, but encountered, beyond his own and the medical examiner's, no hat. He knew that Dr. Worth's was still upstairs where the doctor had left it in Endicott's bedroom. He found the cupboard Mrs. Endicott had referred to. There was no hat. The subject was becoming a fixed idea. It was growing increasingly believable that the attacker had taken the hat and worn it out of the house. But why should the attacker leave the house? And what was the matter with the attacker's own hat? Time, if not Endicott himself, would have to tell.

From a reception-room opening off the entrance hall he caught the murmur of Dr. Worth's and the medical examiner's voices in consultation. He passed the door indifferently and went upstairs. . . . .

An old dame in black, seven foot tall if she was an inch. Her bonnet was on her head.

And her bonnet, Lieutenant Valcour repeated softly to himself, was on her head.

He continued on up a second flight of stairs to the third floor. A door toward the end of the hall was open, and light flooded out through the doorway. He walked to it and looked in.

A tall, thin woman sat on a chair before a grate in which some coals burned bleakly. She was unbelievably gaunt—her silhouette a pencil, rigidly supporting an austere face beneath a smooth inverted cup of steel-gray hair. Black taffeta sheathed her, tightly pressing against flat narrow planes, and smoothly surfacing two pipelike arms that ended in the tapering, sensitive hands of an emotional ascetic.

Lieutenant Valcour rapped on the door-jamb.

The woman did not start. Her head alone turned and faced him, and her eyes were a contradiction of nature—black planets glowing coldly in a sky of white.

"Pardon me—I am Lieutenant Valcour of the police. Are you, by any chance, the housekeeper?"

Her voice was of New England—low almost to huskiness, a trifle harsh, and completely stripped of all nuances.

"Yes, Lieutenant. I am Mrs. Siddons."

"May I come in? Thank you—please don't get up. I'll only stay a minute or two, if you don't mind."

He took a chair and placed it before the fireplace beside her own. He sat down and did nothing beyond observing obliquely for a moment the curiously artificial placidity of Mrs. Siddons' clasped hands.

"There is no use in questioning me, Lieutenant, because I have nothing to say."

Her tone was like the chill clear winds that sweep the rigorous mountains of Vermont.

Lieutenant Valcour warmed his hands before the lazy coals and smiled amiably. "And I," he said, "have absolutely nothing to ask."

"That is a lie."

There was nothing abusive in the remark. It was simply a statement of fact, coldly, dispassionately pronounced by the remarkable pencil dressed in black who spired beside him. Lieutenant Valcour was shocked into a nervous laugh.

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, "but that your forebears came from Salem."

A look of interest stirred sleepily in the coals.

"Why so, sir?"

"Because there's a look of witch-burning in your eyes."

Mrs. Siddons gestured a slow negation.

"I would never abrogate the rights of God."

"But you would approve, Mrs. Siddons."

"I would *rejoice*, sir, in the crushing out of any evil, or"—her tone became implacably stern—"of any evil thing."

"Or even of a human being?"

Her look did not waver.

"Yes, Lieutenant—or even of a human being," she went on steadily and unemotionally. Her words were fragments of stone chipped from some elemental quarry of granitelike conviction and harsh purpose. "That is why you find me dry-eyed, sir, in spite of the tragedy which has been visited upon this house."

Lieutenant Valcour felt that there was a catch in it somewhere. If she held Endicott's condition in the light of a tragedy, then she scarcely regarded his death as an act of vengeance on the part of her unquestionably inflexible God.

"Tragedy?" he repeated softly.

"A tragedy, sir, for blinded eyes."

He hoped that she wasn't going to be allegorical. He endeavored to interpret. "It is hard on Mrs. Endicott," he said.

For a moment he thought she was going to melt. "That poor young thing," she said, and her voice fringed on unaccustomed softnesses. "That sweet young child of beauty—what a bitter ending for the journey of her tormented heart!"

He stepped delicately out upon the fragile ice. "But she's really better off, don't you think?"

"She will never know to the full the fortune of her release." Mrs. Siddons' incredibly thin body was suddenly shaken with passion as she added: "From that hateful—that filthy beast!"

"Oh, come, Mrs. Siddons—no man is quite as bad as all that."

Her eyes blazed with the heat of a strange malevolence. "You didn't know him, Lieutenant, as we did."

"'We,' Mrs. Siddons?"

"Myself, sir, and the servants under my charge."

"You found him disagreeable—overbearing?"

"I found him such a man, Lieutenant, that I am glad to know that he is dead."

"But you see, Mrs. Siddons, he isn't dead."

He thought for a minute that she was going to faint, and instinctively leaned forward to support her. She stood up unsteadily, but refused the offer of his hand.

"If you will pardon me, sir, I believe I will lie down. There has naturally been a certain strain—a—"

She bowed and found her way to a door that led into an inner room. Lieutenant Valcour listened for a moment at its panels after she had closed it.

He could not determine whether the muffled sound he heard was of peculiar laughter, or a sob.

Chapter Eight—11:28 P. M.

THE tangents and the bypaths were beginning to increase. Lieutenant Valcour tabulated them as he went thoughtfully down the stairs and along the corridor toward Endicott's room: Mrs. Endicott herself, and the Spartan Mrs. Siddons—both had been partly explored; the maid Roberts, with her strange glance that had hinted so definitely at revelations. Then what of Marge Mylen? And what of the unknown man with whom Mrs. Endicott, that afternoon, had taken tea? Valcour opened the door to Endicott's room and went in.

Preparations for the operation were practically complete. Dr. Worth and the medical examiner were beside the bed, and hovering near them were two trained nurses in uniform—middle-aged, competent women, starched and abstract-looking, moving a bit aloofly in their private world which was so concisely separated from the sphere of laymen.

Cassidy, who seemed bleaker than ever, still stiffly occupied the chair near the doorway. He continued to inspect with an almost feverish interest an unsullied expanse of white ceiling above his head.

Lieutenant Valcour seated himself on the corner of a long mahogany chest that was placed before the window farthest from the bed and gravely watched Dr. Worth. He had witnessed any number of accidents and stabbings, but had never been present at an operation, and it worked on his nerves. Even if Endicott weren't dead, he certainly looked it. He wondered why Dr. Worth was delaying, hesitating—no, bending over now, and in his hand, ready to give the injection of adrenalin into the cardiac muscles, was—

The response was immediate.

With the aid of the stethoscope, Dr. Worth heard Endicott's heart throbbing again, growing steadily stronger. Quite noticeably beneath the bright white lights a faint flush started to run through Endicott's skin. Lieutenant Valcour saw it, and moistened with his tongue the dry pressed surface of his lips.

Dr. Worth straightened up and handed the stethoscope to the medical examiner.

"Endicott lives," he said.

No one had noticed Mrs. Endicott standing in the doorway. No one had even noticed that the door was open. It was her terrific scream, her dropping to the floor, that shocked everyone into instant awareness of her presence. Dr. Worth nodded to one of the nurses. With her aid he lifted Mrs. Endicott and carried her from the room. Everyone else in it remained quite literally spellbound, still chained within the influence of that extraordinary scream. It didn't seem more than a second or two before Dr. Worth returned. He went directly to Lieutenant Valcour.

"I have given Mrs. Endicott a narcotic that will keep her quiet for the night," he said. "It was outrageous—her being here! That guard at the door should have seen to it that it was kept closed."

"Most outrageous, Dr. Worth. I believe all of us were hypnotized by watching you."

"And I don't care what the law is; she can't be questioned or disturbed in any way at all until I say so."

"But that *is* the law, Doctor. You are quite within your rights to dictate concerning your patient."

"I don't want to dictate. I'm just as willing as anybody to have the criminal side of this mess cleared up, if there is a criminal side."

"Endicott would hardly have crawled into a cupboard to have a stroke, would he, Doctor?"

"No." Dr. Worth's intelligent eyes stared speculatively at Lieutenant Valcour for a minute. "Not unless he'd hidden in there to overhear something, and did overhear something that gave him a stroke," he said.

The deadly pool, Lieutenant Valcour decided, was beginning to show strange depths within its depth. The medical examiner came over and joined them. He complimented Dr. Worth briefly on the success of his operation, assured Lieutenant Valcour that the homicide chief would be given a full report of Endicott's recovery, and presumed that from now on the case would be left in Lieutenant Valcour's hands. Lieutenant Valcour would deal with whatever charges of robbery or assault that might develop from it. He said good-by and left the room, with the fullest intention of going right straight home to bed—which he promptly did, as soon as he had made the promised report to Andrews.

Dr. Worth pointedly raised his eyebrows. "Then there will be charges, Lieutenant?"

"That will depend largely upon Endicott, Doctor. As he is now revived, he will tell us himself who attacked him, or the nature of the circumstance that gave him the shock."

"I trust so."

"There isn't any doubt, is there?"

Dr. Worth grew expansive. "Certainly there is a doubt," he said. "While it is true that Endicott has been revived, it is impossible to state definitely that he will recover consciousness. And even granting that he should recover consciousness, there is also a chance that he might prefer not to make any statement at all. What would you do then, Lieutenant?"

"Fold my tents, Doctor, and fade away."

Dr. Worth looked down a long straight nose for a minute at tips of low patent-leather shoes. "And if Endicott does not recover consciousness," he said, softly, "what will you do then?"

"You'll be surprised at the number of things I will do then."

Dr. Worth's eyes, surfeited with patent leather, snapped up sharply. "I must impress on you that Mrs. Endicott is not to be disturbed," he said.

"She wont be, Doctor."

"Nurse Vickers, who helped me into her room with her, is going to stay with Mrs. Endicott at night. Two day nurses will come in the morning—one for her, if necessary, and surely one for Endicott. I need scarcely impress upon you the seriousness of *his* condition." Dr. Worth made a gesture of irritated bewilderment. "I wish I knew him more intimately—who his friends are, I mean."

"He never talked with you about them?"

"Never. He seems an unusually reticent man, with an almost abnormally developed feeling for privacy concerning his intimate affairs." Dr. Worth's manner grew definitely severe. Mentally he wagged a finger under Lieutenant Valcour's nose. "He mustn't have any further shock. There must be nothing, absolutely nothing to shock him when, and if, he regains consciousness."

HE directed his attention momentarily to the nurse. "Get those shades back on the lamps, please, Miss Murrow, and turn out the ceiling lights. And now, Lieutenant, to continue about Endicott: As she is under the influence of the narcotic I gave her, it is out of the question that his wife be here. I wish she could. I want the first person he sees to be some one he knows—loves. His mind, you see, will pick up functioning at the precise second where it left off; at least, such is my conclusion."

"And that was one of shock."

"Yes, Lieutenant, evidently one of shock or of great fear. We cannot overestimate the importance of getting him past it safely. Personally, I shall sleep here in the house tonight, and Nurse Murrow will call me if Endicott shows any signs of coming to. That may not be before morning. I hope so, in a way, as the effect of the narcotic will have worn off by then, and Mrs. Endicott can be in here with him."

"One of the servants might know of some friend," Lieutenant Valcour suggested. "I take it you would like a friend to sit here with him during the night?"

Dr. Worth was emphatic. "It is almost a necessity that there should be. The mental and nervous viewpoints, you see, predominate in the case."

"There is one thing that I would like to arrange too, Doctor."

"Yes?"

"I want to keep a couple of men posted all night in the bath-

Mr. Smith drew a leather-bound slug of lead from his pocket, and struck Lieutenant Valcour on the head.

room. They can sit on chairs just inside the doorway there, where they can watch the bed, but where Endicott can't see them. He need never know they are there."

"What on earth would be the need for that?"

"Why, it's quite simple, Doctor. When Endicott comes to, he will be in a position to tell us who gave him the shock—a shock sufficient almost to kill him—one which would have killed him if we hadn't found him tonight. And if," he added thoughtfully, "Mrs. Endicott hadn't had her suspicions."

"But why the men in the bathroom?"

"Because I don't want to take any chances before Endicott makes his statement of there being a repetition."

Dr. Worth pursed his lips and looked very wise indeed. "I see," he said. "I see. You are afraid that the same person might get at him again and—well, silence him before he could talk."

"Something like that, Doctor." Lieutenant Valcour became courteously formal. "As the physician in charge of this case, sir, have you any objection to my stationing the two men in the bathroom?"

"Providing Endicott isn't able to see them, and wont be disturbed by them, none at all."

"Then that's settled. You'll have a nurse in here all the time, I suppose?"

"Naturally."

"Then I'm going to ask her to keep this hall door locked on the inside. She can open it if anyone knocks, and my men will keep their eyes on whoever comes in."

"The precautions seem extraordinary, Lieutenant."

"And so does the case. I'll go downstairs now and try to find out something from the servants about his friends. I'll tell them if you like, about your staying here, in case there is anything that has to be gotten ready."

"Thank you, Lieutenant."

"Not at all, Doctor."

Lieutenant Valcour went outside. He found the maid Jane in the hallway, seated on a chair near the stairs, trembling. A tray with an empty glass was on the floor beside her. She saw him, picked up the tray, and stood up.

"I'm that upset, sir," she said, "*that* upset!"

"Something has startled you?"

"Startled! Glory be, sir—what with this bringing back of the dead, and the missus gone into a comma—if it wasn't for them three cops at the downstairs doors, I'd be out of this house this minute; and so would the rest of us, too."

"How many of the 'rest of you' are there?"

"Sure, and including the housekeeper there's eight of us, sir."

The Endicotts, Lieutenant Valcour was now quite certain, must be multimillionaires.

"All women?"

"Except for the houseman and chauffeur."

"And do they sleep in the house?"

"The chauffeur does not, sir. He has an apartment for himself and his wife and his three-year-old child named Katie, over the garage in East Sixty-sixth Street, sir."

"Have all of you been in service here a long time?"

"Indeed, and we haven't, sir—except for Roberts and the housekeeper. I've been here a month myself, and the rest of us not more than two or three."

"And Roberts has been Mrs. Endicott's maid for the past several years, say?"

"Sure, and ever since she landed here from England, sir."

"Roberts is an Englishwoman?"

"Hold your whisht, sir, and I'll tell you that she's of the aristocracy, no less."

Lieutenant Valcour considered this gravely. It was not improbable. Many English families were utterly wrecked financially by the war, and the children had scattered whither they could, like sparrows, in search of bread. "You're sure of this?" he said.

"And indeed it is common knowledge, sir. The housekeeper herself, it was, who told me."

Lieutenant Valcour switched suddenly. "I wonder whether you could tell me who Mr. Endicott's intimate friends were," he said.

"Well, sir, there's quite a few people have called on the Madam off and on, and a few on Mr. Endicott too. I couldn't say, though, as to just how intimate."

"But didn't he ever discuss his friends?"

"Not before me, sir. I'm one of the downstairs girls. Perhaps Roberts would know. She's often in the room with the Madam and Mr. Endicott, even when the pair of them is quarreling that hard that—glory be to—"

"Tut, tut," said Lieutenant Valcour gently. "Married couples are always quarreling together. There's nothing unusual in that."

"Indeed, and there aint."

"I wonder whether you'd ask Roberts to come out here and see me."

"I will, sir."

"Oh—and will you also tell whoever has to know about it, that Dr. Worth plans to stay here all night? And then let him know, please, where he is to sleep."

"Yes sir."

Jane went to the door of Mrs. Endicott's room and knocked. Nurse Vickers opened it and stepped halfway out, blocking the entrance. Their voices were too low for Lieutenant Valcour to hear, but he saw the nurse retreat into the room, caught an affirmative nod from Jane, and presently Roberts came out and toward him.

"You wished to see me, Lieutenant?"

There was still that curious shielding in her eyes—a hinting at definite information kept closely guarded behind twin gates.

"I want you to tell me," he said quietly, "why you compelled me awhile ago in Mrs. Endicott's room to say, 'Later.'"

"I don't believe I quite understand?"

"And I believe that you do."

"Endicott lives," said Dr. Worth. . . . . No one had

Roberts became coolly detached. "One is justified in having one's beliefs."

"Just why do you hate Mrs. Endicott so?"

She flinched as if he had struck her physically.

"Is that what you sent for me for?" she said.

Lieutenant Valcour himself indulged in a veiling of eyes. "I wish," he said, "that you would sit down."

Chapter Nine—*11:55* P. M.

ROBERTS went indifferently to the chair that Jane had been using, and sat down. Lieutenant Valcour drew another up beside her. He began with the usual distant skirmishing before launching the main body of his attack.

"I will explain why I wanted to see you," he said. "It's concerning Mr. Endicott—concerning his condition." He noted the sudden reflex from tension on the part of her hands as he summed up concisely the statement made to him by Dr. Worth. "I understand," he concluded, "that Mrs. Endicott is under the influence of a narcotic and will not be available before tomorrow morning at the earliest. Dr. Worth naturally wants to prevent all risk—and so we've turned to you."

noticed Mrs. Endicott—it was her terrific scream that shocked everyone into instant awareness of her presence.

He felt her staring through him, as if by some fourth-dimensional process his being had been erased from her vision.

"Mr. Endicott has very few friends," she said.

"You are taking the word at its literal meaning."

"Oh, quite. His acquaintances are numerous, and transient." She focused him into an entity again. "They are mostly women. I don't suppose one of them would do?"

Lieutenant Valcour smiled slightly. "Not if their status is so uncertain, their emotional status, I mean."

"Exactly." The masked effect of her attitude remained unchanged as she asked with almost perfunctory detachment: "Would a man do?"

"Why not?"

"Because there is one man of whom Mr. Endicott speaks quite frequently as being his 'best' friend."

"Here in town?"

"In a bachelor apartment on East Fifty-second Street."

"You have his exact address?"

"It is in the memorandum-book beside the telephone in Mrs. Endicott's room."

Lieutenant Valcour grew markedly casual. "A mutual friend, then?"

"One couldn't say."

"He is your only suggestion?"

"He is the only man to whom I have heard Mr. Endicott refer in terms of friendship and of intimacy."

"Then there really isn't any choice."

Roberts' smile signified nothing. "No choice."

"Have you ever seen this man?"

"His name is Mr. Thomas Hollander. I have never seen him."

"Has anyone in the household ever seen him, to your knowledge?"

"I dare say. I don't know. One could inquire."

Lieutenant Valcour recognized the rising inflection at each period mark, a habit so much in vogue among certain types of Englishpeople when they wished to be mildly disagreeable. He felt a Gallic insistence to retaliate even at the expense of chivalry. At the worst, he thought, he would only be living up to the popular conception of the men in his profession. And there *was* some link of peculiar intimacy between this woman and Endicott.

"If we cannot get hold of Mr. Hollander," he said, "would you consider it advisable if the post were taken by yourself?"

He repented instantly at the sight of her deadly whiteness. It seemed impossible that blood could drain so swiftly from the skin. His own face blazed like fire from the slap of her hand across his cheek. He noticed, as he sat very *(Please turn to page 120)*

In Tune with

WALTER DURANTY

is known to you as a writer for this magazine, author of "The Parrot," published in these pages, which won the first O. Henry prize as the best short story of the year.

This award is not made by an individual but by a committee of distinguished critics; and their choice has met universal approval.

"The Parrot," you remember, was a story of Russia in recent years—a country which Mr. Duranty (whose picture appears below) knows very well. After having served as war correspondent with the French in the great war, he went to Moscow for the New York *Times;* and he holds the record as the correspondent longest on the job in Russia since Mr. Lenin altered the aspect of things Slav.

The story of "The Parrot," by the way, was based upon fact.

Photo courtesy N. Y. Times.

Photo by M. I Boris Studio

PHYLLIS HAVER

Many a lovely young lady has been missing from the films since silence ceased to be golden on the silver screen; but Miss Haver of Kansas is not one of the absent. For her voice is as lovely as her face. Also she is unusual in acting under her own name—for nothing more than O' was removed from her family name to make Phyllis Haver.

Her début was as a bathing beauty in Mack Sennett comedies, which she interrupted, with no small originality, to play the exacting emotional rôle of *Polly Love* in "The Christian." William de Mille's "New Brooms" swept Miss Haver, (whose picture is reproduced above) into popularity so that she was featured in "The Nervous Wreck," "What Price Glory," with Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh," as "The Wise Wife" and then as a very foolish wife in "Chicago." Her "sound" début is in "The Sentimentalists."

BERT GLENNON

At a moment when the technical triumphs of the talkies overshadow — or should one say outshout?—the stars, a gentleman such as Mr. Glennon, who is one of the most enterprising and ingenious directors of both silent and "sound" pictures, is of paramount importance.

Mr. Glennon — whose photograph appears below —was responsible for the photographic effects in Cecil De Mille's "Ten Commandments" and is now utilizing the Photophone for R. C. A.

The story for this big R. C. A. sound special, incidentally, is "Stepping High," by Gene Markey, who is represented in this issue, as in several previous issues, by a story of the stage in collaboration with Elsie Janis.

Our Times

GLADYS E. CALTHROP

So large a share of the fame, as well as of the profits, goes to the author of a successful play that few pause to consider that he is responsible chiefly for the audible effects; the visual perfections of his play are left to the genius of another. In some of the most distinctive and successful productions, Miss Calthrop planned and designed most of what met the eye—the costumes and stage sets. These features of "The Vortex" were hers and of "Young Woodley" and "This Was a Man," leading to the visual splendors, with musical accompaniment, of "This Year of Grace."

Miss Calthrop, whose photograph is reproduced below, is a native of Cornwall, England.

Photograph from Warner Bros.

GUY GILPATRIC

was introduced to readers of this magazine last month by his story of the French air service, "Take Carrier Pigeons;" and he is represented in this issue by a very unusual bit, "Scotch and Water."

Mr. Gilpatric, when at the age of sixteen, in 1912, took out a pilot's license and made such use of it that three months later he established a world's altitude record for an airplane carrying a passenger which was not surpassed for two years.

After flying professionally for five years in the States and Canada, he entered the Air Service as First Lieutenant and won a captaincy in France.

Now, in addition to writing very "different" short stories, he is a vice president of an advertising agency in New York. His picture appears below.

Photo by Maurice Beck and Macgregor

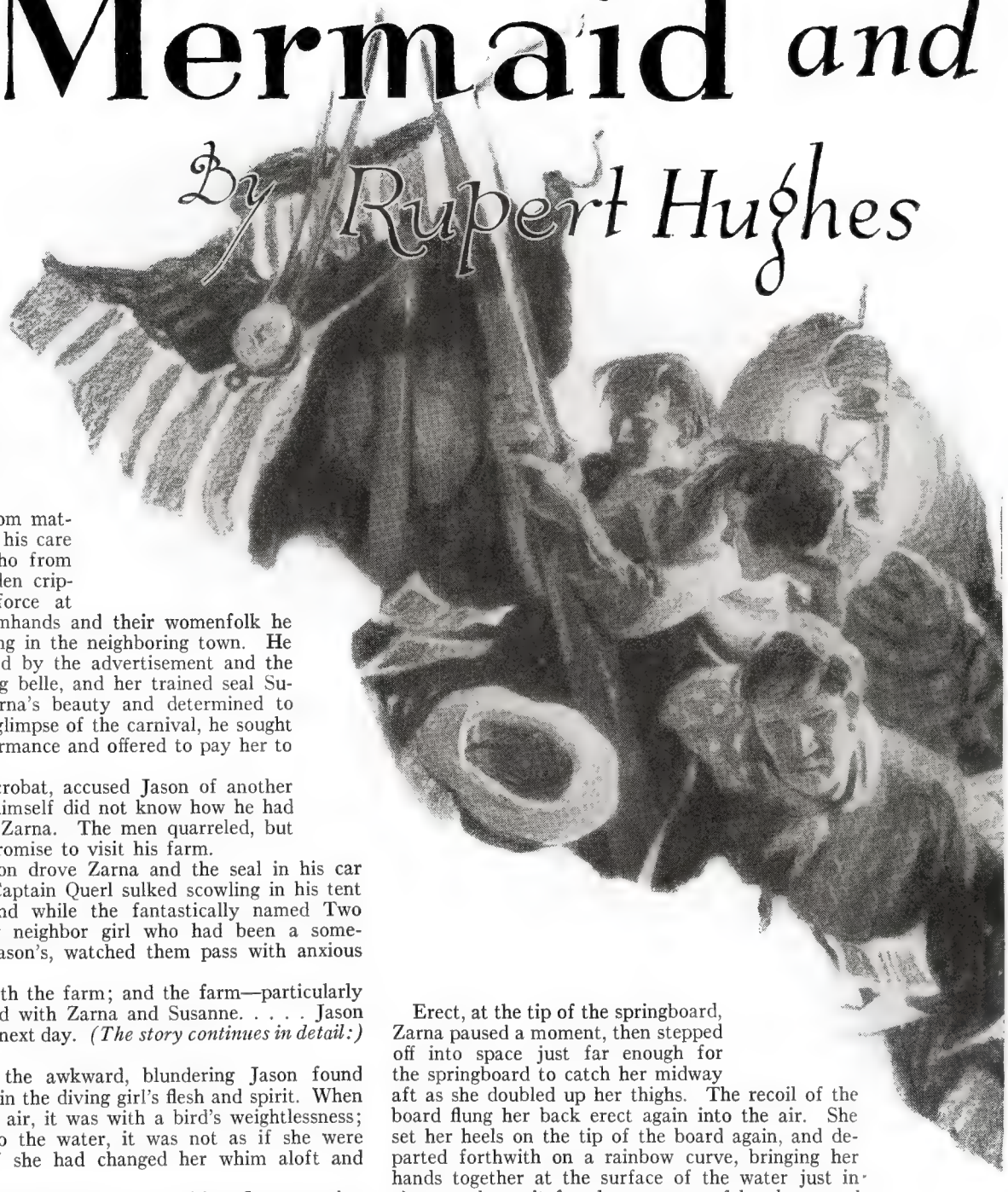
DOLORES COSTELLO

As all the world (or certainly the better half of it) knows, Dolores Costello is the bride of John Barrymore. She had played with him, you may remember, in that spectacular production "The Sea Beast." Later she was his leading lady in "When a Man Loves."

Her latest appearance is in a sound picture, "Noah's Ark." It does not include Mr. Barrymore in the cast; but among the *dramatis personæ* there should be *the Flood;* for that is the big feature of the show and of the sounds. In fact, the histrionic excellences of the players are somewhat submerged, both literally and figuratively, under the completely adequate and competent flood. Perhaps Mr. Barrymore's presence might have mitigated the criticism of this picture that the flood was fine but lacked support. Miss Costello's photograph is reproduced above.

Mermaid and

By Rupert Hughes



The Story So Far:

THE farmer Jason Brafford—a powerful man-of-the-earth—fell in love with the lithe and beautiful diving-girl of a circus carnival. Their natures were as antagonistic as centaur and mermaid—and they came from elements as opposite as land and water. . . . .

Jason had refrained from mating because he had under his care his pitiful sister Rita, who from birth had been a bedridden cripple. He left Rita perforce at home while with his farmhands and their womenfolk he went to a carnival showing in the neighboring town. He was fascinated and stirred by the advertisement and the show of Zarna, the diving belle, and her trained seal Susanne. Intrigued by Zarna's beauty and determined to give poor Rita at least a glimpse of the carnival, he sought out Zarna after the performance and offered to pay her to visit his home.

"Captain" Querl, an acrobat, accused Jason of another motive. Perhaps Jason himself did not know how he had come under the spell of Zarna. The men quarreled, but Jason obtained Zarna's promise to visit his farm.

And next morning Jason drove Zarna and the seal in his car out to the farm—while Captain Querl sulked scowling in his tent like another Achilles; and while the fantastically named Two Cents Tanner, a comely neighbor girl who had been a somewhat special friend of Jason's, watched them pass with anxious perplexity.

Zarna was delighted with the farm; and the farm—particularly poor Rita—was enthralled with Zarna and Susanne. . . . . Jason went to the carnival again next day. *(The story continues in detail:)*

OF the earth earthy, the awkward, blundering Jason found something unearthly in the diving girl's flesh and spirit. When she flung herself into the air, it was with a bird's weightlessness; when she turned back to the water, it was not as if she were dragged down, but as if she had changed her whim aloft and decided to return.

Jason could neither leap high nor dive, neither fly nor swim, and Zarna's skill was as foreign to him as if she were a being from another planet.

He desired her now, and with the fierce eagerness of a child that would catch a swallow, or a dragonfly, and tear its wings off to see what makes them go. His hands wanted her as a child's ruthless hands long to scoop a sunfish from a creek or a goldfish from a bowl, and watch it drown in the air he breathes.

Zarna baffled Jason the more because he had found that when she was neither fowl nor fish, she was all woman, a plain-spoken, nice-looking, hard-working woman—who earned her own money in a crazy way but had to toil for it and did not get very much for her pains.

She was nearly as awkward on the ground as her seal was, as gawky almost as Jason was, and what she didn't know about farms would fill a book.

Yet she had been kinder to Rita than anyone else. An angel to Rita was what she had been! Her tact was as mysterious as her ability to fly and swim.

The moth-eaten old announcer—who prefaced each of Zarna's feats with a bit of doggerel—was whining:

> "Next, kind friends, the little lady will strive
> To do the standing-sitting-standing dive."

Erect, at the tip of the springboard, Zarna paused a moment, then stepped off into space just far enough for the springboard to catch her midway aft as she doubled up her thighs. The recoil of the board flung her back erect again into the air. She set her heels on the tip of the board again, and departed forthwith on a rainbow curve, bringing her hands together at the surface of the water just in time to cleave it for the entrance of her brow and all the other parts of her in train till her pointed toes left the air.

When she came up again, the poet chanted his proudest achievement:

> "Next will be one of which I'm specially fond. I've
> Always loved to see Miss Zarna do the swan-dive."

Now she mounted the platform, walked out on the springboard, filled her lungs deep, paused a moment and just was. She gave their money's worth to all the people who had sense enough to spend their coin, not for colored drinks or sausages, or merry-go-round rides, or gambling-wheel prizes, or even for hyacinths, but for a glimpse of perfection.

Then she flung her arms far back, and her head, and launched herself out into space full-breasted as a swan afloat, in a very pity of beauty. She seemed to hang motionless for a long while, though it was but for a moment. Then she bent her head downward, her white wings came around into arms and opened the water, and she entered it softly with hardly a sound, hardly a splash.

The people who gaped at her did not know what to think. They felt wonderful things knocking at their hearts, but were afraid of them. They dared not applaud or murmur. They

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Centaur

With extraordinary fidelity and power, Mr. Hughes shows the awakening of love in two young people so opposite of nature that they have nothing in common—but love.

Illustrated by Forrest C. Crooks

The increasing gale changed to a corkscrew "twister." It carried away tops, sent refreshment-booths skirling into corn-poppers, and rolled gambling-wheels out into the grass.

merely stared, and let beauty go by. Jason, in a torment of admiration, started to applaud, but was so shocked at his own solitary noise that his hands dropped. And now as Zarna clambered out of the tank, she caught sight of Jason and gave him the mystic thrill of being recognized from the stage by an actress.

When Zarna had finished her turn and she and Susanne had taken their bows, Jason did not wait for Captain Querl to do his stunts. Indeed, he took a shameful pleasure in the look Captain Querl threw him as he rose to leave. And Querl's voice stuck in the midst of his regular spiel:

"Ladeez and gentilmin, I will present for your entertainmint this evening my famis exhebeetion of—"

He was about to say "high diving," but it flashed through him that Jason was on his way to find Zarna. Jealousy was instant upon intuition and he determined to cut his act short. There was so small an audience that it had no important rights. So Querl omitted his usual promise to dive from the top of the tent. Perhaps it was as well that he did, for a slight error in his aim might have been fatal.

Jason's motives in calling on Zarna were confused. His reasons for wanting Querl away were vague. He tried to tell himself that it was embarrassing enough to pay Zarna her due respect without enduring Querl's sharp and hostile eyes.

Jason knew his way now without asking questions, but his gait lagged as he drew near, for he was afraid of finding that clown and his wife and their dog on guard again. He was relieved by their absence. But some one was leaning against a tent-pole, and he stopped short. He was about to turn away when he heard Zarna's voice:

"Hello! That you?"

"Yeah. It's me."

The night was hot, and she had flung her bathrobe back so that it served as hardly more than a background to her body, and her black bathing-suit devoured the faint light until she seemed to have no body at all. She was only a face, shoulders and arms and legs gleaming as if somehow they were made of glass dimly illumined from within.

One arm went straight up and clutched the tent-pole overhead. The other arm was bent, and her hand was on her heart. One knee was tucked into the other in the pretty way women have of standing.

She had been idling there a moment for a breath of air, thinking of Jason's farm, the fields, how pretty they would be looking under the stars, thinking of moonlit roofs, and of a few lighted windows in a dark house.

She was musing on the loveliness of farm life, and hating the cheap slum and flash of the carnival.

But Jason had been thinking of the splendor of the carnival and the bleak boredom of the farm.

She had been thinking of him with admiration because he was not an acrobat, because he was clumsy as a man ought to be, and slow of speech, and honest, not slick and flip and wise.

And he had been worshiping her because she was not shy and ashamed and modest and virtuous as good women ought to be, but a wild thing, foreign and challenging; and wicked, too, no doubt, as so terribly beautiful a thing must be.

ZARNA could not see his eyes in the chunk of coal that was his head, and he said nothing; yet she felt something that made her suddenly remember to draw her bathrobe about her and knot the rope hastily. And this was neither modesty nor coquetry. It was fear in a sense, not fear of a satyr, but primeval fright with a hint of ecstasy in it. She was once more a shapeless woman in a shapeless blanket.

"I just thought I'd come back and tell you how much I liked your act tonight," said Jason at last.

"Did you? Well, that's mighty nice of you."

"You're great. You reely are. You know, I liked your act better tonight than I did the first time."

"Well, it's mighty fine of you to say it, and I'm sure tickled to death and—and—how's your little sister? She's sure one sweet kid. I'm just crazy about her."

"And she's crazy about you. Lord, I never saw anything like the way she cottoned to you."

"To Susanne, you mean."

"Oh, Susanne was great, but you were the one! The way you—I can't get over it. I don't suppose you could come out again. Of course you couldn't, but if you could—"

"Of course I will—later in the week—if you want me to."

"Want you to? Gosh! Can I come and get you?"

"Surest thing you know."

"What day would suit you best?"

"Well, this is Toosd'y—how about Thursd'y?"

"Thursd'y? That would be great."

They laughed heartily but for no particular reason. Then they fell into a silence that he snapped at last:

"Well, I'd best be movin' on. See you Thursd'y."

He hurried off so abruptly that it looked as if he were trying to escape Captain Querl, who appeared in the corridor tent. Jason had not seen him, but Querl could not know that. . . . .

Zarna was so used to Querl's regular schedule that it amazed her to find him at her side. He took her surprise for guilt:

"Didn't expect me so soon, did you?"

"No. What happened?"

"I suppose I'd ought to apologize for chasin' your fancy Reub away."

"I get you, and you better apologize to me for what's under your words or you can go chase yourself."

"I suppose you've dated yourself up with your farmer boy and his imaginary sister."

"Imaginary? Say, Harry Querl, are you doubtin' my word?"

"Oh, no, I aint doubtin' your word. I wouldn't doubt any dame's word. I'm just sayin' you're a damned liar."

"What a rotten mind you got! It just goes to prove you've been in the racket too long."

"You've been in it just as long."

"Imaginary sister, eh? Well, just for that, I'll show you! You're goin' out with me tomorrow morning and see her yourself—in person."

"Like hell I am."

"Like hell you are."

The next morning when Querl was driving a hired car through the streets with Susanne sounding her barbaric yawp from the back seat where Zarna glowered, she wondered if she had not made a perilous mistake in dragging the ferocious and irascible Querl into the presence of the slow but ponderous Jason.

She grew so afraid of a clash between the men that she would have asked Querl to turn back if she had not realized that he would take such a hint as a confession of falsehood.

But Jason was not in sight when they arrived. Never dreaming of such a visit, he had gone out at daybreak into his farthest acres beyond the hills. It was Delia who received Zarna and Querl and Susanne. She hardly dared to usher them into Rita's presence without Jason's permission, but Rita heard Susanne barking and began to scream for her.

The moment the door was opened, Susanne made straight for the cradle, hunched up over the foot of it without capsizing it, poured her length along Rita's side and kissed her cheek, whimpering greetings of old affection.

Zarna was alarmed and ordered her out, but Susanne obeyed only Rita, and the child's pride was so overweening that she almost forgot to invite Zarna to make herself at home.

She did not see Captain Querl at all until Zarna remembered to present him. He had found time to study the invalid, and his impulsive heart was overwrought with pity for her and with remorse for the insults he had heaped on Zarna. His ancient affection for her came back with a rush.

"I'm a yellow dog, and you're an angel, honey," he muttered as he snatched at her hand and crushed it in his.

Zarna was content with her triumph and gave him the look that greets a forgiven prodigal. Then she said:

"Oh, Miss Brafford, I took the liberty of bringin' along my old friend, Captain Querl."

"Pleased to meet you, Captain. Wont you find yourself a chair?" said Rita, and returned to fondling her marine child, while they regarded her with wet eyes.

Querl put himself out to entertain her. He was never one who found it difficult to talk about himself, and for dramatic effect he occasionally told other people's adventures in the first person. When they were a trifle lacking in magnificence, he was artist enough to enhance them a little where they needed it.

He soon had Rita enthralled. It was like having Jack-the-Giant-Killer or Sindbad the Sailor drop in for tea. Querl illustrated his amazing feats with astonishing acrobatic skill.

Realizing that Rita was neither child nor woman, he played up to both natures. One moment he was as dignified as an old soldier telling of the wars; the next he was walking on his hands and taking his hat off with his feet to show her how he had had to approach the Grand Lammy of Thibet the time he was cast ashore on that island.

With fine self-effacement, lest it haunt her dreams, he suppressed his favorite tale of his hour-long battle in the depths with the monster devil-fish. He substituted for it an account of how he had hypnotized a dozen elephants and taken them prisoner by executing cartwheels around and around the herd until they all fell over. He demonstrated the achievement doing a similar series around the room without knocking over anything of importance.

Zarna watched Rita anxiously lest Querl should overtax her strength. Suddenly she saw in Rita's eyes an unmistakable light that was more than admiration, more than wonder. She understood at once what was happening or had already happened, and was frightened into cutting the visit short with a sudden pretence that they must return at once to the carnival lest they be late.

It was cruel to take the moaning Susanne from the devoted arms of Rita, who gave her up only on the promise that she would be allowed to come again to visit "her mother." But Rita's last stares were fixed on Captain Querl. Only her eyes prayed that he should come again; her lips dared to falter merely a terror-stricken, "Pleased to 'a' met you, Captain Querl."

Zarna bent over and kissed her in an awe of fear and bewilderment, and when she was again in the car with Querl she groaned:

"All I got to say is, if hell's any worse than this world, it's a swell resort, all right."

"It sure is," said Querl. "I've seen people I thought had the worst of it, but that baby drew the worst worst that ever was."

"And the worst of it is, she's fallen in love with you."

"Oh, God, no!" Querl gasped. It was not hard for him to believe that any woman might be overcome by his charm, but he saw the full import of such an infatuation, the blighting effect of first love on one so helpless to accept it, express it, or requite it.

"She's perishing to see you again," Zarna sighed. "But she mustn't."

"I should say not! The poor kid—the poor kid!"

IT was bad news for Jason when he came in for the noon dinner and learned that he had missed seeing Zarna. Rita poured out praises for the beautiful Captain Querl, but Jason did not grasp at all what Zarna had realized at once. Rita's accounts of Querl's brilliant performances depressed him utterly. He was sure that Zarna would never have brought Querl to the farm if she were dallying at all with the fantastic notions that were teasing Jason.

Plainly Zarna belonged to Querl as his wife or something, and

He broke off a branch studded with bloom; as it came loose it sifted petals down upon Zarna's upturned face. She closed her eyes.

did not want to be separated from him. Jason's brain told his heart that it was only natural for a diving-girl to love a diving-man; but his heart hated his brain. . . . .

When Jason drove into town Thursday morning, he found the carnival a scene of frantic excitement.

Two of Midfield's six police were in possession of the lot, guarding the gate. Outside the bounds a crowd of townsfolk had gathered to stare and gossip. Inside the quarantine the carnival people stood in groups gesticulating angrily in front of their futile tents and booths. The moral element had attacked the carnival as a gambling-hell; the merchants had insisted that it took money away from a town when there was none too much; the moving-picture people had called it unfair competition. They had combined to bully the mayor into revoking the license.

Jason went striding through the crowd toward the main entrance. Two policemen put up their hands. Beyond the warning palms he could see Zarna. He was on the point of stretching out his long arms, seizing the two officers by the napes and knocking their two heads into one.

But he saw that Zarna was motioning to him to come around to the side of the lot. He reluctantly turned and hurried to the back door of the tents. There Zarna met him. Before Jason

could rush to her with the emotion that sped his heart, he caught sight of Querl, and checked himself in time.

Querl was cordial, sincerely cordial. His visit to the farm had quieted his every suspicion of Jason and Zarna. His friendliness confused Jason, and his cheerfulness surprised him.

"I apologize for the whole rotten town," said Jason. "I'm ashamed to be caught livin' near it. There's a few old Pharisees that scare the politicians to death. I'm awful sorry."

"Don't let it worry you one minute," Querl answered jauntily. "Graft in the towns and grift in the carnivals—let 'em fight it out. That's what makes the racket so much fun. If it aint bad weather, it's good people. Between the two we pick up a little coin, and always hope for the best."

"I don't suppose you'll be coming out to the farm, now that this has happened."

"Why not?" said Zarna. "We got nothin' else to do today."

"You'll come along, wont you, Captain Querl, o' course?"

There was a puzzling lack of candor in Querl's answer:

"Just as much obliged, but I got a lot of work round the show. I got to talk to the boss about a lot of things."

"Ah, come on, Harry," Zarna pleaded. "It'll do you good to get a little fresh air." But she gave him a look that Jason could not see. Querl understood what it meant. It meant that he must under no circumstances see Rita again. Being a slippery trickster he enacted a perfect guilelessness as he insisted:

"Just as much obliged, honey, but I really got to have an understanding with the boss. If the show closes or goes on—in either case, there's things to settle. Run along and have a good time for two."

He was convinced that Zarna had no flirtation with Jason. Jason was convinced of the same thing. The two men shook hands as the best of friends when Jason had fetched his car to the curb and Querl had helped Zarna and the seal to their places in the back seat.

When they reached the rise of ground that loomed above his farm, the whole region was bridal with flowers and radiance. It was the honeymoon of the fields and the sun.

Zarna cried out with a pain of rapture in its comeliness. Jason was so elated by her joy that he raced the car down the hill and into the gate with the reckless haste of a home-coming. It was beginning to have a hominess to Zarna. And also to Susanne, who had hurdled the car-door and plounced on the porch before Jason could get out from under the steering wheel.

Shrieks of welcome came from Rita's window, and Delia, who was hurrying to open the front door, fell back in terror at the coffee-colored billow that flowed across her feet and began to dash against Rita's door.

"I hear you, Susanne," Rita cried. "Come in, you sweet little baby! Come to your mother!"

Delia reached across the fierce sea-thing in terror to the door-knob, and Susanne slithered to the cradle, went up into it as a salmon climbs a cascade, stole into Rita's arms and talked to her with the blissful wailing of a lost child that has been found.

When Rita could look up to greet Zarna, Zarna noted that, for all her friendliness, Rita glanced past her in search of—Querl, as Zarna realized. She answered the implied query:

"Captain Querl was mighty sorry he couldn't come."

Rita quenched her regrets in one quick closing of her eyelids over her dulling eyes. When Jason said, "I urged him to come," Rita's eyes lightened again as she exclaimed: "Did you reely?"

She had evidently understood somehow that Jason would probably be jealous of Captain Querl. . . . .

Today Rita seemed to grow tired a little sooner than before, and her cheer grew manifestly labored. So Jason explained that he had promised to show Zarna the farm.

"Maybe I can sell it to her," he said.

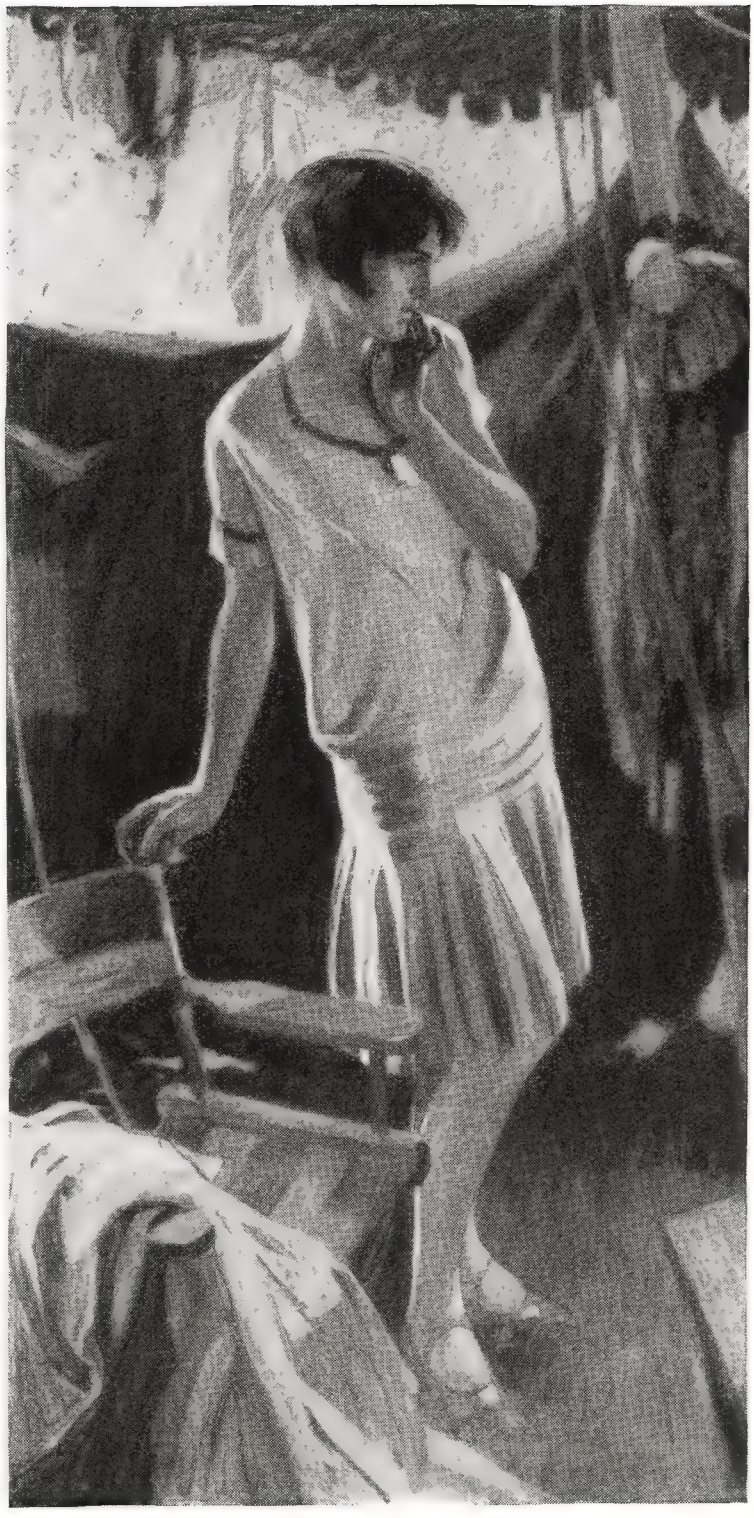
"Oh, goody! Please buy it, Miss Zarna, and let us live on it with you. Susanne can live in the pond. I wonder if we oughtn't to give her a swim."

To please her, Jason and Zarna trundled her crib through the difficult screen doors to the back porch. It took many fish and much scolding to persuade Susanne to leave her couch and to start her on her way to the big circle on the chain of the brook that scampered down from the hills, lost itself in the pond, and drifted slowly out at the far end over an old dam.

Once removed from the spell of Rita's embrace, Susanne caught sight of this tiny inland sea and tumbled over herself to reach it. Nothing could exceed her ungainliness on land or the voluptuous elegance of her procedure in the water.

Her flippers were wings and fins and arms and something more. She glided with so many loops and dips that Rita cried out:

"Looky! She's writin' her name in the water. See! She's spellin' it out—*S-u-z-a*— How do you spell *Susanne,* Miss Zarna?



Zarna staggered away in a sick

I'll watch her, Jason, while you take Miss Zarna around the farm and see if you can't make her buy it. And if she wont buy it, you give it to her."

Jason led Zarna out, and they were both so eager to walk freely without Susanne as duenna, that they both agreed it was kinder to leave her in the pond.

"I locked up my dog this mornin', so I guess she's safe."

"She?" said Zarna. "I didn't know your dog was a she."

"I was referrin' to Susanne," said Jason. "I meant she was safe from Rip."

"You bet she is," said Zarna. "But if he went near her now—well, you better be sure he's locked up tight. He's right nice—for a dog."

Jason laughed. "I'd like to see those two settle that point of who's safe."

"God forbid!" said Zarna. . . . .

She began to praise the farm in its every aspect: the rich color of the plowed loam, the bright grass, the weeds, the long up-

terror just as Jason's fist came around in a blow that would have knocked Querl senseless if it had struck.

sweeping waves of the hills, the fences staggering crazily about their curious errands.

Jason talked prose while she thought poetry. He told her how many acres there were in each field, what the crops would be, the perils, the good luck last year with this and the bad with that, the need of more rain here and the danger of it over yonder. He talked Greek to her, but she enjoyed its roll and its very incomprehensibleness.

She enjoyed hopping across the rough spots that he overstrode. The cattle, the horses, the pigs, the sheep, all were as astounding and unreal to her as the carnival was to him.

They came last to the orchard. He had saved that for the last. He loved it himself, but she was a woman.

She entered under the trees as into a tent. She felt at home in a tent, but this was a little heaven. Her eyes fed on the little blossoms, each a star in a mist of stars, a Milky Way of flowers. Her lungs gulped the perfume. Her breast enlarged about it as in the swan-dive. Her eyes glistened with tears of beatitude.

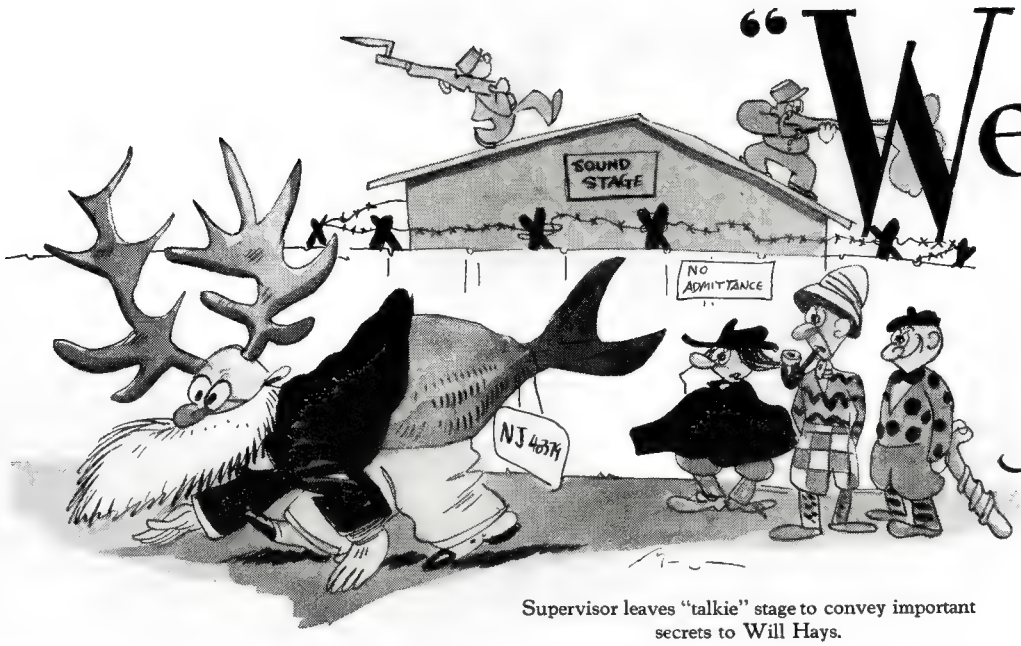
Outside on the hills he had talked to her as a farmer, a battler with the earth. They had been visible to everybody, and their talk had been open and above-board. Now they were in a secret place, a man and a woman, swathed in petal-silks, smothered in the incense of a tree that breathed and mused on its own beauty, loved its lover the sun, and swooned with the bliss of its being and its perfect hour.

Every thought told Jason that it would be ruinous to everybody for him to yield to his wicked, his foolish, his insane temptation to take her in his arms and tell her that he loved her and wanted her. When Zarna stood leaning against the gnarled waist of the tree and looking up through the pink heaven of the blossoms at the tiny blue flowers that were all of the sky that could seep through, he locked his hands in each other to keep them away from her.

But his hands were not satisfied with each other. They had to be doing something, so he reached high and broke off a long branch studded with bloom. He tried *(Please turn to page 145)*

"Well, Wot Is It?"

or *An Author in Hollywood Today*



Supervisor leaves "talkie" stage to convey important secrets to Will Hays.

ROOSTER broadcasts dawn, crowing from station KFWB, Hollywood, California—5 A. M.

8-30 A. M.: Author awakens, then lies peacefully in bed enjoying five-minute morning worry—a sort of preliminary worry to the regular day's worrying.

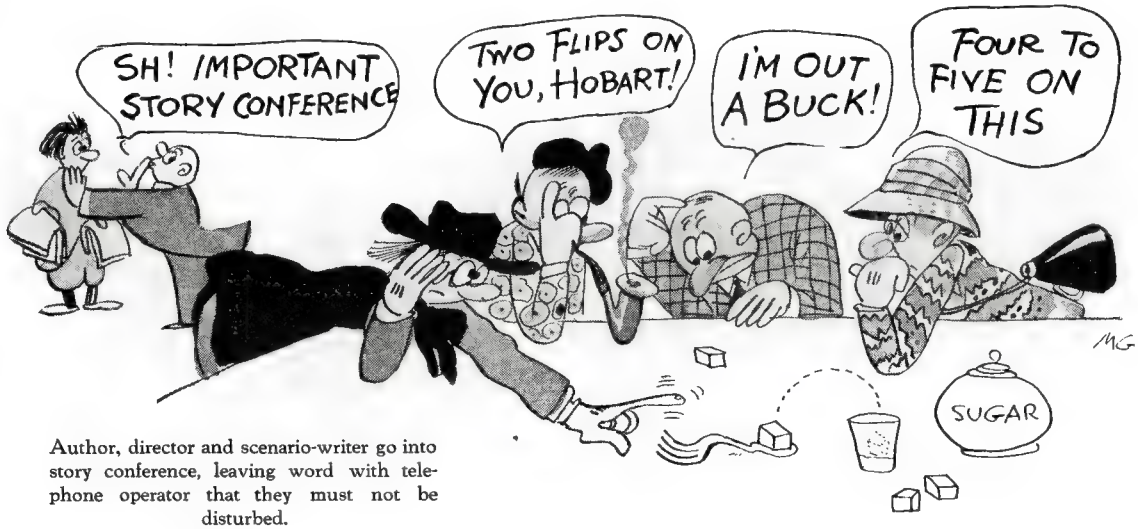
8-35 A. M.: Decides to spend day motoring to Agua Caliente, Mexico.

8-36 A. M.: Gets phone call from studio to hurry over for important story conference.

8-37 A. M.: Leaps into car while having breakfast (Swiss cheese, animal crackers and ginger-ale) and tears across boulevards toward studio.

8-39 A. M.: Notices next-door neighbor's hedge and part of bay window, clinging to front bumper.

8-40 A. M.: Notices motorcycle cop in hot pursuit. Recalls that he hasn't taken out driver's license as cop corners him. Decides to sham insanity, but remembers that they know the real article in Hollywood. So asks meekly: "Why, Lieutenant, was it *me* you were after?" Begins to feel better when cop says, "Yes, sir! Got a wonderful bargain, brother. . . . . Two of the finest lots out in Wilshire—greatest buy in Southern California, sir! Double your money in six months, sir. . . . . Why, sir, Mack Sennett's building right next door, and they say the new University will—"



Author, director and scenario-writer go into story conference, leaving word with telephone operator that they must not be disturbed.

"But Officer, I'm in a hurry to get to the studio."

"Oh, studio!" Cop then produces photo of himself, of Mrs. Cop, of little Otto Cop and Cop-in-law and Grandcop!

"Now, here's my little Otto, sir. Mr. De Milly had him over for a test, but they decided on an older child. Hope you'll keep us in mind, sir. . . . . We can let you use the patrol-wagon for comedy scenes and—"

9-00 A. M.: Arrives at studio. Finds his desk moved out and office being used as temporary storeroom for three stuffed crocodiles and a shrunken Indian mummy. Remembers gleefully that he has prepared for just such an emergency by stuffing his desk drawers with green peas the night before, so by following trail of peas around studio, arrives at his new office. Finds that four song writers and one statue of Bran the Iconoclast are sharing it with him.

9-05 A. M.: Phones supervisor's office *re* appointment, *re* story conference. Supe's secretary says she'll call him right back. While waiting for call, he finishes last three chapters of new novel with pencil borrowed from Scenario Department, on paper lifted from Supply Department and mails it to publisher in New York with stamps swiped from Business Office.

9-55 A. M.: Gets indignant and calls supervisor's office. No trace of missing supervisor. Reported last seen heading over laboratory with gas enough to last him till six P. M. Author gets indignant; says: "How the heck long do I have to wait to see that prune?" Secretary says: "How long have you been on this lot?" Author says: "Three weeks." Secretary says: "Three weeks, and you expect to see—*ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha*— Well, they tell me you're funny in some of your books too! *Ha-ha-ha!!*" Author indignantly threatens to leave Hollywood, but sec asks him in what other city would he be allowed to wear the knickers he bought yesterday. That holds him. Sec suggests he get together with director and scenario-writer on story, and then the supervisor will see them all, as supe is busy on new talkie picture. Great secrecy and mystery surrounds talkie activities.

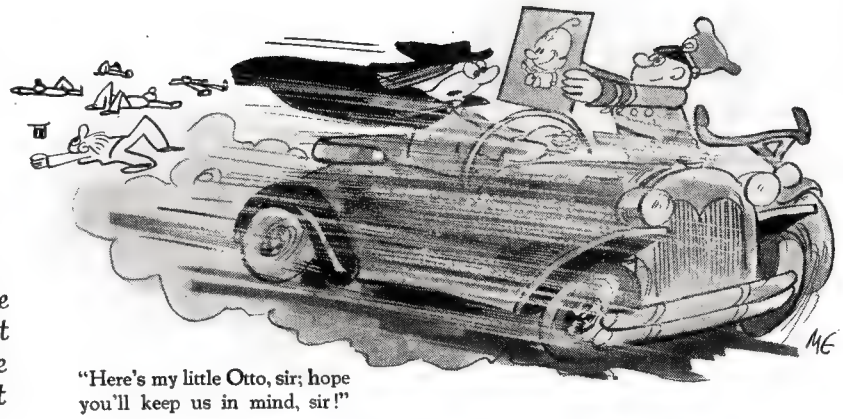
10-12 A. M.: Wanders into vicinity of talkie stage looking for director and gets caught in the barbed-wire entanglements surrounding it. Narrowly escapes machine-gun fire of watchman. Finds director and scenario-writer hiding in shell-hole.

10-20 A. M.: Author, director and scenario-writer go into story

Written and Illustrated by

Milt Gross

The author of "Nize Baby" proves that only a humorist dare be realistic about Hollywood.



"Here's my little Otto, sir; hope you'll keep us in mind, sir!"

conference,—behind locked doors,—leaving word with telephone operator that they must not be disturbed.

10-21 A. M.: Scenario-writer starts by saying that Cecil Von Fluke's latest picture is a flop.

10-22 A. M.: Director says he's the biggest faker in the business.

10-23 A. M.: They all start to pan Cecil Von Fluke.

11-45 A. M.: Director then wonders what a hoople snake would eventually look like if it took its tail in its mouth and started swallowing itself. Fail to reach an agreement, but concede that Cecil Von Fluke is terrible.

12-01: Author chafes at delay. Phones supervisor's office and is hung up on. That's all! He's through! Did he rush across continent in three days to spend summer in an anteroom full of cuspidors? Is he mice or men? He should say not!! He's through. THE STUDIO CAN'T MAKE A FOOL OUT OF HIM!

12-02: Poses for publicity picture on top of camel dressed in straw vest, polo hat, and overcoat made from beer-bottle tops, while Baby Wampas Star throws coconuts at him.

12-10: Goes back to office, finds director alone. Director says scenario-writer is swell fellow — swellest fellow in the world.

12-11: Author avows that he's a peach, and what's more he knows his onions too.

12-12: Both swear that he's awfully sweet chap.

12-13: Pass resolution that he's salt of the earth.

12-14: Make joint affidavit that there are damn' few like him.

12-15: But does he have quite the proper understanding of this particular story?

12-16: *Aha!!!*

12-17: After all, you know what's keeping him on this lot, don't you? See that name in gilt letters on that door? Yes? Well, that was his wife's name before she married him!

12-18: Well, they can't pull any of that stuff on me. If that's the way they treat authors who have rushed across the—

12-19: Three-minute silence all over lot while sequence is shot on talkie stage.

12-22: Talkie stage dismantled and smuggled out piece at a time, inside of faithful studio ostrich.

12-25: Talkie stage is reassembled in movable cave drawn about Santa Monica Cañon on wheels.

12-26: Calls supervisor's office. Supervisor reported discovered stuffed up Lon Chaney's back.

12-27: Scenario-writer slips him high sign. They repair to inside of prop submarine on Stage Five.

12-28: Author opines that director is one ace.

12-29: Scenario-writer seconds motion. Ventures supposition, however, that author is going to stick around on the set, of course, while they're filming his story.

12-30: Author hadn't been approached on it yet, but—

12-31: Well, scenario-writer was just thinking that for his own protection author should stick around and fight for his rights. You know what a bum director can do to the best scenario in the world. Of course, director plays a great game of golf and all of that, but as long as they insist on getting a lot of tailors to direct motion-pictures, why, then—say, listen—lemme tell ya—

1-30: Adjourn to author's office to continue panning. Stopped by reporter on way over, and author gives interview. States that he is glad to come to Hollywood—delighted with the promptness and efficiency and the hearty, jolly-good-fellow, hand-in-hand spirit and coöperation shown throughout the cinemetropolis—that the days of foolishness are things of the past and that the motion-picture industry has settled down to a steady, sensible, level-headed business.

1-32: Poses for publicity picture, buried up to neck in lobster claws while Hula troop plays native song on his head with wooden spoons.

1-35: Finds desk moved out of office and six gag men moved in. Fails to discover a forehead among bunch.

1-36: Bawls out prop man for moving desk and gets court summons, prop man being high official of Hollywood.

1-38: Calls supervisor's office. Supervisor reported seen in cafeteria wearing green whiskers, antlers and a Jersey license.

1-40: Decides he's through. Is he a mere puppet, a gangling marionette, to wait, to be at the beck and call of these smug producers? No! Is he as plaster to be *(Please turn to page 132)*

NOW THIS IS THE DAME AN' THIS IS THE HERO—
IT LOOKS LIKE THAT INTANGIBLE SOMETHING
NOT ENOUGH EPIC QUALITY
WHERE'S YOUR INCENTATIVE?

Oh, see the gag-man! What is the gag-man doing? The gag-man is selling a gag!

"How's Tat?"

A Story of "Lad" and a Crow

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

"LAD" has become, through his master's genius, one of the most famous characters in American literature; and he was, you know, a real dog, owned by Mr. Terhune.

THERE had been a whipping gale from the forty-mile-distant Atlantic Ocean—a gale which had roared and rioted all night, at airplane speed, across the lawns and woods of the Place, strewing the turf and driveways and paths with riven branches and windrows of leafy twigs. The hurricane yelled across the lake, whipping it to white froth and sending torrents of spray high over the green-clad banks. It shook the stanch old vine-bowered house—the house that had withstood gallantly seventy-odd years of tempest.

At the tremor of the stout oaken beams and the creak of joist and sill, Sunnybank Lad got up from his rug at the stair-foot—the rug whereon Gray Dawn now keeps his nightly indoor vigil—and he made a tour of the whole interior of the house, padding noiselessly from room to room, alert, on guard against any possible menace to this loved home of his or to the Mistress and the Master who were his deities.

Wolf, the Place's official watchdog, lay serenely on his front-porch mat, throughout the storm. In all weathers this was his sentry-box. He feared nothing on earth. Tough of body and thick of coat, he cared little for wind or for cold. Only once did he start up, in watchful interest, while the gale was at its worst. That was when something smote the side of the veranda with a crash and tumbled to the porch floor with a heavy flapping which presently ceased.

Wolf strolled over to investigate. There, white wings asprawl, lay a dead seagull, its head bashed in by contact with the side of the house, against which the tempest had slammed it. Wolf smelled at the alien thing in sad inquisitiveness. He had not the bird-lore to know that at this season there were no seagulls within twenty-odd miles of the Place, and that the storm must indeed have been overwhelming to drive this strong fowl, helpless as a sheet of paper, before it, all that distance.

Then, just before daybreak, there was a dull yet abrupt boom, far off. Immediately thereafter the whole earth rocked, and every window-pane in Sunnybank House danced in its setting. Fifteen miles away a powder factory had had one of the semi-occasional explosions which make the powder-works-dotted hinterland of northern New Jersey less popular as a region of homes than otherwise it might be. Bits of explosion-wreckage—some of it in the form of heavy boards—fell noisily into the lake or on the lawns; one of them knocked down a policeman in the mile-distant village. Truly, this was a night of violence and of phenomena!

At dawn the gale dropped to a softly caressing breeze. The sun came up over a peaceful summer world. Nature seemed thoroughly ashamed of herself for last night's gust of wild temper, and by smiling appealingly on her children, to be seeking to make amends or to win forgiveness for the crazy outburst.

The Mistress and the Master were at breakfast, in a vine-shaded corner of the veranda, with Lad lying at the Master's left side, as ever, on the stone-flagged floor. Lad had accompanied him on a before-breakfast tour of the grounds during a rueful examination of the storm-wrought damage to trees and vines and shrubs and outbuildings.

At sight of the rescue party the punitive crows drew off reluctantly. The crow they had been trying to kill was a woebegone spectacle; yet he did not flinch as the dogs galloped up.

Together they had watched one of the men bury the crushed seagull in the course of "redding up" after the gale. Together they had come to the waiting breakfast. The Mistress and her husband talked much of the storm, during the meal, lamenting its wanton destruction of flowers and of age-honored oak- and elm-branches.

"I lay awake for hours, listening to it," the Mistress was saying. "It sounded as if a whole worldful of mischief-sprites were let loose, and were trying to see how much harm they could do us mortals. All manner of spirits seemed to be abroad! I was wide awake when that powder-blast roused you. I wonder how soon we can find how many people it killed or maimed. I telephoned, but—"

A sharp growl, as of protest, from Lad, interrupted her. Subconsciously, for several minutes, she had heard an ever-louder cawing among the upper branches of one of the two-hundred-year-old giant oaks, down near the lake. Apparently a battalion of crows were holding a conference there, as they sometimes did. But this conference was more like a wholesale rackety dispute.

At last it had attracted even lofty old Lad's attention, and had brought from his furry throat a disapproving growl. Lad hated noise and confusion. Confusion and noise were rife, there in the tree-top; and the din was swelling louder and louder. The Mistress and the Master turned to look.

Twenty or twenty-five crows were flapping about hysterically, or were lighting on branch after branch. All their attention was centered on a single crow which perched crouchingly on the dead tip of an upper limb. He clung feebly to the swaying perch, and seemed either injured or exhausted. The other crows were cawing wrathfully at him and making threatful swoops toward his limb-tip.

Then they all flung themselves upon him, pecking, clawing, beating him with their black pinions. Under that multiple onslaught the victim tumbled from his perch, thudding to the earth far below. The cloud of crows flocked down to the slaughter.

The Mistress caught up a table-napkin. Waving this futile weapon, she ran toward the scene of assassination, followed by the Master. But Sunnybank Lad was far ahead, before they had traveled a dozen steps.

The dog's chivalrous heart may have been stirred at sight of one weakling fighting against such desperate odds. Or he may have sensed the Mistress' wish to save the luckless crow. In any case he sped toward the assailants at top speed. As he swept across the lawn and down the slope, others of the Sunnybank dogs caught sight of him. Noting his speed and his evident excitement, they joined in the run—Bruce, Wolf, Bobby, Treve and big young Gray Dawn.

Down the hill swept the six dogs, like a cavalry charge, Laddie well in the lead. Behind the canine sextet hurried the Mistress and the Master. At sight of the rescue party the punitive crows drew off, fluttering reluctantly from their prey and either perching on the lowest branches of the near-by trees or continuing to fly low in preparation for another swoop.

The crow they had been trying to kill had put up the best possible fight, considering his exhaustion. Now he was half sitting, half lying, backward, supported by his spread tail and by his outstretched wings. He was bleeding. Many of his feathers were lost—a woebegone spectacle.

Yet he did not flinch as the dogs galloped up. Instead, he braced himself on the supporting tail-and-wing quills and smote feebly at them with his once-formidable black beak.

The collies circled him, sniffing in mild curiosity and with no rancor at all, at the stricken creature. All except young Sunnybank Gray Dawn, who was little more than a puppy, and who had a genius for getting into trouble. This, plus an unquenchable curiosity, often led him forward when the other dogs had sense enough to pause. Now, with playfully clownish interest, he nosed the panting and bleeding crow.

As reward he received a peck on the nostrils which wrung from him a snarl of wrathful pain and astonishment. Before he could carry the matter further, old Laddie stepped authoritatively between him and the crow. Then the Mistress and the Master came up.

The crows, just overhead, continued to circle low, angrily and with deafening caws. The dogs were pressing close around the hapless creature, who glared up at the two approaching humans without a shred of fear. Then a wholly impossible thing happened.

The wounded bird let his eyes roll defiantly around the circle of dogs and up to the swooping crows. After which his gaze returned, almost twinklingly, to the man and woman. Bracing himself afresh on his sagging quills, he ceased panting long enough to say with startling distinctness:

"Well, *well,* WELL! How's zat?"

The effect of the miracle was electric. The dogs shrank back, trembling, on their haunches. The cloud of crows overhead burst into terrified squalls and flew wildly away in every direction as if trying to put as much distance as possible between themselves and this demon in guise of a bird, which spoke with human voice.

The Master stared with mouth ajar. The Mistress only laughed. She went forward without a trace of hesitation and picked the wounded thing up and held it lightly between her hands. The crow seemed to recognize her sure touch and to know she was an inspired handler of all manner of animals, for his terrible beak made no move to resent the clasp of her little hands.

The dogs, as one, moved forward, though with visible reluctance, as if to guard their adored Mistress against hurt from the talking bird. Lad, as ever, reached her side first, and he stood with upcurled lip showing a glint of his curved fangs ready to snatch and crush the bird if it should seek to harm her.

Turning to her open-mouthed husband, the Mistress said:

"Don't you see? It's a talking crow. We used to have one up at Hampden, when I was a girl. It used to say perfectly horrible things. But that was all right; for it didn't know what they meant. People do something to their tongues—I don't know just what, and I wouldn't do it if I knew—to make them able to talk. Then they teach them words. There's almost nothing a pet crow can't be taught, if it is taught early enough and if it will take the bother to learn."

"But—"

"This one may have been a pet, over at the powder works," she went on. "Or it may have been blown here from somewhere even farther, by the hurricane It got away or it was blown away, from its owner. It landed on that tree, up there, all tired out. Then, either because it was a stranger or because it was a pet, these wild crows all attacked it. I'm going to take it up to the house and wash those cuts on its head and breast and give it something to eat and drink and a place to rest. Then we'll let it loose again, to fly home if it wants to. . . . . Witch hazel and warm water and soft rags, please, Tino," she broke off, to hail one of the Place's laborers who had drawn near. "Tell Mary to bring them to the veranda, as quickly as you can. I—"

"Well, *well,* WELL!" hailed the crow, as the laborer came closer. "How's zat?"

The man crossed himself, and fled.

"Your crow friend has cost us a fairly good workman, I'm afraid," commented the Master. "Unless I'm mistaken, Tino has started on a dead run, to Robert, for his money. Down in the Italian settlement we'll be looked on, after this, as sorcerers or as something else that superstitious folk wont work for. I suppose you will be wanting to keep the miserable creature as a pet. We've had about everything except a crow and a dinosaur, and each was worse than the last. Do you think there's anything else the creature can say? Try him."

"Zat!" croaked the crow, from between the Mistress' gentle hands. "Well, *well,* WELL! How's *zat?"*

"He means, 'How is that?'" translated the Mistress. "He was taught by some one whose English wasn't at all like Cæsar's wife. It isn't the crow's fault he talks like a tough. I'm going to call him Zat, I think. It's one of the words he knows, so he ought to answer to it more easily than to a strange name. He—"

"That means you've made up your mind to keep him!" fumed the Master in despair. "I knew it! I knew it by the way you picked him up! We've had a raccoon and a fox and a fleasome monkey; and a kind Providence has removed them, one by one, from us. But they say crows live to be a hundred years old. This one is wished on us for keeps."

"We wont keep him if you don't want us to," said the Mistress. "Honestly we wont, dear. I'll just dress his hurts and feed him and let him rest and then set him free. He must be pretty young, because the only way to train crows and teach them to talk is to take them from the nest. And if they live to be a hundred, as you say—"

"A thought for the day!" grumbled the Master. "He may be ten or eleven years old, even now. That means he can't have more than ninety years longer to live, at most. I'll be rather an old man by that time, of course. But it gives me something to live for and to look forward to. Edgar Allan Poe had one of the pesky things, too, didn't he?" the Master continued, as he and the Mistress started back toward the house, the ill-at-ease collies trooping uncomfortably along behind them.

"A raven," corrected the Mistress, adding:

"Doubtless, said I, what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore
. . . . Of 'Never—nevermore'!

"Perhaps, after all," she added, "we'd better advertise Zat. His owner may—"

"No," contradicted her husband. "Let's give his 'unhappy master' one chance of happiness by getting rid of him."

Thus Zat became a member of the Place's group of Little People—a pathetic group for the most part, in that they had but a handful of years to live and only so much life joy as their human gods might be pleased to impart to them.

The bird ate and drank ravenously when the Mistress had tended his superficial hurts. Then, huddled in the corner of an impromptu packing-box coop, he slept the clock around. This is Nature's cure for her exhausted children, though the so-called lower animals alone seem wise enough to avail themselves of it to the full.

Lad had seen the peril to his chum; weak and sick as he was, the collie lurched forward, covering Zat with his own body, staring up at the Master in appeal.

A day later Zat emerged from his slumber-orgy, hungry and full of gay spirit. He showed no desire to fly back whence he had come—nor did the Mistress' advertisements in four different papers bring to light his owner.

Within a week Zat was as much at home at Sunnybank as though he had been born there. It had been a week of humorously solemn exploration and of acquaintance-making. By the end of that time he was familiar with the grounds and the buildings, and had tried to become equally familiar with the Place's human and animal population.

The humans of the Place greeted him as an amusing novelty; the various animals differed in their reception of him.

From that first moment of involuntary shrinking at sound of Zat's articulate speech, not one of the dogs, except only Laddie, would consent to have anything at all to do with the crow. If Zat landed on the porch floor where Bruce was dozing, the stately collie would get up with contemptuous dignity and move far away. Wolf met Zat's merry advances with a growl and a flash of teeth whose threat even the insolently gay newcomer could not ignore. Bobby and Dawn regarded the crow with frank aversion.

Tippy, the Mistress' temperamental gray Persian cat, spat virulently and fluffed her fur to the size of an old-fashioned muff, when he drew near. Once, indeed, the cat crouched, in vibrant preparation to launch herself at him. But, as she was about to spring, his debonair cry of "Well, *well,* WELL! How's zat?" sent her scuttling up the side of a steep bookcase for safety from this creature she could not classify.

Either Laddie remembered his own first defense of the wounded bird or else he was too philosophical and too used to every vagary of human speech to take fright or umbrage at Zat's utterances. He showed no affection for the eerie black fowl. But he showed no aversion, and he even displayed a certain benign civility toward him, such as Lad lavished on all weak or bullied Little People that drifted into the great dog's life.

Encouraged at this tolerance, Zat warmed to the one canine which treated him well. He developed a very evident fondness for the mahogany-and-snow collie, riding sometimes on the dog's haunches during Lad's lordly march through the grounds, or else hopping or fluttering along at Lad's side on these walks, or cuddling to sleep in the sun, close against the dog's shaggy side. If Lad did not care overmuch for these demonstrations, at least he did not resent them. He appeared to take a mild pleasure in the crow's flattering adoration.

The humans judged that the enigmatic black creature must be genuinely fond of Lad, because the latter was the only animal on the Place on which Zat did not at some time or at many times try to play some impish trick. The crow had a positive genius for mischief. For example, he would swoop down with unbelievable

speed upon the feed dish from which one of the collies was about to gobble some particularly tempting morsel. This morsel Zat would snap up, and would fly with it to the very lowest perch where he was safe from the springing body and angry jaws of the defrauded dog.

After listening joyously for a time to the dog's harrowing barks, the crow would deposit the bit of stolen food on some tree-trunk or bush-fork, just out of the other's reach, and would leave it there. Or else he would flap away in quest of Lad, and would drop the morsel at his collie chum's feet as a gift.

Similarly, just as Tippy was settling herself in dainty contentment to the lapping of her saucer of milk, there would be an indescribably swift beat of wings from nowhere in particular. Before she guessed what was impending, a strong beak would smite the saucer-edge, upsetting its contents all over the cat or smashing the china in bits.

One of the workmen had a new felt hat, fawn-colored and jaunty, of which he was proud. He laid it on a rock, while he wiped his sweating forehead. Then he turned, to find his costly new headgear soaring clumsily and slowly through the air, gripped by Zat's beak and claws. The crow abandoned his plunder far out on the weakest bough of a high elm, under which the despoiled laborer danced in impotent wrath.

As thief, Zat had no equal. He learned the whereabouts of every hidden hen's-nest in loft or shed corner. He would emerge from a foray into such a nest, carrying a pilfered egg dexterously between his prehensile claws and flying low as he sought some stone on which to drop his plunder. Dropping it, he would land beside the sloppy mass and devour it with zest. It was his favorite way of breaking an egg.

But when he fished the lake-edge for mussels, he broke them open by holding them steady by means of one of his feet, while his stabbing beak hammered or ripped wide the shell.

Once he found the superintendent's vest hanging on a nail where it had been left during the heat of the day. Zat gingerly drew a watch from the waistcoat pocket, and proceeded to try to open it as if it had been a mussel. The watch was a total loss, and the Master had to make up its value to the irate loser.

Then, wearying of these petty forms of amusement, Zat developed a habit of chasing delivery-boys—especially those on bicycles—who came to the Place with telegrams and the like. He would fly at them from the rear, pecking their ears, snatching off their caps, putting them to panic rout, following their retreat with his pagan triumph-yell of, "Well, *well,* WELL! How's zat?"

As a result there was no competition whatever in the village for the privilege of delivering telegrams and parcels and special-delivery letters at the Place. The fierceness of the ordeal outweighed tenfold any pleasure to be derived from possible tips.

THEN, one morning, Lad was missing.

The big collie had sauntered forth just after breakfast on one of his stately tours of the Place's boundaries—a progress which always reminded the Mistress of some old-world squire inspecting his ancestral acres. But he did not come back again; nor had he returned at nightfall. Quite often his stroll would wind up with a desultory rabbit-hunt in the farther woods. But always he had been at home again by lunch-time. Today he was not.

In crossing the highroad which split in two the grounds of Sunnybank, Lad had learned extreme caution—as befits any dog which may desire to stay alive in this era of crazily reckless motorists. Yet the Master made a tour of the road for a half-mile in either direction, in dread of finding his best-loved collie lying somewhere in a wayside ditch. There was no sign of Lad. The Master worried no longer. The wise collie could be trusted to come home again when he was ready to come. While he never had stayed away so long before, of his own accord, yet in all probability he was safe.

But when, at bedtime, and then next morning, he had not come back, both the Mistress and the Master were keenly distressed. They and the superintendent and the laborers dropped all other forms of employment, and they spent the day ranging the woods, for an area of perhaps ten miles. They trooped home tired and miserable, at nightfall.

There the Mistress must listen to a vehement complaint from the cook. It seemed, the day having been warm, the cook had carried out onto the breezy and vine-bowered kitchen piazza a piece of beef, two or three pounds in weight, which she was going to cut up for a savory French ragout of her own devising. She had cut the beef into four or five lengthwise strips, and was about to dice these when she had to hurry back into the kitchen because a preserving-kettle boiled over. By the time she had set the kettle on a less torrid part of the range and wiped up the overflow and washed her hands, several minutes had gone by. She returned to the piazza to see Zat flapping away with the last of the lengthwise strips of beef.

She screeched at the crow and even threw a knife at him. But these demonstrations failed to waken his conscience to the point of restitution. Off he flew, in a bee-line, for parts unknown, carrying with him the strip of meat whose several predecessors presumably he had already borne to some unfindable cache.

"That settles it!" stormed the Master, glad to find some legitimate vent for the sick worry which was his at the absence of Lad. "First thing in the morning—even before I start out again to look for Laddie—I'm going to shoot that pest. He's gotten the whole Place on edge, with his thefts and tricks. One man has left, and another is threatening to go—I had to buy Robert a watch to make up for the one Zat destroyed—the dogs' nerves are raw—and now the cook is talking about leaving! That's rather a high price to pay for the pleasure of hearing a crow jabber one silly speech at us all day and every day. He's not any use, and he—"

"Zat is a little use, dear," timidly protested the Mistress. "Those crows, down in the oak-trees by the lake, that used to wake us with their cawing every morning before daybreak—there isn't one of them within a half-mile of here, any more. Zat has frightened them all away, just by his voice. If he had spoken to them that first morning, instead of trying to fight back when they attacked him—he'd have scared them off at a single word. They skirt all around the Place, now; and they never dare come within a furlong of the lake trees. That's *one* good thing Zat has done by being here. He—"

"It's a case where thirty crows are better than one," the Master declared. "We aren't running a zoo, here, or an insane asylum for freak beasts and birds. . . . . Lord, but I'd give a year's income to know Laddie is all right!"

NEXT morning, at first dawn, the Master ceased trying to go to sleep. He got up silently and dressed, then tiptoed downstairs. It was best to get the execution over with, before his wife should have a chance to be unhappy at the dread of it. He found his shotgun, slipped a couple of Number 6 shells into it and fared forth from the house. But fifteen minutes of diligent searching of Zat's favorite roosting-places—the rooftree, a house-side oak limb, the clothesposts, the kennel ridgepoles and elsewhere—failed to disclose the miscreant bird.

Breakfast would not be ready for another two hours. The Master resolved to put in the time in one more forlorn-hope beating of the forests for Lad. With no great optimism and with heart heavy with worry, he set out for the still woodlands beyond the Place. He had traveled more than a quarter-mile before he realized the gun was still tucked absent-mindedly under his right arm. On he tramped, aimlessly, now and then pausing to shout Lad's name. There was no responsive bark.

Back into Pancake Hollow, behind the nearer woods, he made his way, and toward the rise of tree-thick broken ground which sloped with jut and dip toward the wildness of the mountains. Over the thickest clump of underbrush-carpeted second-growth timber, some distance ahead of him and far to one side, a flock of crows were circling. Their caws reached the man clearly through the still dawn-air. There was excitement in the clangorous sound, excitement and greed.

Again and again the Master had heard that sinister note in the cawing of crows above some wilderness carcass. His heart beat thick, at thought that it might readily be Lad they were cawing over—Lad killed or made helpless by some accident. He pushed forward as fast as he could go, over the uneven slope, heading for the distant copse.

OLD Sunnybank Lad had finished his stroll of the grounds, the preceding day; and, as often he did, he ranged back into the farther woods in quest of a rabbit-chase. He cast about vainly for nearly a mile before he caught so much as a hopeful scent. Then he struck a trail he followed to a windfall. From the windfall burst a cottontail, bumping over the rough ground ahead of the dog in most alluring fashion.

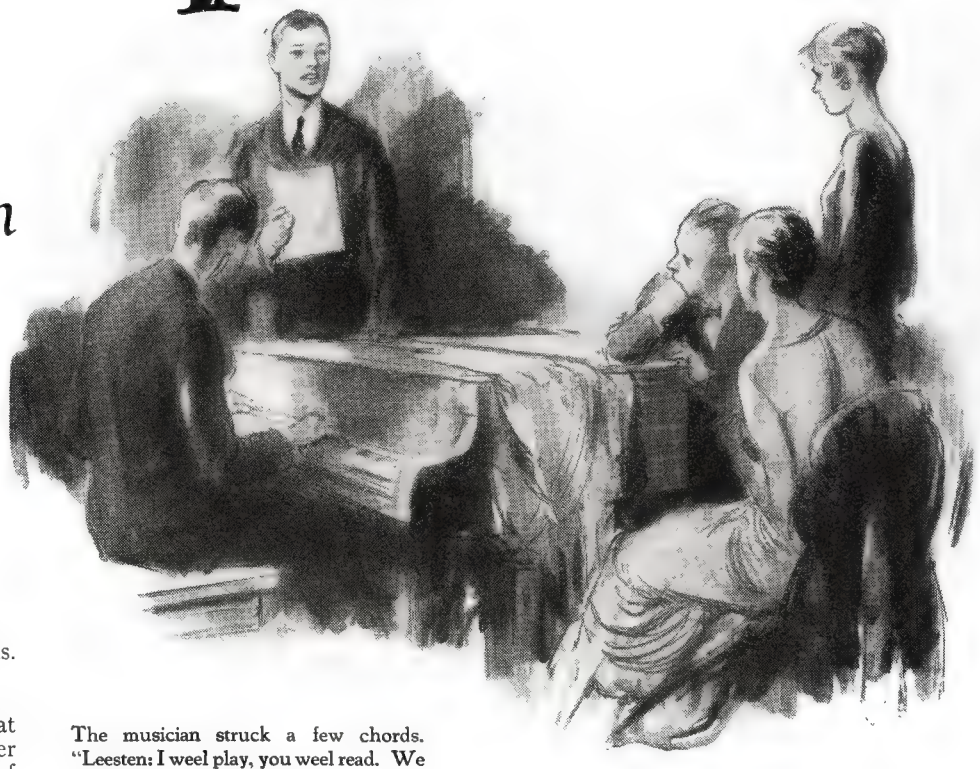
Lad gave chase, following hotly and with all the speed and vigor of his vanished youth. There is something vastly intriguing in the chase of a fast-running rabbit. All modern greyhound-racing is based on that overwhelming canine trait. Along bumped the bunny, like a furry jumping-jack. Along, hot on his trail, flashed one of the fleetest and most powerful dogs of his generation. It was ever a privilege to see Lad in a pursuit.

Up a low slope whizzed the rabbit *(Please turn to page 118)*

Doll Face

Illustrated by Edward Ryan

By Virginia Paxton Harner



The musician struck a few chords. "Leesten: I weel play, you weel read. We increase the beauty of the po-em thus."

THEY sat in a small, dark-boothed confectionery. She was small and shy; he was strong and arrogant; she was madly in love with him, but he didn't know it.

Students were trailing in,—snowflakes in their hair,—freed from their three-o'clock classes. There was noise, confusion, laughter. Books slapping on tables, fur coats thrown over bench-backs. The waiter approached.

"What'll you have?" asked Conrad.

Fay pursed her soft little mouth that turned up quizzically at the corners. Her voice was soft, too, with a kind of featheriness.

"I think I'd like a choc'late ice-cream soda."

Conrad turned to the waiter condescendingly. "Bring her a lemon frost. One for me, too."

Fay didn't mind; didn't know Conrad bullied her—passive. She sipped her lemon frost dutifully. It tasted bitter, but each day brought its surprising miracle that Conrad was still interested in her. It was, for her, unbelievable. Conrad was so well-known on the campus of Middleford University; and she—well, she was nothing but one of many co-eds.

Nothing but a small wisp of a person with tiny, spun-gold curls trailing out on her pink and white cheeks. Her eyes were a velvet brown, large and sad, like those of a faithful puppy. She had a little mannerism, totally unconscious, of shutting them tightly and then opening them suddenly at people. It surprised them, and they were not sure they liked it. As for its effect on Conrad, that was a total loss. He didn't realize she was in love with him. How could he, when she talked so little?

Conrad himself chatted fluently. He discoursed largely about Dreiser, Schopenhauer, Van Vechten and Amy Lowell. And the nebular hypothesis—life on Mars. The dirty trick his philosophy prof played on him. Art for art's sake. And subjects that are too large for art—the impossibility of God.

Fay cared nothing about art for art's sake. She liked warm baths, silk underwear with fluffy lace and pink ribbons, and the nice clean pages of new textbooks. So Conrad would talk, holding his cigarette deep between his two first fingers, jerking it from his mouth in a quick gesture with uptilted chin, and exhaling a gust of smoke. Fay would listen, nod her curly head at the proper moments, gaze at him, eyes shutting and opening, and wonder if some day, perhaps, he might kiss her. But Conrad was too busy being literary.

Presently she interrupted.

"Con-rad,"—she always spoke his name as if it were two words,—"I've got to go now."

"Why?"—as if he ought to know everything.

"I have to call on a friend of Mother's—Mrs. Adams."

"Mrs. Adams?" The boy straightened his tie and eyed her. "The new English professor's wife?" Fay assented. "Say, I'd like to see her. They say she's the most intelligent and magnetic woman that has ever been a faculty wife here. I'll go with you."

"That's nice, Con-rad." Fay was all warm and pleased inside. She hated to go calling by herself, and her mother had written a most insistent letter. But what on earth would she talk about with the wife of a professor? They had nothing in common.

Conrad pursued his arguments for Buddhism while he and Fay strolled across the white campus and down a quiet street to a house shabby with the dignity of aristocratic age.

Mrs. Silvester Adams opened the door for them herself, and a ruddy fireplace glowed across the room behind her. Fay was embarrassed, and as usual, speechless. It was Conrad who spoke. He knew she was Zoe Adams because of her astonishing black hair, and the way her mobile hands fluttered in welcome.

"This is Miss Willis, and I am Conrad Pierce." You felt from the way he said it that he had added under his breath: "Of course you've heard of me." He continued: "Fay—that is, Miss Willis; her mother is a friend of yours, I think."

Zoe Adams swept them with her lively eyes, clasped her hands dramatically, and with a shake of her impossible earrings, crushed Fay to her.

"Not Elsie Willis' daughter! Oh, my dear! How nice of you to call! How perfectly splendid!"

Released, Fay straightened her hat and surveyed the pink rose on her coat ruefully. Mrs. Adams had totally mashed it. Fay felt they were not going to get on together.

"It seems only yesterday we were at school. *Do* come in. *Do* let me take your wraps." She ushered them toward the fireplace. Then to Conrad: "You are in the university?"

Yes, Conrad was in the university. He put on his best sophisticated manner. "One has to have a certain amount of knowledge mixed with experience to get on in the world, don't you think?"

Zoe thought one did. Only through knowledge could one gain experience, and vice versa. He was interested in books, of course—all young men were nowadays. What had he been reading lately?

"Cabell," said Conrad. "I find most of his things superbly trivial, don't you?"

Mrs. Adams didn't. "Oh, not at all. There is a certain pungency of symbolic wit—" Conrad disagreed. She pointed examples. Fay was shocked, and in her confusion, took the cigarette offered by her hostess, and never having smoked, choked on it.

Fay felt as if they were playing a rapid game of tennis, batting balls of conversation expertly, swiftly. Backhand, cut, serve—neat volleys. Wit describing brilliant arcs over a hard-packed oblong of literature. What was she? Oh, just the net, perhaps, even sagging a little. Her shyness suffused her.

When they rose to leave, at last, Mrs. Adams held Conrad's hand. His clean-cut chin curved into a slim throat, his brown hair parted diametrically with a tendency to ruffle, his eyes smiling at her under their serious brows.

"*Do* come again, soon, wont you?" And to Fay: "Good-by, my dear. Send my love to your sweet mother. It's been nice to see you."

"It hasn't been nice," thought Fay. "She thinks I am stuffy. Maybe I am."

"Con-rad," she asked, unconsciously imitating their hostess, as they went down the street, "*do* you like her?"

The Professor's eyes twinkled. "So you have a poem inside of you! That is a bad predicament."

Like her? He was enthusiastic. "Now, there is a woman with intelligence and brains. A person a fella can talk to. She understands"—words failed him—"just everything!"

"I wish I could," said Fay wistfully. Conrad looked at her patronizingly.

"I wish you could too. But you can't, I don't believe. After all, Fay, you have your limitations, just like the rest of us," he added magnanimously.

"Wh-what are my limitations?"

"Well, you're just a little—well—doll-face."

"Doll-face," echoed Fay. She blinked at him. "But Con-rad, dolls haven't anything in their heads!"

"Well," said Conrad brusquely, "I gotta turn here. Good-by."

She watched him down the twilit street, as snowflakes caught in her long lashes, and a single salty tear trickled down into her mouth. It tasted bitter, like a lemon frost. He didn't like her any more.

"Con-rad," she called softly. But of course he couldn't hear her. . . .

A month passed, and with it exams for the first semester. Fay opened the pages of her neatly kept texts and pored over notebooks filled with her childish round writing. She saw Conrad three times a week in the history course. Because there had been no Robinsons, Smiths or Turners in the class, she had been placed alphabetically—"Mr. Pierce, next seat, Miss Willis." That was how she and Conrad had first got acquainted. Recently he gave her only a brief greeting as he came into class, and avoided her after the session was over.

Now, with a new semester, and a new schedule, she saw him not at all. Desperately she enrolled in a contemporary poetry course under Professor Silvester Adams, Zoe's husband. Perhaps Conrad would take the same class. But he didn't. He could find out all he needed to know about poetry from the Professor's wife. Fay knew he went over there nearly every afternoon. People told her, good-heartedly.

She ached with loneliness for Conrad's arrogant companionship during the days, and dreamed about him during the nights. In her scurryings about the campus she sometimes caught sight of him entering a classroom as she climbed the stairs, or saw his tall back retreating down a crowded sidewalk, his hat set at a jaunty angle, and her heart would skip a beat. One evening she walked very slowly past his fraternity house, hoping she might see him through the leaded glass windows, but the front door opened suddenly, and a youth who was not Conrad uttered a surprised exclamation over the little girl who ran breathlessly to the end of the block and hurried around the corner.

Finally, when she could bear this surging emptiness no longer, she went to Professor Adams, after class.

There were half a dozen other students waiting to talk to this man with the naïve eyes, the drooping mustache and the ways of a most kindly gentleman. Fay waited patiently until they had asked their questions and gone, before she approached the desk where the instructor was gathering up his books and papers.

"And what can I do for you, Miss—" He never could remember names.

"Professor, I—I need some help, please." She opened and shut her eyes at him, nervously. The Professor liked it. He waited for her to continue. "I—I have a—poem—"

"Splendid!" So few of his students wished to create. They only wanted to criticize. He was very pleased. "You want to show it to me?"

"Yes," stammered Fay. "But it's inside of me, and I can't get it out!"

The Professor's eyes twinkled. "Dearie me! So you have a poem inside of you. That is a bad predicament." He shook his head in mock gravity. "What is the poem about?"

Conrad took her soft little hand in his. "The boys are havin' a party tonight. You an' I are going."

Fay blushed furiously. "Love," she said softly.

The Professor understood. "Ah, one of these handsome young lads, eh? I see. Well, my dear, have you something we can begin with, say a first line?"

"Yes," said Fay. "It's this—" There was another suffusion of vivid pink: "I love you as the linnet loves his song—"

"That's good. That's excellent." Indeed, he was surprised. "Now the rhyme-scheme?"

Fay had read sonnets. Perhaps she might do one? "No," said the Professor. "Not yet. Later in the course. Sonnets are too formal. They should be written by old men like me. You must

put the verse into a newer pattern, something more spontaneous."

Together they puzzled over the second line. Professor Adams insisted that Fay compose every word of it herself. Four times she went to him after class with the finished poem, and four times he made her rewrite it, suggesting more meaning synonyms here and there. At last it was satisfactory.

"That's very nice, now," said Silvester Adams. "You must write more. I believe, my dear, that you may go far in the field of poetry. You have talent." And he was notoriously stingy with praise.

Fay wrote the poem out in her neat hand, then decided to have it the perfection of tidiness. She borrowed a typewriter and laboriously punched the letters out. When the copying was done, a survey of her work found it pleasing. The poem looked foreign, impersonal, as if already on the printed page, and she felt a little glow of pride over her first effort. But the glow faded when she remembered Conrad.

It was the next afternoon when she met him on the campus face to face. "Hello," he said politely, and she stopped. As he went on, unheeding, she ran after him, little gold tendrils blowing from under her hat.

He halted at her call, distant, uninterested. "Well?" Fay was lost for words. What should she say? Just the thing she didn't intend.

"Con-rad," breathlessly, "where you goin'?"

"To see Zoe Adams. Why?"

So it was Zoe and Conrad now, not Mrs. Adams and Mr. Pierce. Oh, dear! Fay again said the wrong thing. She twisted her gloved fingers together, and the desperate effrontery of the timid seized her.

"Con-rad, your frat'rn'ty dance is tonight, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"You goin'?"

"No."

"Oh!"—softly. "You aren't goin'?" She had never been to a fraternity dance.

"No. I've got more important things to do. Zoe asked me to join her group of intelligentzia this evening."

"Oh." Still more softly, then: "Conrad, remember what you called me the other evening?"

Conrad became more aloof. This stupid little girl! No, he didn't remember, he said. It was the final thrust, but Fay bore it bravely. She opened her beautiful brown eyes, left them wide, and spoke her mind. Her mouth quivered slightly.

"You called me Doll-face, and Conrad, I just wanted to show you—I—I

"Con-rad—you called me Doll-face—and I—I got somep'n for you—" She stuffed the poem into his hand.

Fay, in her confusion, took the cigarette offered her, and, never having smoked, choked on it.

—got somep'n for you—" She stuffed the poem into his hand, a small, folded square. "Thanks," said Conrad indifferently. They walked from each other, stiffly. Fay went home and cried, not very much, but some, partly because of the boy, and partly because of other dances. She was used to missing them.

Back in high-school days, mothers of promising sons would ask, "But Billy, why don't you ask Fay Willis to the dance? She's such a nice, pretty girl." And the lad would answer: "Oh, but Mother, she's so dumb!" Fay was just awakening to herself.

As Conrad pursued his leisurely way to the Adams house, he pulled the poem from his pocket, read it, and felt that, if anyone else had written it, he might have liked it passably well. But it was too much to expect from Fay. Now, if Zoe had done it! She was a fascinating person. This little adventure of calling on a married woman when her husband was not home had its private savor. It smacked of scandal, though in itself harmless, unless the Professor should object.

It happened that Silvester Adams was just leaving home as the boy walked up the steps, and Conrad suddenly became conscious his heart was in his mouth. The Professor nodded at him through his spectacles.

"Good afternoon, Mr. —ah—Parsons."

Conrad returned his greeting, and rang the bell viciously. Old fool! Here he was, visiting the man's wife, and the man couldn't even remember his name It made the calling rather flat and dry.

There were three other people there for tea. An instructor in piano, with flowing hair; a graduate chemistry student in a sloppy black dress; and a young artist who looked like a bond-salesman. Zoe fluttered her hands in introduction and nodded her earrings at Conrad.

"Here is this clever chap I've been telling you about," she said, and the guests smiled in unison. They slid easily into conversation, and gave way, listening politely to Conrad's harangue against modern literature. He concluded with an argument against the sort of drivel students write while in college. "Impossible stuff," he said.

The young artist laughed. "I always thought the things I wrote in school were rather good."

"What sort of writing do you mean?" inquired the chemistry graduate with her nasal twang. "I come in contact with so little of that line I am curious to know."

"Well, take poetry." Conrad felt the folded square in his pocket. "Here's an example. Do you mind if I read it?"

"Of course not," they said. "We want to hear it."

Conrad began Fay's poem. *(Please turn to page 110)*

The Seven Marks of Genius

Which You May Discover or Develop in Yourself or in Others

By

M. K. Wisehart

WHAT is genius? What are the traits or characteristics common to those we call geniuses? What is the significance of these characteristics to the average man?

I have had the opportunity to make intimate, first-hand studies of the lives and works of many Americans of exceptional achievement in widely different fields. Though the names of some of them may be unknown to the average reader, each in his own sphere—in physics, electro-mechanics, bridge engineering, management engineering, invention, painting, poetry—has achieved things high above the level of average performance. Each has had lofty aims and dreams to strive for; and each has made his dream come true. Furthermore, among their associates and fellow-craftsmen, or other authorities competent to judge, their achievements are rated so highly that they are commonly accepted as geniuses.

In each instance I have had the benefit of their personal confessions and judgments, bearing, in particular, upon two phases of their careers: (a) how each came to undertake his particular life work; (b) the measures by which success was achieved. And the result suggests that there are at least *seven* ways in which each of these notables resembles all the rest.

Photo by Mishkin, N. Y. By courtesy Chicago Daily News

MICHAEL I. PUPIN—Inventor

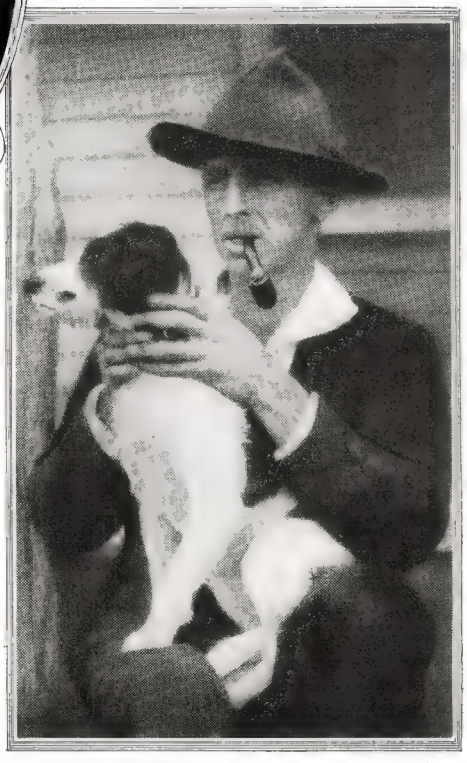
Recently, in a conversation I had with Dr. Emil Ludwig, biographer of the great, himself acknowledged as a "genius" in exploring the mind and character of genius, he gave as *one* definition of genius the following:

"Genius is talent developed to the *n*th power—plus certain inner capital that we call *character*. Ordinarily, we recognize genius by its fruits; that is, in the poems, paintings, philosophies, inventions, governments or other organizations that it creates. On the other hand, in some instances, that of Napoleon for example, we recognize the genius by his *life*.

"In short, the genius is the man who fulfills his fancies. Calculating the odds against him, he perseveres in the development of his natural gifts, and, passing through stages of growth and change, acquires those abilities which enable him to transform his imaginings into facts."

One thing, then, the genius is *not*—a mythical being whose mind does not work like that of the average man; nor is he one endowed with miraculous sources of inspiration enabling him to produce poems, masterpieces of art, mechanical inventions, and epoch-making scientific discoveries with the ease of a Houdini shaking rabbits out of a hat. We find that geniuses, like other men, differ in many ways—in stature, in disposition, and in habits of work, for instance. On the other hand, if we find that certain qualities common to them all are the ones that make for achievement and that these qualities are not possessed to anything like the same degree by other men, is it not reasonable to suppose that these things make them what they are?

One of the first things that we observe in persons of exceptional achievement is their devotion to ends that are of value materially or spiritually to humanity. Turn where you will, from Socrates and Plato to Copernicus and Newton, from Franklin to Crookes and Röntgen, or to Edison and Ford, and you see that this is true. Even Napoleon, in his mad career across Europe, was obsessed with the notion of uniting that torn continent into a sort of United States of Europe, and it was in pursuit of this aim, defeated by the monumental selfishness of his character and his fantastically obtrusive dynastic ambitions, that the genius of his life appeared. Mankind itself has decreed that the mantle of genius falls on him who has *constructive purpose*—who contributes something of permanent value to the race.



R. I. BRASHER—Painter and naturalist.

Consider the factors involved in the fulfillment of these lofty aims, and we soon discover evidence of a *special aptitude*. Instances may be cited, to be sure, of exceptional achievement by persons, who, to begin with, appeared hopelessly handicapped and unqualified for the task they set out to perform, but, generally speaking, we find that *those who distinguish themselves in work of a complicated and highly constructive nature have great natural gifts, inherited talents, and a*

decided bent to begin with. I may add that this is true in every instance that has come under my personal observation; and, further, that this inborn aptitude manifested itself at an early age.

Take, for example, the evidence of mechanical aptitude in the early life of Nicola Tesla, who was to give to the world scores of valuable inventions in the field of electro-mechanics, including telegraphy, telephony and wireless. There were two inventions to his credit before he was six years old. The first came about in a curious way.

In the little village of Smiljan (located in what was once Austro-Hungary, now Jugo-Slavia) a certain youngster had received from a relative the gift of a hook and tackle. Among his playmates speculation was rife as to the efficacy of the contrivance and the proper method of using it to catch bull-frogs. From these conferences, however, the four-year-old "Niko" was excluded because of a quarrel previously with the owner of the tackle. So, when the frog-catching expedition set out early one morning, he had not been permitted even to gaze upon the hook, a thing which he imagined possessed unique and mysterious properties.

Niko got hold of a piece of soft iron wire, bent it, sharpened it by means of two stones. To this he attached a strong string; then he cut a rod, gathered bait and, alone, went to a brook where frogs were abundant. In vain did he try to capture the frogs while they were in the water; but finally, by way of experiment, he dangled his empty hook in front of a frog on a stump. What happened then was still vivid in his mind when he told me this story more than fifty years later.

First, the frog collapsed and his eyes bulged; then he swelled to twice his normal size and made a vicious snap. Thereupon he was pulled in. This method proving all but infallible, Niko went home with a fine catch while his playmates, who had been trying to catch the frogs in the water, came home with none.

As a manifestation of special aptitude, I think this incident is of real significance; for it involved on the part of a four-year-old the invention of an *apparatus* and the discovery of a *method.* Furthermore, it was followed by a well-thought-out invention which was prompted by the same desire that animated his illustrious career in later years—the harnessing of the forces of Nature to the service of man. This he did at the age of six through the agency of May bugs which he hitched to a rotating spindle whose motion was transmitted to a large disk so that in this way he derived *power.* Once started, the May bugs never knew when to stop; the hotter it was, the harder they worked.

From the age of ten young Tesla was inventing in his mind all sorts of fanciful things: flying machines, a submarine tube for carrying letters and packages under the Atlantic, and means of acquiring power from the rotation of the planets. Though the bent of his mind was perfectly plain, his parents earnestly desired him to become a clergyman.

"After graduating from the *Realschule* at Carlstadt," Tesla told me, "I went home to my parents, and on the very day of my arrival was stricken with cholera. I was near death. My father tried to cheer me with hopeful words. 'Perhaps,' I said, 'I might get well if you would let me become an engineer instead of a clergyman.' And my father promised solemnly that I should go to the best technical institution in the world."

This promise the father kept by sending his son to the Polytechnic School in Graz, Styria. As a result of his experience and training there, Tesla, when still a young man, discovered what is known as the "rotating magnetic field," the principle upon which all our induction motors operate. Developed by Westinghouse and introduced in America on a large scale, Tesla's type of motor resulted in a revolution in our early modes of transportation, gave the first great impetus to the development of trolley lines, subway and electric systems, and to the harnessing of water-power. It has been embodied in the electric drives on battleships and is used as a means of transmitting power for innumerable purposes all over the world.

Photo by D. Jay Culver, New York

Photo by C. Smith Gardner Courtesy Keystone Photo Service

MRS. MARIAN MACDOWELL
builder of the MacDowell Colony for creative artists.

At left
JOHN NOBLE
One of our greatest landscape painters.

At right
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON
hailed as the greatest poet America has produced.

Photo by courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

Hand in hand with inborn talent goes something else, and that is a lordly self-confidence—*faith.* It is characteristic of the genius that he believes in his mission, in his own powers and in the worth-whileness of his project, though recognition from the world be long withheld. And here I think of an instance that takes us back to 1874, to an old New England homestead, a large clapboarded house painted yellow, in Lincoln Avenue, Gardiner, Maine. On the floor in front of the huge fireplace in this comfortable living-room sat a boy of five *(Please turn to page 154)*

Help Yourself to Happiness

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

The Story So Far:

ANNE HARKNESS answered an advertisement of the noted artist Stephen Bernaberry. And while she was talking with Bernaberry his hysterically jealous model Carlotta Pascoe shot him—and was about to shoot herself when Anne snatched the revolver from her.

Shocked and bewildered, Anne later made her way out of the studio. But the afternoon papers informed her that the canny Carlotta had told the police Anne had done the shooting; and the last fingerprints on the gun, made by Anne, confirmed the statement.

Anne lived with her mother; but that good lady would be no help in a dilemma like this. And so Anne, desperate and terrified, took the first available train out of town.

On the train Anne met a handsome lady in a green costume who wore an emerald bracelet and a brand-new wedding ring. Indeed, Anne was conversing with this lady in her drawing-room when the collision came. But that by no means accounts for the fact that when Anne recovered consciousness in a neighboring farmhouse, it was she herself who was wearing the emerald bracelet and the new wedding ring, and the green costume lay over the foot of her bed. To the reporters Anne pretended amnesia—she couldn't remember who she was. But the ring and the bracelet and the dress caused her presently to be moved to the luxurious home of Mr. Peter Bernaberry, whose brand-new wife had run away, and who was a brother of the murdered Stephen.

A vengeful brother, too! He accepted Anne and her amnesia story and showed his strange invalid guest every consideration—while he calmly announced his intention of killing Anne Harkness, the woman he supposed had murdered his brother!

Presently the brother of the missing wife Marqua appeared, demanding news of her, and a fight with Peter followed. Next Marqua herself came back repentant in Peter's absence. Anne resigned her post and went home to her mother—only to be pursued by the police so that she sought refuge again at the Bernaberry house. And Marqua to help her, put on her dress and pretending to be Anne, left the house with the officers, under arrest in her place. Now it was that Anne found a letter from Peter avowing his love for her rather than for Marqua. And then—Inspector Lavin was announced. *(The story continues in detail:)*

THOUGH Anne was all braced for it, the Inspector had not called to arrest her; apparently he had not even heard as yet of the arrest that had already taken place there. He wanted to see Peter.

"He hasn't come in yet," Anne told him, noticing for the first time that it was dark and actually past the dinner-hour. "I can't imagine where he can be."

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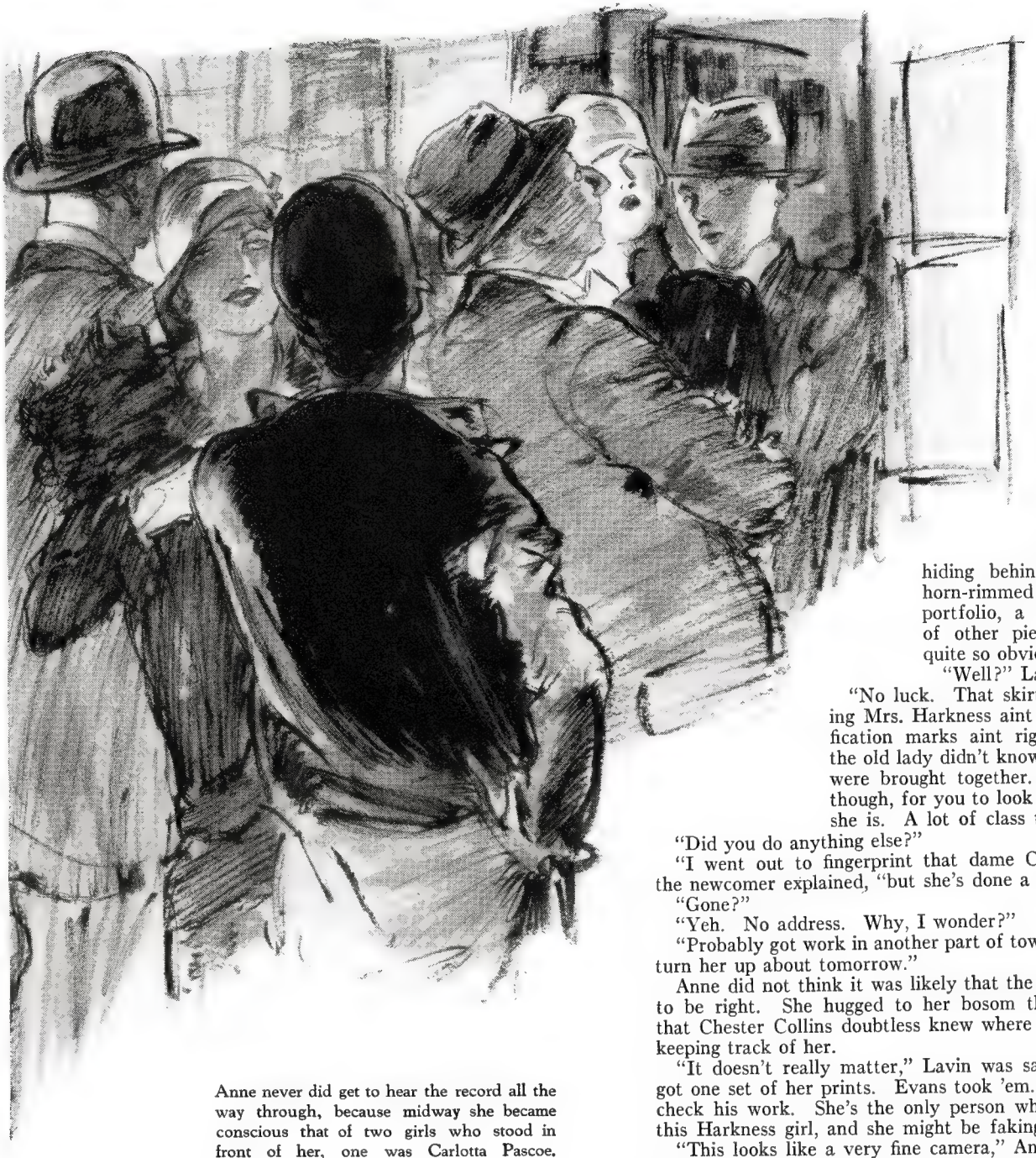


Anne never did get to hear the record all the way through, because midway she became conscious that of two girls who stood in front of her, one was Carlotta Pascoe.

"And he hasn't telephoned?" Inspector Lavin inquired.

"No."

"That's strange. I told him I was coming."

They sat in the vaulted drawing-room, an inspector of police and the woman whom he was combing the country to find.

It is perhaps more proper to say that the officer sat. Anne herself merely alighted on a chair from time to time.

She ought to be making her plans to escape. She thoroughly realized that. But where was Peter? His absence suddenly loomed larger than the danger to herself.

The Inspector attempted to reassure her. "It's about time he stayed out part of an evening. Let's see—how long have you been married?"

Anne paid no attention to the question. "I know, but he's really very thoughtful; and besides, if he had an appointment with you, he'd be sure to come home if he could. Do you suppose anything has happened? Ought we to notify the police?"

"Consider the police notified." Lavin grinned at her. "You may have forgotten it, but I am a member of the force, even if I don't seem to get much in the way of results. Don't worry. I suppose about eight thousand husbands are reported missing every night, and each wife begs the police to dig up every paving-brick in the city to see if her darling is buried under it. But by morning, seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine and one-half of the wanderers have turned up of their own accord with nothing more serious the matter than an awful headache. That's why the police never begin to take the town apart until a man has been gone at least twenty-four hours. If we did, the force wouldn't have time to do anything else at all."

The front door buzzer sounded, and Remhauser, from the identification bureau, entered. He was an unobtrusive young man with receding hair and disposition, hiding behind rather thick-lensed horn-rimmed spectacles. He had a portfolio, a camera and a couple of other pieces of apparatus not quite so obvious.

"Well?" Lavin asked.

"No luck. That skirt they picked up visiting Mrs. Harkness aint her daughter. Identification marks aint right. Besides, she and the old lady didn't know each other when they were brought together. They held her over, though, for you to look at. She wont tell who she is. A lot of class to her, though."

"Did you do anything else?"

"I went out to fingerprint that dame Carlotta Pascoe again," the newcomer explained, "but she's done a Houdini on us."

"Gone?"

"Yeh. No address. Why, I wonder?"

"Probably got work in another part of town or something. We'll turn her up about tomorrow."

Anne did not think it was likely that the Inspector would prove to be right. She hugged to her bosom the comforting thought that Chester Collins doubtless knew where Carlotta was, and was keeping track of her.

"It doesn't really matter," Lavin was saying. "We've already got one set of her prints. Evans took 'em. But I wanted you to check his work. She's the only person who claims to have seen this Harkness girl, and she might be faking."

"This looks like a very fine camera," Anne offered.

"Yeh, it's pretty good—the lens is one I picked up in Bremen nine or ten years ago when I was going through just after the war. It was in a hock shop."

"And why do you carry this bellows?" Anne asked innocently.

"I'll tell you." Remhauser got up from his chair and prepared to be interesting in a field that he really knew something about. "I use that for blowing graphite-dust off from a finger print I'm trying to bring out. If I just use my breath, there's apt to be too much moisture, and some of the graphite sticks to that, and blurs the outlines a little. I'll show you how it works. You see the glass top of this small round table? It's a very good surface for my work and may have a few marks on it if anyone has touched it since it was dusted this morning."

Anne was listening with only half an ear. There had been a click in the hall. It might have been a key in a lock.

Her curiosity and heart took her there to find out.

The door opened, and there was Peter.

He was quite tired and worn.

And then suddenly he wasn't at all. Something put the spark of life back into him. He straightened—much straighter than he ordinarily carried himself.

And Anne, who had held her two tightly balled fists against her own breast for fear that it might not be Peter, suddenly let them fall against his chest in a sort of an impotent drumming, while two glistening glad tears came over the brims of her eyes.

"I'm glad you're home," she said simply.

"Me?" Peter looked at her with startled incredulity.

Anne nodded. Part of her nod he felt rather than saw, because her head was where her hands had been.

"Some women, Peter, are like this," Anne explained in a muffled voice, "about their men, I mean."

"No woman," Peter contradicted, "is anything at all like this one."

It was in that rather round-about noncommittal fashion that Anne and Peter told that they cared a lot about each other. Nothing more was said about it then or later but they entered the drawing-room hand-in-hand, united by a tingling current that had only just then, for the first time, bridged the gap between the two poles that made a man-woman combination out of them.

Anne had practically forgotten the two policemen.

"It's lucky you came home when you did," Lavin admonished. "In one more hour we'd have had to send your wife to the psychopathic ward in the county hospital. I guess she thought you'd run off with a chlorine blonde."

Remhauser was introduced to the master of the house.

Then, when the introduction was over, he stood patiently by, his tiny bellows in one hand and a capsule in the other. His mind was one of those clockwork affairs that, once you wind it up and start it on a certain track, was bound to go through to a logical finish.

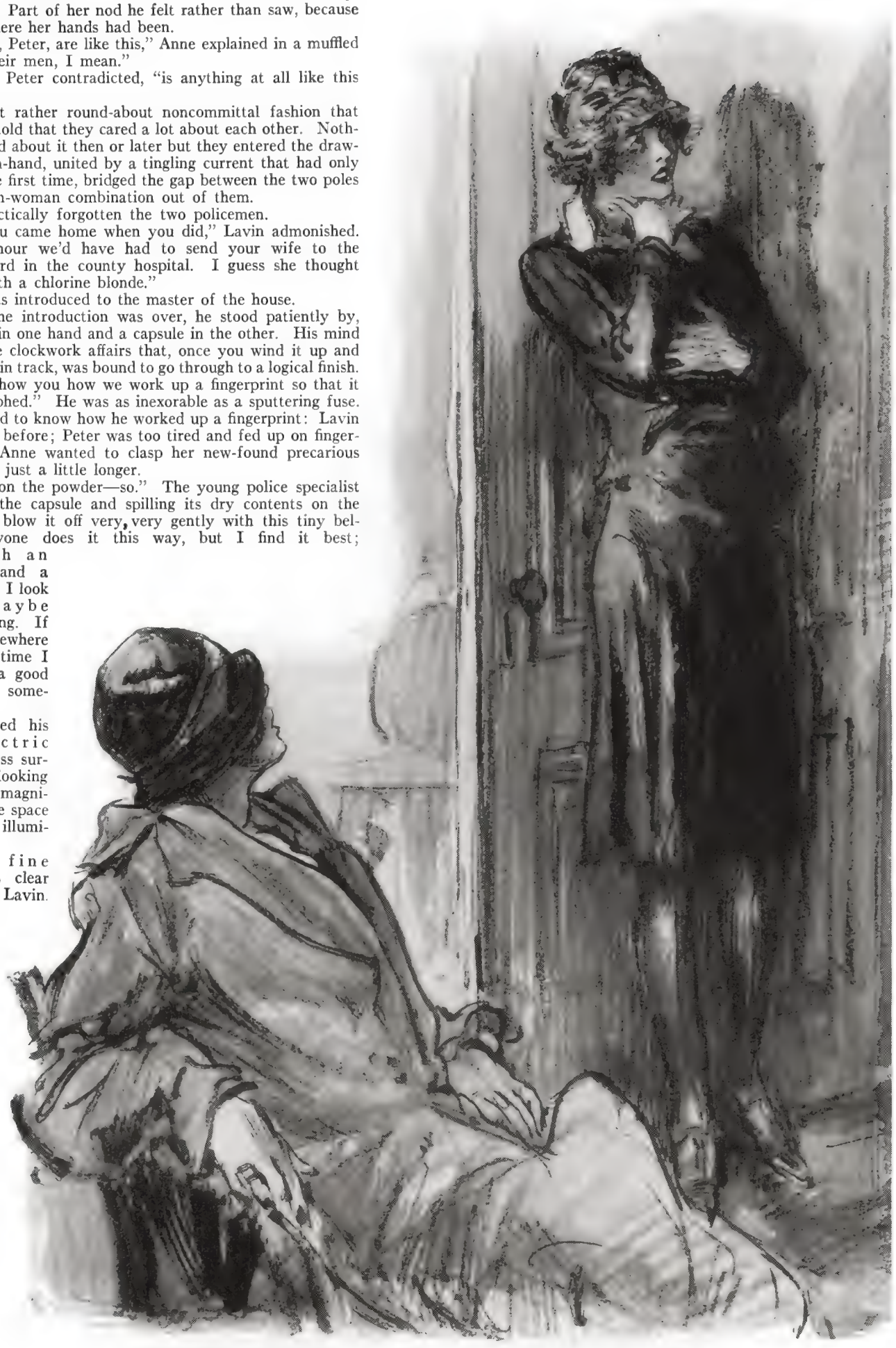
"Now I will show you how we work up a fingerprint so that it can be photographed." He was as inexorable as a sputtering fuse.

Nobody wanted to know how he worked up a fingerprint: Lavin had seen it done before; Peter was too tired and fed up on fingerprints anyway; Anne wanted to clasp her new-found precarious happiness to her just a little longer.

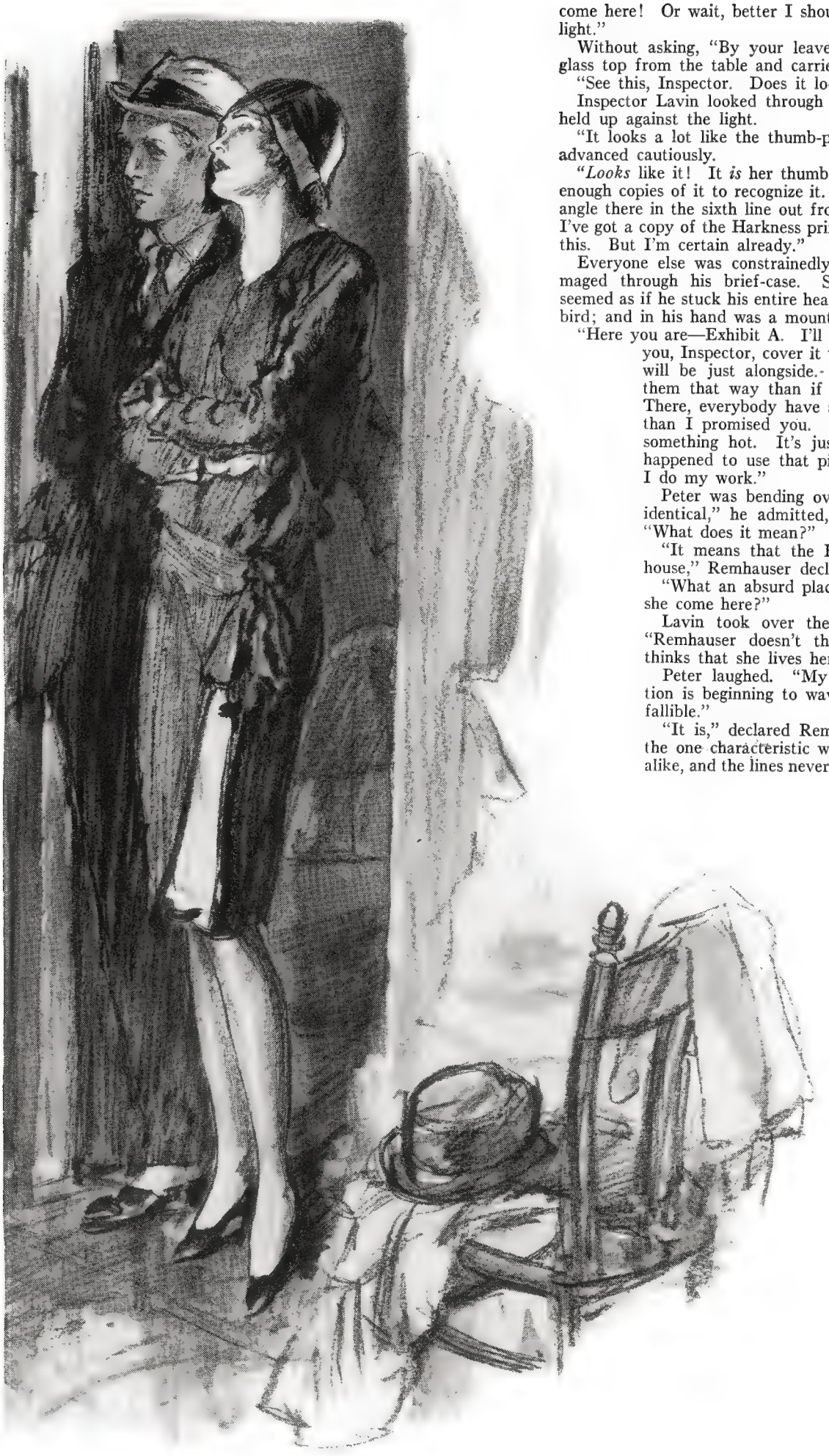
"First I dust on the powder—so." The young police specialist began breaking the capsule and spilling its dry contents on the glass. "Then I blow it off very, very gently with this tiny bellows—not everyone does it this way, but I find it best; and then with an electric torch and a magnifying-glass I look closely, and maybe there is something. If not, I try somewhere else. But this time I have fished in a good pond. There is something."

He had turned his vest-pocket electric torch on the glass surface and was looking through a hand magnifying-glass at the space which he had illuminated.

"Look! A fine thumb-mark, as clear as— Inspector Lavin.



Carlotta recognized Anne—there was no question about the look of terror that crossed the girl's face when she saw who was standing in the doorway.



come here! Or wait, better I should bring the glass over to the light."

Without asking, "By your leave," Remhauser took the plate-glass top from the table and carried it to the stand lamp.

"See this, Inspector. Does it look familiar to you?"

Inspector Lavin looked through the table-top which the other held up against the light.

"It looks a lot like the thumb-print of the Harkness girl," he advanced cautiously.

"*Looks* like it! It *is* her thumb-print! God knows I've made enough copies of it to recognize it. You can't mistake that sharp angle there in the sixth line out from the center. Hold the glass. I've got a copy of the Harkness prints with me, and we can verify this. But I'm certain already."

Everyone else was constrainedly silent while Remhauser rummaged through his brief-case. Soon he emerged—for it had seemed as if he stuck his entire head in, like some sort of a fishing bird; and in his hand was a mounted photograph.

"Here you are—Exhibit A. I'll lay this on the table, and then you, Inspector, cover it with the glass so that the print will be just alongside. It will be easier to compare them that way than if we superimposed them. . . . . There, everybody have a look. This is a bigger show than I promised you. We're actually on the trail of something hot. It's just a piece of bull luck that I happened to use that piece of glass to show you how I do my work."

Peter was bending over the two prints. "They are identical," he admitted, "but how—" He broke off. "What does it mean?"

"It means that the Harkness girl is here—in your house," Remhauser declared. "That's what."

"What an absurd place for her to be! Why should she come here?"

Lavin took over the conversation for a moment. "Remhauser doesn't think she has come here. He thinks that she lives here; and I think so too."

Peter laughed. "My faith in fingerprint identification is beginning to waver. And I thought it was infallible."

"It is," declared Remhauser authoritatively. "It is the one characteristic we can depend on. No two are alike, and the lines never change from birth until death."

"But who could it be?" Peter asked skeptically.

"We can easily find out." Lavin took charge authoritatively. "We'll fingerprint all the women in the household, or—"

Peter had no faith, but he admitted the right of the police. "All right. Go ahead."

Anne swiftly consigned her fate to her God. "I suppose you'll want to take mine first."

Lavin thought a moment. "No, Mrs. Bernaberry, we shall not need to fingerprint you."

"Better take everybody," counseled the expert.

"Not necessary in this case, Professor," countered Lavin. "Mrs. Bernaberry had just been married less than an hour before the murder and was, at the moment it occurred, attending a wedding breakfast at the Savoy-Plaza. I've checked up on it."

"All right," Remhauser conceded grudgingly.

Peter and Anne exchanged a locked glance.

One thing that Lavin did not and could not know was that Anne was not at that wedding breakfast. But they couldn't tell him that either.

"Let's have in the women servants," ordered Lavin. He had steadied down from the casual manner of the family guest to the calm efficiency of a trained policeman.

"There are only three," Peter told him. "The cook, the maid and Mrs. Bernaberry's trained nurse."

Anne had already gone to the kitchen.

Edna, the cook, was there alone reading yesterday's newspaper. Anne sent her in.

"I aint done nothin'—not recently," she protested when she was told that the strangers were policemen.

"I suppose not," Lavin conceded dryly. "Nobody ever has—especially when they are caught with the goods."

Edna's thumb and finger signature was duly taken.

"Nope," declared Remhauser. "Nothing like it at all. Who's next?"

Peter called Nurse Bingham. Her identification marks also proved disappointing. But she waited around, as did Edna. This was too exciting to be missed.

"Where's this other woman?" Lavin asked.

"I let her go to the motion-picture theater with Watkins," Anne explained, "two hours ago."

"Then they should be back any minute."

Anne had picked up the glass table top.

"While we're waiting, I'd like to have a set of Mrs. Bernaberry's fingerprints," urged Remhauser doggedly, "just to make a complete job of it."

Anne steeled herself. Had Fate decided to reel in the line once more?

"That is, if she doesn't mind," continued the police expert.

"Certainly not." Yes, she had made her voice sound casual, though her mind was repeating as if it were a formula: "There is a Power that will protect me."

She felt calm, too. Everything was all right. She was sure of that.

Her voice was still steady as she said, "I'll be with you in a moment. If you are quite through with this table top, I'll put it back where it belongs before it gets broken."

"I'll take it, ma'am," offered Edna.

But Edna was clumsy and unused to navigation on highly polished floors. As she started impulsively toward her mistress an Oriental rug skidded under her, and she fell, bumping into Anne as she did so.

The force of the impact brought Anne to her knees, at the same time knocking the piece of plate glass from her hands. Anne tried to save it, but it hit the floor and splintered just as she caught it again. A sharp pain warned her that she had been cut.

"Oh!" was all that she said.

Then she felt a little faint.

"I'll have to sit down a moment."

"What's the matter?" Peter demanded solicitously.

"She's hurt, the poor darlin'!"—from Edna.

"The glass—" Anne started, but caught sight of the blood and stopped, fascinated.

"She has cut her hand." Nurse Bingham took charge of the situation. "Edna, get a basin of warm water; and Mr. Bernaberry, please bring me the iodine solution and some gauze bandage from the medicine chest."

In a few minutes Anne's wounded fingers had been cleansed, antisepticized and bound up in some yards of gauze.

"There," said the nurse. "It'll heal up in a day or two."

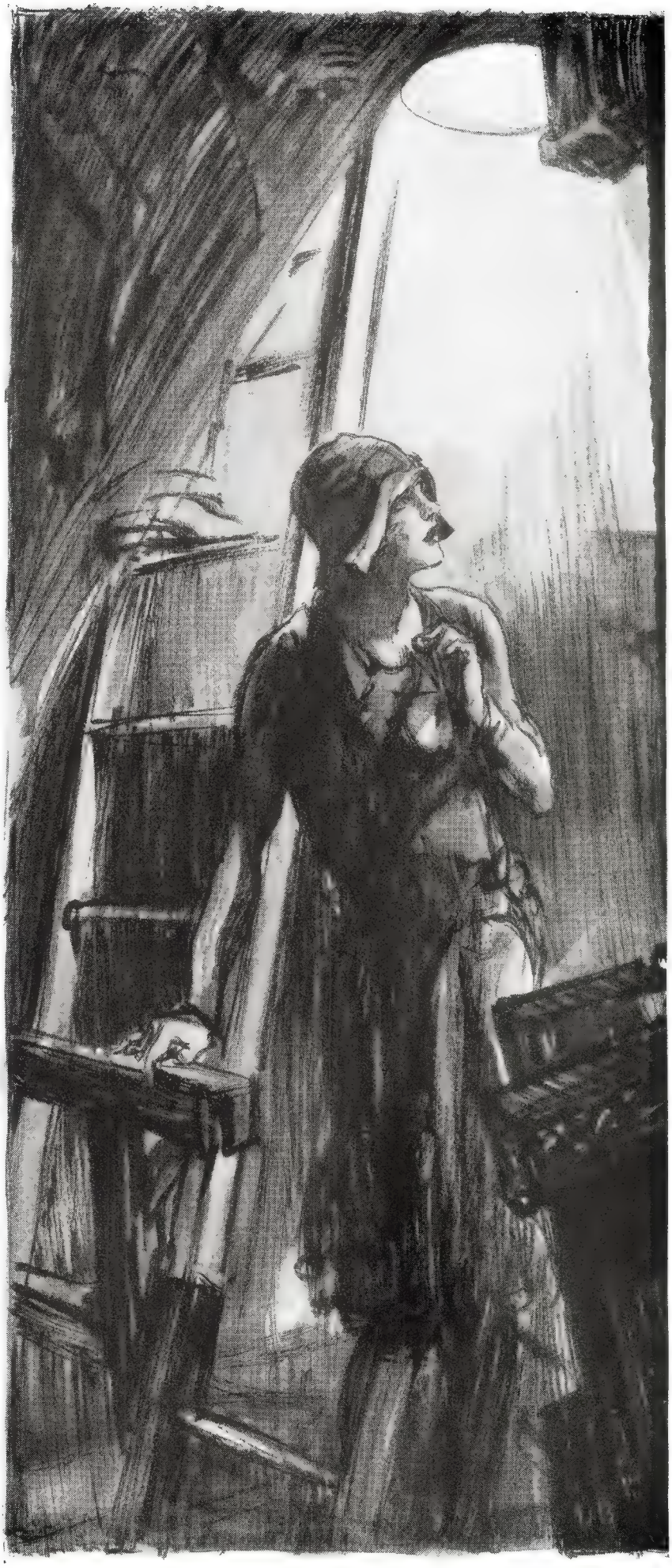
"It's too bad it's your right hand," commiserated Edna.

"Yeh, aint it?" agreed Remhauser, who stood still holding the graphite and the bellows.

"Beg pardon, sir." Watkins, who had entered somewhat hastily and a little upset himself, addressed his employer. "Is there anything wrong? Shall I do something?"

"No."

"Wait a minute, Watkins." Inspector Lavin halted him. "Get Julie and bring her here."



"You can't come down here," said a voice harshly; a hard-looking individual barred

the way. "We're reporters," explained Collins, sliding down the last few rungs.

"Yes sir."

Watkins disappeared, only to return shortly.

"She isn't here, sir."

"Isn't here? Didn't she go to the motion-picture theater with you?"

"Yes, oh, yes. Quite. But she came home early. Before I did. Said I got fresh—just because I—"

"Never mind what you did. You say she came home alone and earlier than you did?"

"Yes. About half an hour earlier."

"And she isn't here yet?"

"No sir. I don't understand it."

"Humph. I do understand. She came in, heard what we were doing and went away again. If you want my guess, I'd say that she'll never be back."

Remhauser looked at his superior officer with almost approval in his eyes. "You're right, Inspector. She's the one you want."

"Who? What one are you talking about?" demanded Peter.

"Julie, the maid. We've got to arrest her. She's the Harkness woman."

Chapter Fifteen

INSPECTOR LAVIN had called up headquarters and asked for a man to stay in the apartment all night in case Julie returned. But he himself, and Remhauser the fingerprint specialist, had departed.

Anne and Peter were left alone for what might very easily be the last night they would ever spend under the same roof.

Peter was inclined to be morose.

"Julie!" he repeated sometimes under his breath. "I can't believe it."

"Don't think about it if you can help it," counseled Anne.

"But Julie seemed such a gentle thing."

"Does that make any difference in your desire for personal vengeance?"

Peter shook himself. "No," he decided abruptly.

Anne regarded him pityingly. She had centered all of her affection on him—she knew that now; and she wished that he might be free of the clutch of primitive hate. It rode him like an old man of the sea, in spite of all the fine things in his soul that were protesting against it.

She knew, also, that she herself had been a modifying influence in the passionate darkness of hate through which Peter was traveling. Her presence had been the one thing that had kept his human and humane qualities from being entirely trampled under foot.

And now, soon, any minute almost, she must lose even the tiny finger-tip contact that she had with him, and he would be lost utterly in the dark—searching for her, not in the love and trust that they were sharing now, but with hatred in his heart and a desire for the feel of her throat in the spring-steel grip of his hands.

The muffled telephone-bell tinkled.

Peter replied. "This is Peter Bernaberry. . . . . Hello, Lavin. I didn't expect to hear from you before tomorrow, but . . . . Is that so? . . . . The Walker Memorial Hospital? . . . . Yes, I know where it is. I'll meet you there in about twenty minutes. Good-by."

Peter stood a moment in thought after he had hung up.

Anne looked at him anxiously. His gaze when he looked at her fell on her troubled expression.

"Nothing to worry about, dear. They've found Julie; that's all. She's been in some sort of an automobile accident and was taken to a hospital. Her condition is pretty serious, they say, and they want to get her fingerprints and some sort of a statement out of her, in case anything happens. Inspector Lavin thinks I ought to be there."

He had got quite to the door while he was talking, but Anne halted him.

"Peter."

"Yes, dear."

"I am going to do something that seems immodest, perhaps unwomanly. I'm going to ask something for the same reason that Inspector Lavin wants to see Julie tonight."

"What reason do you mean?" Peter was puzzled.

"Just 'in case anything happens.'"

Peter laughed boyishly. "Nothing can happen—nothing that can hurt us."

"I wanted to hear you say that."

"That and what else?"

"I wanted to ask you to kiss me before you go. It's the most unmaidenly request a woman ever made, but—"

Peter had returned to her bed by now, and had lifted her shoulders in his arms.

"My dear!"

In a moment she gently pushed him away. "Now go, Peter. I wanted that for remembrance."

"And that's all?"

"That's all. Good night, Peter."

"Good night."

When he was gone, Anne lingered for only a moment over that memory. Perhaps it would be all she would ever have.

Then she reached for the telephone.

"Number, please."

Thank heaven, the operator downstairs had left the extension connected with an outside trunk line!

Anne asked for the *Chronicle* and begged Central to rush the call.

It was a long chance, but Collins was in.

"This is Mrs. Bernaberry," she identified herself.

"Yes, Mrs. Bernaberry."

"I've got to be quick, because I must *see* that party you're keeping track of, tonight—right away. Where is she living?"

"She? What 'she'?"

"Why, Carlotta Pascoe. Didn't you get my message on the slate?"

"Wait a minute. There's something funny about this. I got your message all right, but Carlotta Pascoe wasn't the one it said to keep track of."

"Who was it, then?"

"Peter Bernaberry—your husband."

Anne groaned. She saw now about what had happened. And weeks had gone by with no one watching Carlotta. She might be in Europe by this time. And Anne could establish her innocence in no way other than by forcing a confession from Carlotta!

"Is there anything I can do?" Collins was asking for the second time. Apparently the silence at the other end of the line had alarmed him.

"Nothing now," said Anne. "Nothing. Good-by."

She hung up.

Next she unwrapped the bandages from her right hand. The bleeding had stopped, and if she was careful it would not start up again. She could use her fingers a little.

As swiftly as possible she dressed herself.

The best street suit in her wardrobe was that green traveling costume in which she had been found after the railroad wreck. She put it on.

There was a purse that went with the *ensemble*. It had lain in her dresser drawer ever since she had come to that house.

Anne found it and opened it.

Inside were four fifty-dollar bills, three twenties and considerable currency of smaller size, and a long railroad ticket to Fort Auburn, Colorado.

Chapter Sixteen

PETER hurried to the hospital with his emotions terribly tangled. Since he had come home to his apartment and found Anne worrying about him, life had taken on an unreasonably roseate glow. No man would care to say that he took pleasure from having a woman grieving over him, but there is an undoubted bolster to the male ego in the discovery that some one of the opposite sex is walking the floor until he arrives.

Peter arrived at the hospital first; Lavin and Remhauser came along in about ten minutes, the latter accompanied by the somewhat bulky impedimenta of his office.

Julie was quite and entirely conscious when the three men filed into her room—conscious and enjoying to the full the attention she was getting from everybody.

"She has improved tremendously since she heard that you were coming over," the nurse said. "It has given her just the interest in life that she needed."

"Maybe so," Lavin agreed reluctantly, "and, then again, maybe not so. —Hello, Julie! Why did you shoot Mr. Bernaberry's brother?"

Lavin's approach was what is known as "the shock method." The idea is to get the suspect to admit, in a moment of surprise, something that a moment's consideration would cause him or her to conceal. But in this case the effect was not particularly gratifying to the police official.

Julie smiled sweetly. "Have Mr. Bernaberry got a brother? I do not think that I have meet that monsieur."

Julie, like the little monkey that she was, evinced so much interest in Mr. Remhauser's bag of tricks that he had no difficulty whatever in getting a complete set of excellent impressions.

Then, methodical scientist in every action, he put away all of his appliances before he examined the prints under the strong light of a close-held pocket-torch.

He did not even have to get out his magnifying-glass.

"You stepped on the wrong foot again, Inspector," he announced, bored a trifle and yawning. "Nothing like it at all."

Lavin regarded Julie with extreme disfavor. She was a very disappointing end to a long trail.

Finally he turned to the nurse in attendance. "Send this case back to the ward and collect your own time at the office."

"Wait a minute," interposed Peter. "I'll assume responsibility for this girl. She's working for me. Leave her where she is and take good care of her. Mrs. Bernaberry needs her back on the job."

Inspector Lavin favored Peter with a pitying glance. "Mrs. Bernaberry will not be needing Julie any more this season, I'm afraid."

"What do you mean by that?" Peter demanded.

"I'll explain as we go over to your house," Lavin replied. "Come on, Dutch. Bring your traps."

AT first Peter did not get what Lavin was driving at when the Inspector led the way to the inclosed police car which was waiting for him and gave the driver instructions to take them to the Bernaberry apartment.

"Why?"—from Peter.

And, "Do you want me to stay up?"—from Remhauser.

"Yes, I want you to come along, and the reason is because we'll take a set of Mrs. Bernaberry's fingerprints just as a sort of formality before we take her over to headquarters."

"Take Mrs. Bernaberry to headquarters?" Peter echoed. "What on earth for?"

"For killing your brother—that's what for," returned Lavin.

"But—"

"It's got to be Mrs. Bernaberry," Lavin explained patiently. "Julie was the only other possibility, and we've just ruled her out. You remember she very conveniently injured her right hand just as we were about to fingerprint her, don't you?"

And, "Will you call your wife," he asked Peter as soon as they arrived at the apartment, "or shall I do it? Mind you, no private vengeance goes. This thing is in my hands now, and I'm going to see it through."

Lavin was very much the police officer now. All the ceremonies of friendship were dropped in favor of official brusqueness.

Peter laughed. "I know you're wrong. It can't be Mrs. Bernaberry."

"Then get her."

Peter dazedly climbed the stairs.

"And," added Lavin, "tell her not to dress or anything. If she aint here in sixty seconds, I'm comin' after her. We can't give her time to frame a get-away."

Peter nodded and disappeared.

In less than a minute he was back.

"She's gone," he reported.

"Gone!" Lavin was angry and incredulous.

"At any rate, she isn't in her room."

"Halloran," Lavin addressed the man detailed to watch the place, "for God's sake come out of your daze! Did you see Mrs. Bernaberry come down these stairs?"

The special detail snapped out of it. "I don't know Mrs. Bernaberry by sight, but I aint seen no one come down them there stairs." Truth and nothing but—he had been asleep.

"Help search the apartment. You, Remhauser, drop your junk somewhere and get busy too."

Lavin issued orders as if he expected to be obeyed. He was. But nothing and nobody was turned up but Edna, Nurse Bingham and Watkins, all sleepy and not very intelligent or intelligible. No one knew anything of Mrs. Bernaberry's departure. But the search definitely established the fact that she had gone. Even

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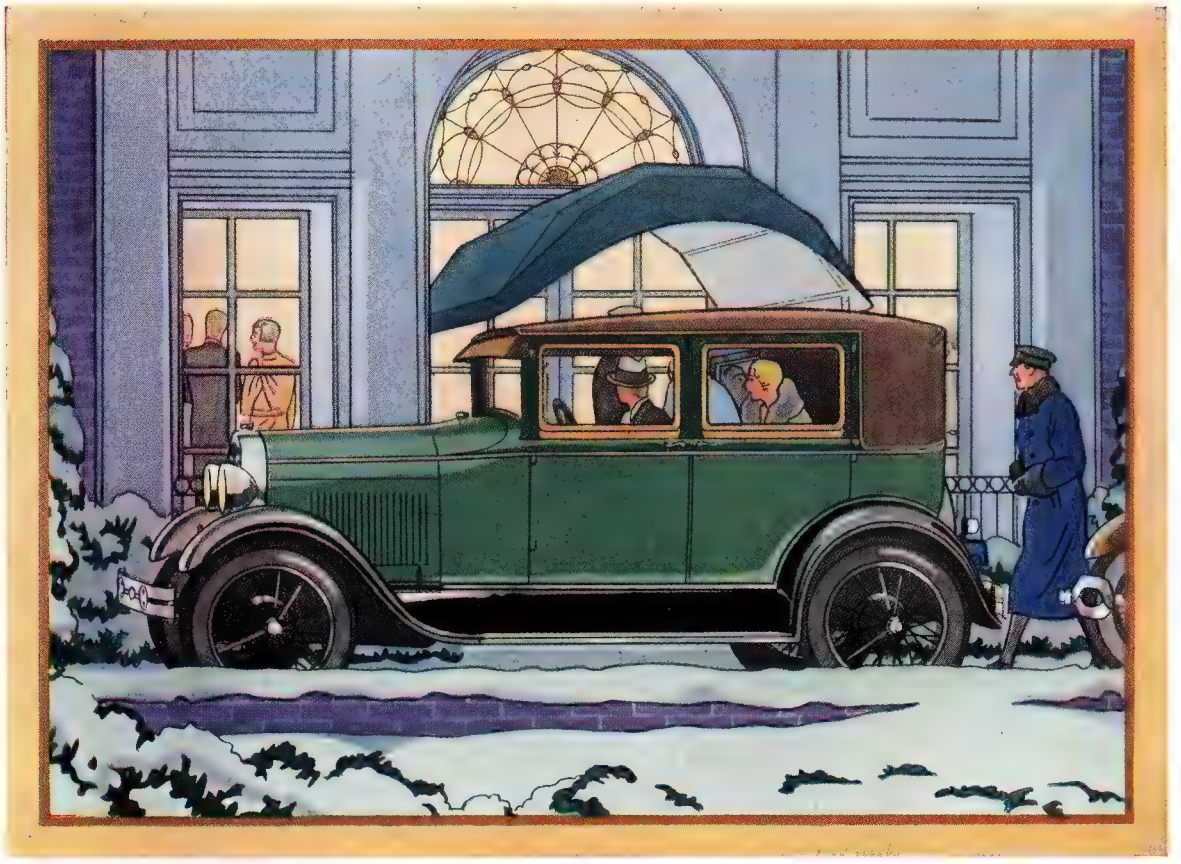

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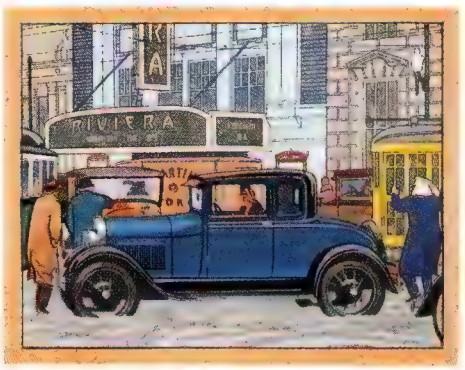

Some of the features of the new Ford are low, trim lines and beautiful colors, 55 to 65 miles an hour, quick acceleration, fully-enclosed, silent six-brake system, Houdaille shock absorbers, Triplex shatter-proof windshield.

Peter was reluctantly compelled to admit that it was very strange she should have chosen that particular moment to depart.

"If she isn't guilty, why didn't she stick around?" demanded Lavin. "Did she know we had found Julie?"

"Yes," Peter admitted. "I talked to you about it over the telephone in her room."

"Then she knew we'd be after her next. Halloran, get Anderson at Headquarters, and we'll put a police net around this part of the city."

Officer Halloran began to struggle with the French-pattern telephone.

Before he got a connection, the front-door buzzer rang, and Watkins ushered in Chester Collins, of the *Chronicle*.

"Pleasant evening for a convention," he murmured, taking in the group of police. "Is there something special going on here?"

"What are you doing here at this time of night?" asked Inspector Lavin.

"I couldn't sleep, and I saw the light in the window, so I dropped in for a glass of—"

"Plenty!" observed Lavin dryly. "Come across with the facts. This is a murder case, man!"

COLLINS glanced from one to the other of the group of men. There seemed to be no one to encourage him in any levity, so he folded up his grin.

"O. K.," he conceded. "I came here to help Mrs. Bernaberry."

"Why?"

"She telephoned to me about half an hour ago."

"And asked you to come here?"

"No."

"Then what did she telephone to you for?"

"She wanted some information that she thought I had."

"Humph! Information about what?"

"As to the whereabouts of Carlotta Pascoe."

"Oh. And did you tell her?"

"No. I didn't know where she was then."

"But you do now."

"Yes. That's what I came to tell her."

"Why not telephone?"

"The operator said that service to her room had been cut off."

"By whose orders?"

"By mine," Peter interposed quietly.

"Why?"

"I prefer not to answer that question just at this time."

Lavin looked Peter over speculatively. He wondered just how much force or persuasion he would have to use in order to make Peter talk. For the moment he decided not to attempt it.

"Fingerprint Mrs. Bernaberry's room," he ordered, and the expert departed under the guidance of Watkins, who was detailed to show him the way.

Halloran had Headquarters on the telephone by this time, and Lavin reported what he knew so far, and asked for a motorcycle troop to scour the neighborhood and visit every public hack-stand within a radius of a mile or so.

Peter had been thinking. "Crimes, especially major ones, usually have to have motives," he observed, "and what motive could Mrs. Bernaberry have in killing my brother?"

"Plenty. I don't say this is the one, but how does it fit? She had been his mistress—"

"Damn it, don't say that!"

Lavin looked up in surprise. "Which side of the fence are you on, anyway? This girl has run away from you, hasn't she? If that isn't a confession, I'd like to know what is! However, I suppose you are sort of mixed up in your affections. Well, then, let's say she knew your brother and knew also that he opposed your marriage to her. He may have said something at the ceremony that scared her stiff—maybe he told her that he was going to spill some bad news about her to you before you went away. Then, as soon as she can get away from the wedding party, she goes to his studio with a— God Almighty and the Four Horsemen! I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"Where I'd seen Mrs. Bernaberry before. You remember I told her that her face was familiar when you introduced me. She was outside of Steve's door going toward it just as I was coming out the very day he was killed—not fifteen minutes before the shot was fired. How it all fits in! I know I'm not mistaken now."

REMHAUSER, at the head of the stairs: "I thought you might be in a hurry to know. Almost all the right-hand fingerprints in Mrs. Bernaberry's bedroom are the same as the ones we're looking for. Some of them seem to be quite fresh. They're on top of everything else, anyway."

"O. K. We had every reason to expect that, but I'm glad we check. Go home and go to bed. Tell the driver to take you, and then come back for me."

"Where'll you be?"

"At Carlotta Pascoe's. That's where she'll head for. There's some kind of a frame-up between those two dames."

"What is Pascoe's address?" Remhauser asked casually.

"Let's see." Lavin pretended to try to remember. "What is that number, Collins?"

The reporter grinned. "I've forgotten it too, Inspector. Aint that funny? I had it written on a piece of paper—" He started to search his clothes without any definite result.

"Thanks a lot,'" growled Inspector Lavin. "I'll remember this, Collins, the next time you want to find out a little inside dope on a case! I'll get the address anyway in a few minutes. Come on, Remhauser!"

The two policemen started away. They were in the outer hall.

"Why did you do that, Collins?" Peter asked.

"I dunno. I guess I kind of like the lady. She's a little different from anybody I ever met before. She's the kind that anybody but a policeman would just naturally know couldn't do anything wrong. It'll be tough enough for her to get away without my helping the police force to catch her."

"Collins!"

Inspector Lavin had stepped back from the hall.

"Yes sir. On the fire. What is it?"

"I guess I'll take you along with me too. Just in case it might occur to you to tip off this party that we're looking for her."

"Thanks. That saves me a taxicab fare. Good night, Mr. Bernaberry. Remember the motto, 'Things are never what they seem'—especially to a policeman!"

LAVIN and his crew had not been gone five minutes when Peter's session with his own thoughts was somewhat rudely interrupted by Marx's brother, Roger Mackilvaine, who strolled in quite unannounced.

"The outer door stood open and there seemed to be no reason for ringing—"

"Sit down," half-invited, half-ordered Peter.

"Yeah." Roger did. "If I'm in the way, throw me out. I'll go peaceably this time. I only thought that, seeing the light, I'd drop in and tell you the big news. I've located Marx. She's right here in town. I don't know exactly where, but she sent me a money-order this morning. I wouldn't tell you this except that I like you and I know that you will make the best husband Marx will ever have."

"What do you mean, 'best?' Has she had others?"

"No, but I'm sure she will. You couldn't expect a girl like Marx to be married to the same man all her life, could you? But you will be a fine, solid corner-stone for her to look back at. And I want Marx to have the right start."

Peter was trying to think, but it couldn't be done with the noise of Roger's tongue going on all the time, so he silenced him with a brief résumé of what had happened that evening.

"Gee!" exclaimed his brother-in-law. "But that kid couldn't be a murderer!"

"Her fingerprints were on the gun," Peter pointed out.

"Yeah, the gun may have been in her hand, but it must have gone off accidentally. You can't accuse my future wife of murder, you know, and—"

"Your future wife?"

"In a minute—if she'll have me! I never saw any girl that knocked me flat the way she does. Never gets drunk, lights her cigarettes, if any, with an old-fashioned match, washes her face, and never shows the tops of her stockings when she is wearing 'em. What a woman to find waiting for you when you come home, tired to death, from the night-clubs! But all joking aside, I'm crazy about her. And as she is only in the way now between you and Marx, why, I thought—"

"Never mind thinking about that now. The question is what to do."

Chapter Seventeen

ONCE Anne was outside the apartment building, she found herself with no very definite plan of action. She was in a part of the city absolutely unfamiliar to her, and she knew of only one thing she really wanted to do. That was to find Carlotta Pascoe and force a confession from her. The fact that Collins had failed her in the matter of Carlotta's address left her with absolutely nothing to go on.

Anne walked as swiftly as she could out of the immediate vicinity of the apartment building where they lived. She had not been educated to the use of taxicabs. She did think of hiring one, but decided against it for several reasons, the most important being that her movements could probably be more easily traced from the moment she embarked upon a public vehicle.

The residence she had quitted was one of those massive buildings on Park Avenue along in the Fifties. Her uncalculated flight took her west toward Broadway. She had really no plan of any kind, save to put distance between herself and the place where they would first look for her.

She crossed Seventh Avenue. There was a lot of subway construction going on there—she had to thread her way on narrow planking that replaced the sidewalk. There were more people about than there had been over beyond Fifth Avenue. "The Show Boat" had just let out, and the majority of Roxy's patrons were on the street too. Candy-store and drug-store soda fountains were doing a big business, and sidewalk bars selling orange and pineapple juice were attracting hundreds of dimes.

All in all, it was a much safer and a more cheerful place to be. One street farther, on Broadway, she turned downtown.

She stopped with a small group that had collected in front of a phonograph store to hear the Harry Richman record of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." Anne did not know that every second block she would find it repeated—and that in the other blocks the melody would be "Ramona." Hearing it for the first time, it wasn't so bad.

Although Anne never did get to hear it all the way through.

Because midway of the first chorus, she became suddenly aware that of two girls who stood with their backs to her, one was Carlotta Pascoe. Anne had first been irritated by the pair because they had been chat-

tering right through the music. Then upon a closer scrutiny of the offenders she had been struck by a certain peculiarity of gesture that had seemed familiar.

It was Carlotta's staccato method of movement. Anne had noticed it that first day when Carlotta had stepped inside of Stephen Bernaberry's door—that, "Look at me while I hold this pose" attitude.

There was little likelihood that it could be anyone else, but Anne moved around to where she could get a side view of the face in order to make sure. It was Carlotta all right.

EVEN as Anne identified her positively, Carlotta linked her arm with that of her companion and started strolling uptown.

Anne mechanically followed, trying to think how she could best use this sudden, miraculous gift from Providence.

Nothing else could save her. Therefore Carlotta had been thrown in her path. Anne smiled with renewed confidence. To think that she had even, for a moment, doubted her destiny!

She was close enough so that she even heard scraps of conversation.

"I wont be able to take such long walks about next week, Alice," she heard Carlotta say.

Anne wondered if Carlotta was gifted with a prophetic vision which let her see that next week she would probably be gazing at the world from behind iron bars and taking most of her exercise within the confines of an eight-by-six cell.

"Never mind," the other girl was saying, "I'll do all the shopping for both of us, Carlotta."

"You've sure been awful good to me, Alice. I don't know what I'd have done without you just at this time. I sure was lucky to run across a friend with short hours and a little extra money. But I'll repay you. I make good coin when I'm working."

Carlotta's voice sounded different—rather gentler, if anything. She and her friend Alice turned off at Fifty-fifth Street and disappeared into the cross-town gloom.

Anne had started to close up the distance between them, when she was halted by a hand that closed firmly on her arm.

"ANNE HARKNESS," said a well-remembered voice, the rich mellow Irish voice of Inspector Lavin, "I arrest you for the murder of Stephen Bernaberry. Much as I hate to say it, you'll have to come with me."

"But, Inspector," Anne protested, "that girl I was following—she's the one you want! Let me go just a minute or come with me and—"

"What girl? Where?"

"Just ahead there. Hurry!" She almost dragged the Inspector along, but he did not let go his clasp.

But there was no one—not a soul between Broadway and Eighth Avenue.

Her quarry had doubtless entered one of the old buildings that lined the sidewalk but it would take a week's time to find out which one.

"You see," said Inspector Lavin, still kindly, "it's no use. I admit I never would have dreamed it of you myself, and you're just like a friend to me. But Steve was a friend too, and the law is the law. The car is waiting for us on Broadway," said the Inspector, gently propelling Anne back to the lighter thoroughfare.

Not only was the police car waiting on Broadway, but also about a hundred feet behind it and parked behind a large limousine, was a small, compactly built roadster.

The occupants of the roadster were getting impatient.

"That big flat-foot has been gone quite a while," observed one of them, the younger and redder one. "I'll bet he thinks he's on a hot trail."

"I think," observed the other, "that I'll just have a look-see. You wait right here for me."

Peter climbed out over the side of the roadster and started across the street.

"Hey, Bernaberry," shouted the driver, "here comes the constable! And he's got the girl. Come back."

Peter started to return. A stream of traffic loosed by a green light suddenly came between him and the car he had just left.

Roger, driving, couldn't wait. The police car, with Anne and Lavin on board, started up. The way was clear.

Roger flipped his motor into action and took up the pursuit.

The police car turned east under the elevated. Roger followed twenty feet behind. Before they had reached Seventh Avenue, he had caught up with them, and by running on the westbound street-car tracks, where he had no business to be, Roger was able to pass them and cut in in front, giving them no alternative except to run him down or crash into an elevated structural steel pillar.

It was not a very serious smash-up. Roger's car was hurt very little. The police vehicle suffered rather more from the pinch, which ripped off the right-hand fenders and slewed the right rear wheel against the pillar.

The most interesting thing that it did was to throw Anne Harkness out of the car. She landed, sitting, at the edge of a construction shaft leading underground to some subterranean working.

She scrambled to her knees. Some one lifted her to her feet.

"This way," whispered a voice. She identified it in a moment as that of Collins, the reporter who had been sitting in the front seat of the police car with the driver, and she allowed him to guide her into an entryway. It was in shadow, but nevertheless in full view of anyone in the car.

"Safest place," Collins assured her curtly. "They wont look so near. Wait till they go around the corner; then I'll show you a trick."

Sure enough, his prediction was quite right. No one did look in their direction, and as soon as the two cars were untangled, Lavin, Remhauser and the police driver scattered in three different directions to search for their escaped prisoner.

Roger still stood by the cars.

"Got to chance him," decided Collins. "Come on."

They stepped out of their shelter into the full glare of an arc-light hanging over the shaft.

Roger saw them, even started toward them. But she motioned him back.

"Please don't tell," she implored.

"I've never seen you," he replied, and deliberately turned his back. "I don't even know where you're going, but be careful not to slip on the rungs of that ladder, anyway."

"He's a good guy," Collins commented, as he indicated that Anne was to descend the very ladder that had evidently also suggested possibilities to Roger. "We'll have to move fast. Don't wait for me. Keep on going down as far as you can. I'll be right after you."

Anne flung over the side and descended about fifteen feet to a staging. There was another arc-light there. There was also another ladder leading from it down again. The next level was out of sight of the top of the pit.

Anne began to breathe a little easier.

"You can't come down here," said a voice harshly.

Anne looked up. A hard-looking individual in overalls and wearing a miner's lamp stuck in his cap barred the way to the next ladder.

"It's all right, Chief," explained Collins, sliding down the last few rungs from above. "We're reporters." He showed his badge and credentials. "Your boss, Mr. Weldridge, asked for an article in next Sunday's paper. He said you'd be glad to show us through this section of the tunnel."

The foreman looked at him appraisingly and then apparently decided to take them at face value.

"All right," he said, "but it really aint no place for a lady."

Down another stage a crew of men was working, and a miniature railroad was in operation, hauling the rock. An absolutely dark tunnel-shaft led away on one side.

The foreman, who had constituted himself a guide, commandeered one of the tiny gondolas.

"Hello, below," shouted some one up above, presumably at the top of the ladder.

"What's that, I wonder?" debated the foreman.

"It's an assistant of mine, waiting to telephone the office as to whether or not we're going to get to the office in time for this story." Collins made the hurried explanation. "I'll answer him.

"Hello, aloft!" he shouted.

"Did a girl and a man come down there a minute ago?" asked Lavin.

"Yes," replied Collins. "Everything is O. K."

Then Collins turned to the foreman. "Now we'll have to rush, or we wont get back to the office in time."

There were sounds of hurrying feet on the ladders above, but the foreman apparently had no further suspicions. He started the motor, and they were whisked down the tunnel into the darkness.

WHAT the plot might be, Anne had only a vague idea. But it seemed that friendly forces had taken her in hand and she went willingly through this man-made cavern that would ordinarily have been a horror to her.

In perhaps five minutes they arrived at another shaft leading to the surface.

"This is as far as we go just now," said the foreman, "but I'll be glad to explain the extensions as they are blue-printed and—"

"Thanks," Collins told him. "We've already seen the plans in the office of the Company. The idea of this trip was mainly to give Miss Gilbert, our great descriptive writer, an idea of what it looks like underground." To Anne: "Have you accumulated sufficient ideas for your article, Miss Gilbert, or would you like to ride back with this gentleman who has been so kind?"

"I think I've seen all I need," Anne responded, taking up the matter-of-fact tone in which she had been addressed, "and I think it is important to get back to the office as soon as possible."

Anne had already begun to climb, and Collins followed her as soon as she had gained one flight.

When Anne came up to the top of the last ladder, there was a policeman standing at the very top. Her heart sank.

"Watch your step, lady," he cautioned. "Let me help you."

As soon as she stood squarely on her own pins, he released his hold and started away, apparently not interested to any further extent. He was a true New Yorker—nothing surprised him.

Collins, coming to the surface, had seen part of the melodrama and guessed the rest.

"He hasn't been notified yet," he explained to Anne. "Lavin was so sure he had us trapped underground that he neglected to broadcast our escape. Come on around the corner."

Collins passed by a line of taxies waiting at a public hackstand, and instead, hailed one that was just going by.

"Where are we going?" Anne asked curiously.

"To Carlotta Pascoe's flat," he told her. "I found out where she was living, after you telephoned. A private detective agency has had her under observation for weeks."

"I picked it up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of the embroidery in her frock, a symphony of all the gorgeous hues that suit her beauty. It was made up after her own design, like the highwayman's coat worn with the Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.

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Chapter Eighteen

CARLOTTA and her chum, the girl whom Anne had seen with her on the street, were in the living-room of the small furnished apartment to which Chester Collins led the way.

Both girls were rather better looking than their surroundings. Certainly they groomed themselves more frequently than they did the rooms they inhabited. Not that the latter were particularly untidy, but they had that discouraged look which falls like a pall over furnished apartments occupied by swift successions of tenants who have no interest in making a home.

Carlotta recognized Anne all right. There was no question about the look of terror that crossed the girl's face when she saw who was standing in the doorway. Her right hand went to her throat as if something was binding her there.

But in a second she erased all trace of emotion from her face, even stood aside as if to invite Anne in, and asked pleasantly: "What was it that you wished?"

Anne entered, followed by her champion, ally and escort.

Anne looked at her meaningly. "I think you know what I want, but if you don't I can tell you in a moment—if there is some place where we can talk privately."

Carlotta hesitated. Evidently the last thing she really wanted was to be alone with Anne. "You can say anything you want to in front of my friend here, Miss Graham."

"I'd rather talk to you alone."

"What if I refuse?"

Anne shrugged her shoulders. "At least let us leave this gentleman out of it. He came merely as my escort and has no interest in our conversation."

"All right. Come into my bedroom, then." Carlotta led the way through a door at the other side of the room.

Anne followed.

"Come on, Alice," invited Carlotta from inside.

"Wait a minute," Collins ordered. "How about it, Mrs. Bernaberry? Would you rather be alone?"

"Yes, if possible."

"O. K. Shut the door. I'll entertain this one." He detained Alice Graham by the arm and put enough pressure into his grip to emphasize the fact that he meant it.

When the door was closed against them, Alice gently grinned at him.

"Thanks; I didn't want to be there anyway. You're Mr. Collins, of the *Chronicle*, aren't you?"

"Why, yes. But I don't see how you could know that."

"You're a friend of my boss, Mr. Bleeker, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh!"

"I've seen you in the office and it's my business to remember names and faces."

"Mine, too, but I don't recall you."

"I may not have looked exactly like this. At any rate, you'll excuse me if I go to my room and—"

"Wait a minute, sister. I don't know—"

"You've got to." She wrenched her arm free. "I'll explain it to you later." She was through another door before he could reach her, and locked it after herself.

INSIDE of Carlotta's room Anne stood with her back to the door, which she locked with her hands behind her. Subsequently she removed the key and held it in her own hand.

"Well, what?"

Carlotta put the question. She was panting a little. Anne, even then, noticed how really lovely she was in a sort of childish way. And she was afraid, terribly afraid.

"Why did you tell the coroner that *I* killed Stephen Bernaberry?" Anne asked.

The other girl cowered before the implied accusation. "Oh, God! I don't know why—except that I was scared and I didn't think it would hurt you any."

"Didn't think it would hurt me any!"

"No. Nobody knew who you was. I didn't know myself. I didn't dream the police was foxy enough to find out. How was I to know?"

"But they did find out. Why didn't you come forward and tell the truth then?"

"I tried to,—honest I did,—I know I ought to have told. But they didn't catch you and I thought as long as you was free I'd snatch that little bit of life."

"But you'll tell the truth now!" Anne said this half as a command.

"Admit that I fired the shot that killed Stephen Bernaberry? Never!"

"You will."

Carlotta shook her head. "No. I've made up my mind. A few weeks ago I don't know what I might have done—but it's different now."

Anne did not comprehend and said so.

"Would you," Carlotta demanded, "want your baby born in a death-cell?"

"What!" Anne recoiled.

"Of course you wouldn't," Carlotta continued. "And I don't intend that mine shall be, either. Stephen Bernaberry, himself, if he could say anything about it, would say to give the kid a chance, no matter who else got hurt."

Anne tried to comprehend this situation—to make out what it meant to herself. Somehow she felt that Carlotta was right—that primitive justice was on her side. Or if not justice exactly, then the instinct of race preservation which is a greater law to women than any enforced by human tribunals.

"If you stay free," she asked idly while she was thinking it out, "what will you do with your baby?"

"What does any woman do with her baby? I'll love him and love him and care for him until he grows up, and then I'll vote for him for President."

ANNE, as she made her way to the street, was wrestling with the world-old problem as to what to do when the laws of man and the laws of nature enter into conflict.

"Can I help?" offered Collins as they stood together in the shabby street.

Anne shook her head. "I'm afraid not. You have been more than kind already and I'm afraid that what you have done to help me will get you into a lot of trouble with the police. You know who I am, don't you?"

"Yes, Miss Harkness."

"And yet you still offer to help?"

"Yes. Circumstantial evidence is not always infallible and once or twice in his life every man is entitled to stake everything on a hunch. Besides, I've been around a good deal since I've been in this world and I've learned that there are some people in it, not many but a few, who are simply constitutionally incapable of committing murder. I could see you with blood on your hands and still know that you were not guilty."

He stopped and Anne touched his sleeve in a mute gesture of appreciation.

"Thanks."

"O. K. Now what?"

"If you want to place me even further in your debt, leave me right here, without even asking me where I'm going or what I intend to do."

Collins considered. "I will if you will assure me that what you are about to do will not bring you to any harm."

Anne smiled. "I am not the type that commits suicide, either. You should have guessed that, too."

"That's what I wanted to know. Thanks, and good-by."

Anne was not nearly so surprised at Collins' altruistic behavior as he was himself. He went away without looking back, hoping fervently with all his heart that he would never see her again. Ordinarily he was a tough egg and gloried in it. Now he wished to hell that he was a little boy and could cry.

Anne walked to Broadway and took a taxi.

"Pennsylvania Station," she instructed.

At the station she presented the long ticket that she had found in Marqua Bernaberry's purse.

The man at the train gate turned it over and examined the date.

"This ticket is void," he declared. "Where did you get it?"

"Am I obliged to tell that? It is in my possession quite legitimately."

"No, you don't have to tell if you buy another ticket."

Anne glanced at the clock. "Have I time?"

"You have if you hurry."

"I mustn't miss this train," she cried.

"Then pay a cash fare on board. Go through to the observation car and tell the porter I sent you."

Chapter Nineteen

TOWARD two or three in the morning, when it became fairly apparent that Anne had slipped through the police net and would be at liberty for at least a few hours longer, Peter went back to his apartment.

But not to sleep. Only to confront the impossible proposition that the woman he loved was also the woman who had shot his brother and whom he had sworn to kill.

Roger, whom Peter had bailed out of the clutches of the police, who were not any too pleased at his traffic maneuvers, went home with Peter. But he was not much comfort and Peter sent him to bed.

He, Peter, had to stand before the public saying, "I want this woman's life as payment for the life of my brother."

He tried to close his ears against that phrase. "I want this woman's life." He tried to shut out from his eyes the picture of Anne paying the penalty—the black cap, the chair—

He could not want that! Up and down he walked. What did he want?

Peter knew, but what was the use of stating it? What he wanted was that Anne should be back, right there in that very home—that she should be just what she seemed, the finest, loveliest woman he knew—that the tragedy of guilt should never have happened to her. . . . .

Anne had been on her way about two hours when the New York police located her.

The incident of the canceled ticket at the train gate had fixed itself in the memory of the guard on duty as well as on that of a porter who had been going through with baggage at the time.

"Where's that train now?" Lavin asked irritably. He had been up all night and the case had not, so far, been any particular feather in his cap.

"Somewhere in Pennsylvania, I think," returned the detective who had brought in the

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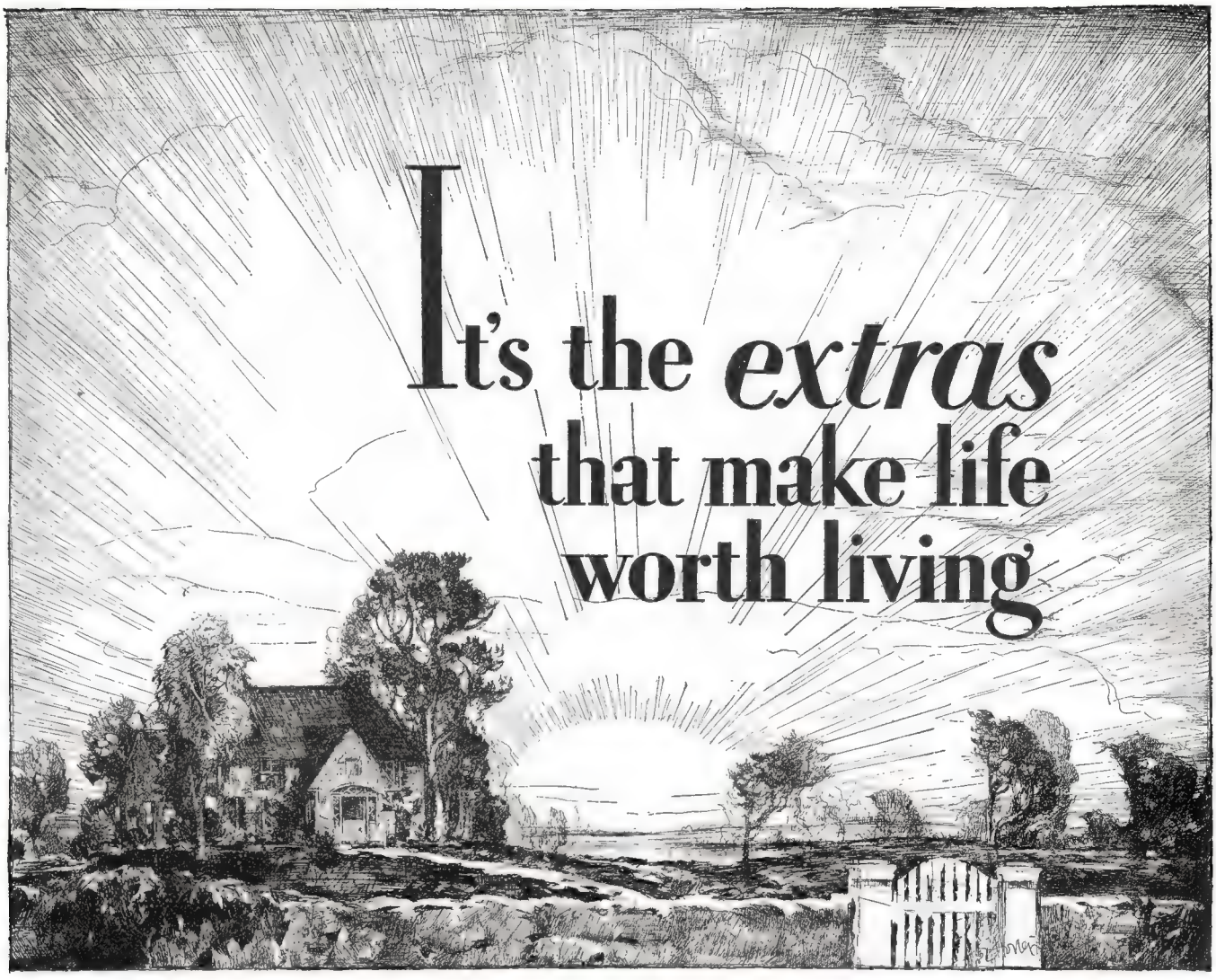

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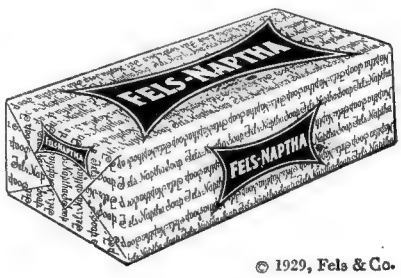

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information. "Shall we telegraph the police at Pittsburgh to pick her up?"

"I suppose so."

The detective started to leave.

"Wait a minute," ordered Lavin. "We'll have to monkey around with extradition if we do that."

"That's not much trouble."

"But I've got a special reason—a personal one—for wanting to make this arrest myself."

"I don't see—"

"No, but I do. Send in a steno if there's one on duty anywhere and turn in a call for a messenger-boy as you go out."

Inspector Lavin grinned as he dictated a telegram which he ordered sent in duplicate to Mrs. Peter Bernaberry, to Miss Anne Harkness and to Any Passenger Bound for Fort Auburn, Colorado. He addressed it in care of the Pullman conductor of Anne's train, knowing that he would see that it was delivered.

"Unless," he murmured confidently, "I have entirely missed my guess as to the way women act, especially this one, I'll bet she'll be here before night—earlier, if she can hire an airplane."

WHEN Peter got home that afternoon, he found Inspector Lavin waiting for him. Watkins reported, also, that there had been a dozen or so telephone-calls all from the same person, a lady.

"I think I know who it is." Peter dismissed that as of minor importance and turned to the Inspector. "Got anything new, or did you just drop in for afternoon tea? Watkins, some tea for the Inspector. He likes cracked ice and ginger-ale in it."

When Watkins had left the room Peter regarded Inspector Lavin inquiringly and repeated the gist of his question:

"How come?"

"I haven't anything new," the latter replied, "but I wanted to arrest Anne Harkness myself and do it before you had a chance to take any personal vengeance."

"Arrest Anne?" Peter repeated. "Have you got track of her? Do you know where she is?"

"No, but I have a pretty fair idea where she will be before the afternoon is over."

"You have? Where?"

"Here."

"Here?"

"Yeah. Right in this room. I brought along two pair of handcuffs. One of 'em is for you right now unless you promise to be good and let me handle this affair my own way."

"If you mean I'm not to hurt her, I'll promise that. But what makes you think she would possibly come here?"

"They always come back to the scene of the crime."

"But no crime has been committed here!"

Lavin grunted. "The corpse scarcely ever knows what has happened."

Watkins had come back without the beverages.

"That young Mr. Mackilvaine wishes to see you, sir, but I made him wait outside until I found out what your sentiments were toward him, today."

"Well," decided Peter, "I'm not sentimental over him at all. Do you want to see him, Lavin?"

"Yes—in hell."

"Send him in," Peter ordered.

ROGER entered almost immediately but stopped at the door with a very fair imitation of a motion-picture "start of surprise."

"My God, Malcolm," he addressed an imaginary companion, "we're trapped! How many cartridges have you left?"

"Come in," invited Peter. "We were just speaking of you."

"I know. I can smell some of the words that haven't gone out yet. But be merciful, Inspector; I'll pay for your car just as soon as I can sell ten more subscriptions."

"I've paid for the car," Peter assured him dryly.

"Yes," Inspector Lavin concurred, "all you have to go to jail for is assisting in the escape of a prisoner."

"That's different. But in a more serious vein, Peter, I have some bad news for you."

Peter abandoned his newly accepted belief in the impossible for a moment and gave way to unmanly panic. "About Anne? She's been hurt or—"

"No. Not Anne. My sister."

"Oh. Thank heaven it isn't Anne."

"But it is Anne!"

IT was.

She stood in the doorway looking uncomprehendingly from one man to the other.

Inspector Lavin spoke first. But he had been expecting her and knew what he was going to say.

"I arrest you, Anne Harkness, in the name of the law." He produced a pair of handcuffs. "I can't take any chances this time."

Anne's eyes were on Peter. However, she held out her hands. Lavin locked one link of the steel bracelets to her right wrist, the other to his own left.

"Why did you come back?" Peter demanded accusingly.

"I got the telegram—"

"What telegram?"

"The one that Watkins sent about your illness. I thought that you had told him to do it and—"

"But I haven't been ill."

"I sent the telegram," explained Lavin. "I stretched the facts a little and said that you weren't expected to live. But I had to do that to make sure."

"Make sure? I don't understand." Peter really didn't comprehend, though Anne did. "Make sure of what?"

"That she would come back."

"I don't see—"

"It worked, didn't it?"

"Yes. She's here—but I don't see why."

"You're dumb, then. Women are just the same whether they're madonnas or murderesses. They'll risk anything if they think their man needs 'em."

"I'm not Anne's man."

"The hell you aint! Look at her."

Peter looked at her. He was.

"Take off those handcuffs," he ordered.

"Easy now!"

"Take 'em off! You know that girl isn't a murderess."

"The fingerprints and—"

"Damn the fingerprints!" Peter advanced threateningly.

"You can't." Lavin was quieter but his voice was definitely final. "She'll have to stand trial. I like her myself, but that doesn't make any difference. This is the law."

The Inspector started away, but Anne stood still. To Peter she said: "I'm glad you're all right."

And Peter smiled back at her.

"I'm glad everything is all right."

Anne's eyes lighted. "Then you know."

"Positively. It gets righter every minute. I don't know how or why—but I don't have to."

WATKINS blocked the door through which the Inspector had intended to go.

"It's that woman, sir. Shall I keep her out?"

"No."

The woman herself answered. But she was smiling.

"Hello, Mr. Bernaberry."

"Private detective!" snorted Inspector Lavin. "Where do you horn in on this case?"

Alice Graham looked at his case—the one handcuffed to him.

"I'm not connected with your case, Inspector. Besides, you wont have any case when you read my dictagraph report of the conversation between Miss Anne Harkness and Miss Carlotta Pascoe that took place last night."

"My conversation?" Anne was bewildered.

"Yes. Mr. Bernaberry hired me to keep track of Carlotta—so in order to do that I got acquainted and lived with her. I've had a dictagraph in her room all the time. But nothing ever came over it until last night when you went into secret session with her. Here's the verbatim report."

She started to hand it to Peter but Lavin took it.

He read it through. There seemed nothing else for the others to do but wait until he had finished.

When Lavin had turned the last page he unlocked the handcuffs.

"Sorry," he apologized. "I'll have Carlotta wearing these before morning."

"Maybe."

He looked at Alice Graham, startled. "Maybe? Don't you know where she is?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. She beat it during the night. I'll bet none of us even sets eyes on her until after young Mr. Bernaberry is born."

PETER, not having read the dictagraph report, did not know exactly what was meant but he guessed nearly enough. He was reading more important headlines in Anne's face.

"Damn!" observed Lavin glumly. "I suppose I've got to start all over again. I haven't accomplished a thing!"

"Don't say that, Inspector. Look at what you've done."

Alice Graham pointed at Anne and Peter.

"Come with me," she invited.

She dragged Inspector Lavin out.

But Roger remained.

Finally Peter noticed that he was still there.

"Pardon me," Peter apologized. "I'd forgotten. You had some bad news to tell me."

"Yeah," Roger returned glumly. "But I'm afraid it wont be such bad news as I hoped. Marx is going to sue you for divorce. I just had a talk with her this afternoon."

Roger turned to Anne. "I suppose there isn't any use in asking you if you wouldn't prefer to be the wife of a penniless adventurer instead of what you are."

Anne shook her head. "No—no matter what I am."

"Just as I thought. Well, good-by. I'll let you know as soon as Marx gets her decree. That is, if I live."

Roger went away.

EVERYBODY had gone.

Anne still stood with her hat on while Peter devoured her with his eyes, realizing that a sort of miracle had happened, that the most absurd of his wishes had been granted: Anne was back—she was cleared of the charge of murdering his brother—he was free to tell her what she already knew.

He sighed. "Until we are really married I suppose we had better live somewhere else—apart."

Anne looked around. It was a nice place. They had found a curious happiness there together. It pained her to think of leaving.

"Must we?"

"It would be the conventional thing to do."

Anne laughed. No music like it among the spheres!

"Aren't we late in starting to be conventional? How would it be if I lived up there,"—she pointed to the second story,—"and you lived down here?"

"My dear!" said Peter. "But aren't you afraid we'd spend all of our time on the stairs?"

"Let's."

THE END

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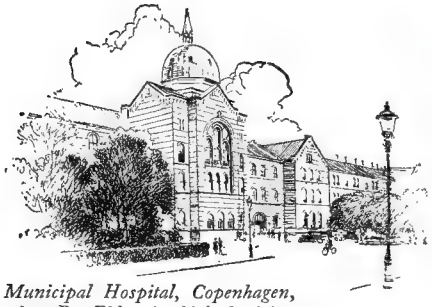
Dr. Edvard Ehlers

says "I invariably prescribe yeast"



Municipal Hospital, Copenhagen, where Dr. Ehlers is chief physician of the dermatological department

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Dr. Ehlers

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Chester

Mild *enough for anybody*

What a cigarette meant there

20 degrees below, and no tobacco, through lonely weeks of glittering silence. Then a speck on the hard, bright horizon; another musher, outward-bound . . . and *cigarettes!* What price cold or Arctic hardship then!

What a cigarette means *here*

220 degrees above, as endless belts carry the choice tobacco for Chesterfield inch by inch through the great steel ovens.

Here, in penetrating heat, science corrects and perfects the curing commenced in the farmer's barn. Dried, then cooled, then steamed to exact and uniform heat and moisture, the tobacco is ready for the final mellowing—two long years ageing in wood—that only Nature can give.

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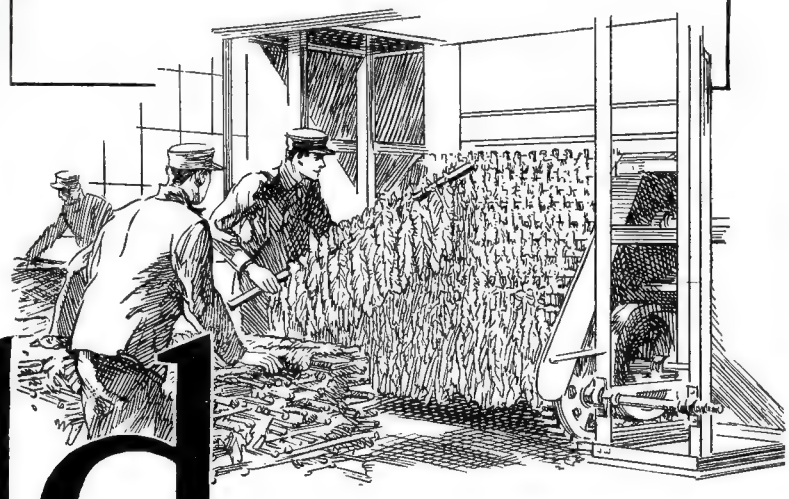

Through long steam-heated ovens, new tobacco passes in slow endless procession for drying and "conditioning."

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And the best of brakes are helpless—on ice—or snow—for *wet rubber* slips.

You need the steel friction of WEED Chains between your tires and treacherous roads.

Any garage or filling station attendant will be glad to put on your WEED Chains. WEED Chains add the *traction* so necessary to safety.

Buy a set of WEED Chains today. Keep them in your car, ready for use when roads are slippery and driving is dangerous.

You can purchase WEED Tire Chains at any service station or garage. Be sure to ask for genuine WEED Chains—they have *red* connecting hooks.

WEED *Steel*
CHAINS *Grip*

SHEBA

(Continued from page 37)

Sheba went upstairs to her room. The apartment was quiet. Everyone was in bed. She undressed with an absent-looking smile on her face. She turned out her light and got into bed without having noticed that her sister had pushed Jack's picture behind a cologne-bottle.

But she told Jack all about Nicky. It seemed the only decent thing to do.

"What's his name again?" Jack asked.

"Nicky Solomon."

"A dark fellow, quite good-looking?"

"Yes—do you know him?"

"No, I don't know him, Sheba. I was just wanting to make sure so if I see you with a light fellow, I'll know there's another guy in the field."

"No kidding, Jack, do you know him? You asked that awfully funny."

"Oh, everything is funny to you. I don't suppose you'd want to marry me tomorrow, would you?"

"I wouldn't mind if you'd let me keep my date with Nicky tomorrow night."

"Swell chance. Say, Sheba, let me ask you something? You wouldn't do anything foolish, would you?"

"Well, I haven't married you, have I?"

"Serious now, baby, you wouldn't do anything rash, would you, like run away with this bird or anything like that?"

"Oh, be yourself."

"On second thought I guess the guy wouldn't do anything rash like run away with you."

Jack was being himself again, so they went up to Waltzland and tore off an hour's worth of dancing.

IT was only what might have been expected when Sheba fell head over very high heels in love with Nicky Solomon. He had dash and snap. He'd been other places besides New York. He thought of nice things to say to a girl, and he knew a lot. He gave a girl the feeling that she was out with somebody when she was out with him. He could boss waiters and ushers. He was somebody of importance. Sheba admired his gold cigarette-case, and quite casually he gave it to her. A fellow like Nicky made Sheba think that marriage could be something beside a Fordham apartment and raising kids. He'd never be content with doing what everybody else did. He was never one of the herd. He was the kind of a fellow you see in the movies, Sheba mused; he could rescue a girl, bring down an enemy ace or blackmail the pale but beautiful heroine. He had go to him. There was something about him that was different.

Nicky wasn't as easy to handle as Jack had always been. But that was part of the dominating, spirited Nicky. Often Sheba was brought to restaurants like the one they had visited on the first night of their acquaintance. She hated those small, smoky places, but she had an uncomfortable conviction that if she didn't go, Nicky would go without her. He hated moving pictures, so they were out from the start. He liked vaudeville only slightly better, so they only went to the theater once. He danced beautifully, but best of all he liked just to drive through the starry winter nights with Sheba beside him.

The little matter of love was another thing which Nicky and Sheba disagreed upon. Nicky said that if Sheba really loved him, she would not take so many different things into consideration, and Sheba maintained that if Nicky really loved her, he would consider all those things for her. . . . . Deadlock.

Another little matter which annoyed Sheba was Nicky's secretive ways. He always evaded direct questions. She didn't know where he lived, because when she asked he would say: "Well, last night I stayed at my cousin's house," or "I just gave up that hotel this morning, darling. I'll have to find another one tonight."

"You don't need to be afraid to tell me," Sheba would blaze. "I'm not going to pop in on you. Don't worry."

NICKY would laugh. It was a nuisance not to know where to get him on the phone or what he did during the hours when she wasn't with him. Now, Jack she'd always known all about. But then there hadn't been anything interesting to know about Jack.

She saw him one night when she went to get a refill for her compact. He was still the same old ordinary kind of fellow. It gave her a thrill to think that she was about to meet Nicky and hadn't the remotest notion where he would take her. With Jack there'd always been Waltzland, the movies or the park. Gee, how had she stood the monotony?

"Hello, Sheba, how're tricks?"

"Can't complain. How's everything with you?"

"Rotten."

"Why, what's the matter?" she inquired politely.

Jack smiled. "Oh, nothing important," he said. "In fact, less than that. What do you use? Rachel powder?"

"Yeah. Make it snappy, will you?"

"Got a date?"

"Yep."

"How's he treating you?"

"Fine."

Jack was leaning over rummaging in the plate-glass case where the powders and creams were kept. He turned his face toward Sheba and asked as he continued to search the case: "Does he treat you like he's crazy about you?"

"Sure thing."

"Well, then everything's all right, I guess. There's your powder. Fifty cents, kiddo."

Sheba paid him and went out. Now she would go to her corner and wait for Nicky. He was always late. It struck her funny when she remembered how she used to bawl Jack out if he was not waiting for her when she arrived. She always had to wait for Nicky.

"I'm sorry," he would say when they met, "but somehow I can never get to a place on time."

She always meant to threaten him, but somehow she never got around to it. He always looked so darn' nice and so full of high spirits. But tonight she decided to tell him a thing or two. After all, who the devil did he think he was?

Nicky came upon the scene fifteen minutes late. He looked very nice indeed. A neatly striped tie was knotted with scientific perfection, and his well-fitting black coat was as always perfectly speckless.

"I'm sorry—" he began.

"So am I! It's too damn' bad that you can't get to meet me once on time!"

"Wait a minute, Sheba. Say, you aren't talking to the drug-clerk now." He threw his gear-shift back into first. "Are you going to talk different, or am I going to leave you standing there?"

"Well, Nicky, no fooling, don't you think you might be here once on time?"

"I apologized, didn't I? I tried to get here; but say, don't you ever talk to me like that again."

SO they rode up through Westchester and had their usual argument about each not loving the other.

"Well, how about marrying me?" Nicky asked. He apparently had never thought of that before.

"Oh, *how I hate to get up in the morning*"

ANY morning that you do, it's pretty nearly an infallible sign that a glass of Sal Hepatica will do you a world of good!

As soon as your toes touch the floor, make straight to the bathroom and mix yourself this sparkling drink—1 glass of clear, cold water, 1 teaspoonful Sal Hepatica.

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"That's different. I could do that, I suppose."

"Don't do it if it hurts," he said. "Gee, I thought you'd be delighted."

"Say, big boy, I'm crazy about you, but don't be that way. I'm not disgusting-looking and I'm good-natured. I'd be a good buy for the two fish you have to pay for a license."

"Well, answer yes or no: Will you marry me?"

"It's like this, Nicky. My father don't know you, and he likes Jack Daugherty. I'll have to have time to prepare him for the shock. Will you come meet the old man?"

"What for? Say, Sheba, he don't have to approve of me. He's not marrying me."

"Don't be mean, Nicky."

"Well, don't be foolish."

"But I like the old man, Nicky; I don't like to upset him."

"Tell him about me, and say you're going to marry me. That's all you have to do. You'll have plenty of time to ease it to him. I can't marry you for another couple of days yet."

"Why not?"

"Well, tomorrow's the thirteenth. I wouldn't marry anybody on a thirteenth. The next day is Friday, and Friday is almost as unlucky as a thirteenth. Saturday I'll be busy, and City Hall is closed on Sunday. Make it Monday. That will give you time to prepare your old man for everything. You'll be leaving town Monday, too. Tell him that."

"Leaving town? What for?"

"Honeymoon, of course. We'll hop in the old puddle-jumper and tour west. What do you say?"

"O.K."

SO that was settled. She was going to marry Nicky. Their life together would begin with an adventurous honeymoon. With Jack it wouldn't have been an extensive motor-trip suggested casually. It would have been a week at Niagara Falls managed after much arranging and saving. No use talking, Nicky was the works.

It was easy to give Miss Mill notice that she wouldn't be back to the office after Saturday. It was easy to tell her sister that she wanted a new dress ready by Monday morning, but it was tough to tell the old man.

He was a nice fellow. It made Sheba a little sick to serve notice on him all in a lump that she was going away for an indefinite stay with a man he didn't know.

"Why, daughter, I'm surprised," he said. "Gosh, I thought you and the Daugherty boy were all set. He's a good fellow. Are you sure you've chosen one as good?"

"Oh, Jack isn't in it with Nicky, Papa. Nicky's a peach."

Sheba's father shook his head. "I hope so, honey," he said. "But, honest, I wish I'd had a chance to look him over. I suppose you know best, though. You're the one that has to love him."

William Dudley Pelley

The gifted author of "Gunfight," "The Appropriate Word" and many another well-remembered story is at his best in a moving story of a New England small town which will be published in an early issue under the title—

"The Woman Who Waited"

Sheba turned her eyes away from her father's face. She didn't like the bright gleam in the old fellow's eyes. She had a funny, embarrassed feeling that there was an unusual wet brightness in her own eyes. Gee, the old fellow was still the same person who years ago had given up a good office job and had taken piece-work to do at home, just to be near his two motherless kids. He could have shoved them into a day-nursery, but he had never wanted to trust them to strangers. It must hurt him now—

"You'll see, Pa, you'll like Nicky. Don't worry that he aint all right. He's fine, honest. Just remember, Pa, there was a time when you'd never met Jack Daugherty. See?"

"Yes, I suppose I'm a fool. Well, see if your Nicky wont come and have dinner with us Sunday night."

Nicky wouldn't. He explained that he had ordered a very special dinner to be prepared in his favorite Italian restaurant.

"And," he added, "I'll always have time to meet your old man when we come back to town."

Sheba was disappointed. Not because she was anxious to have Nicky in the heart of her family, but she thought it would make her father more contented if he could see what a really nice fellow Nicky was. Then too, a special dinner in one of Nicky's pet restaurants was no picnic for Sheba. She was suspicious of foreign cooking. She liked to know what she was eating.

But after all, it was no special dinner. She saw at once that Nicky had lied to her. The proprietor of the little smoky restaurant had not especially expected Nicky, and they ordered as usual from the smeary menu cards. Sheba did not upbraid Nicky for the deception. There was never any use in upbraiding Nicky. He would just fix Sheba with a cold stare and admit his guilt, then inquire: "Do you want to make a fight out of it?"

And of course she never did.

After dinner they went downtown. There was a cigar-store, one of a chain of cigar-stores, on Columbus Circle, that had been robbed the preceding night. The clerk had been killed, and some four hundred dollars in cash stolen. Nicky wanted to go take a look at the plundered store.

"Gee, you think of pleasant ways to spend a Sunday evening," Sheba said.

"We'll only be there a few minutes," Nicky promised. "And then you know what we'll do? We'll go to one of the picture palaces on Broadway. How about it?"

"All right."

THERE were other people grouped about the store staring curiously at the scene of the crime. A young blond man was dispensing cigars and cigarettes swiftly and silently. His manner did not encourage questions or comments.

"Huh," said Nicky. "He needn't look so superior. He'd've been a stiff today if he'd been on this job last night."

Sheba shuddered. "Don't be so tough about it, Nicky. Maybe that poor other guy had a wife or a sweetie who was crazy about him."

A man on the curb turned at Sheba's words and looked at Nicky. He came toward them.

"Hello, Nick," he said. He had a genial Irish face, and a tall, strong-looking frame.

"Oh, hello, Flynn." There was a cheerfulness in Nicky's tone that Sheba had never heard before. This must be a very dear friend of Nicky's! But she was not introduced to him.

"I didn't know you were in town, Nick."

"Sure. I've been here for quite a while."

"What are you doing?"

"Listen, Flynn: I'm not doing or haven't done anything that would interest you."

Flynn laughed. "Seen Muller?" he asked.

"No, but I understand that he lives in this neighborhood over toward Ninth." Nicky smiled. "I doubt if he'd be in to callers this evening, though. You'll have to pardon us, Flynn; we're on our way to the movies."

Sheba and Nicky strolled toward Broadway. Sheba looked back once and saw Flynn staring after them.

"He seems a nice fellow," said Sheba.

"Yeh, all right but dumb. In all my dealing with him I've always found him thick."

They saw a picture which Sheba selected. Nicky fell asleep in the theater, and Sheba had to awaken him.

"Come on, big boy; time to take Mamma home."

Nicky was not in his best humor. He was silent all the way uptown and answered Sheba irritably when she spoke to him.

"What time will I meet you tomorrow?" she asked.

"Tomorrow?"

"Sure. Aren't we going to the City Hall tomorrow?"

"Oh, yeah. All right, meet me on the same old corner at noon. We'll go to the Bronx City Hall and light right out for the big motor-trip, eh?"

"Sure thing. Now listen, Nicky, be on time for our wedding, will you?"

"I'll try."

AT noon Monday, Sheba was on the corner waiting for Nicky. She was all in gray and fully conscious of the pretty picture she made. Her sister had added a cape to the dress, and it hung in pretty folds over Sheba's small figure. She set her suitcase down and looked at the jeweler's clock across the street. Just noon. Well, he would be here any minute now. Certainly today he would not keep her waiting.

Five minutes after twelve. Sheba's little gray suède foot began to tap the sidewalk impatiently. Oh, well, five minutes wasn't much. Surely he'd be along soon.

Ten minutes after twelve. She was aware that she looked a little ridiculous standing there all dressed up with her suitcase beside her. She thought of a song her father often sang. It was called "Waiting at the Church." What did Nicky mean by making her look ridiculous to that grinning idiot of a high-school girl who had just passed?

Twenty minutes after twelve. This was too much. Shouldn't he be anxious to come claim his bride? Holy smoke, it was a good thing her father worked downtown and there was no danger of him seeing her. He would just yank her off the corner. Who did Nicky think he was, that a girl would be contented to wait endlessly in the hope that he would finally come? Sheba stamped her foot on the pavement. She'd be damned if she'd let him think he could take her at his convenience!

Half-past twelve. She was only waiting now to tell him what she thought of him. Any man who would keep a girl waiting to marry him was too damn' conceited for anybody to want to live with.

Twenty minutes to one. Far down the street she could see his car approaching. He wasn't rushing. Just taking his time. Oh, was that so? Taking his time, eh? Well, she'd tell him something.

A voice spoke in her ear. Jack Daugherty.

"Hello, Sheba."

"Hello, Jack. What are you doing around at this hour?"

"I got the day off. I didn't feel like working. Kind of sick."

"What's the matter?" Sheba asked. Her eyes were on the blue car that had been held up by a change of traffic-lights.

"Oh, just sick, Sheba." He looked at her suitcase. "I thought maybe you'd come in last night and say good-by to me, seeing that

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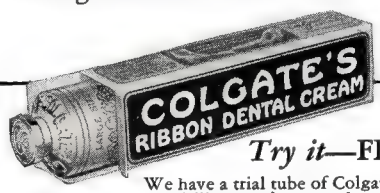

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you was going away for a long time. Your father said you might be gone for months."

"I was busy last night, Jack. We went down to take a look at that cigar-store where the fellow was killed."

"Oh." Jack looked at her searchingly and bit his lip. "Nicky wanted to see it, huh?"

"Yeh, I guess men like to look at those things."

Nicky was here now. His car pulled up at the curb beside Jack and Sheba. Nicky ignored Jack.

"Hop in," he said to Sheba curtly.

"Hop in, your eyebrow," said Sheba, hotly. "You're not such a big shot that a girl is going to stand for an hour waiting for you."

Nicky smiled. "Come on, baby; we'll fight it out along the road."

"Not on your tintype, dodo. I'm mad."

"You couldn't be mad at me." His expression was self-satisfied, confident.

"Is that so? Well, what do you think of this? I've just promised Mr. Daugherty to marry him right now."

"The hell you have!" Nicky made as if to get out of the car, then changed his mind. "That's what I get for fooling with second-raters," he said; then his car was gone.

"You're going to marry me, Sheba?" Jack asked.

"Didn't you hear me say so?"

"Well, I thought that was just bluff."

"I wouldn't use you for a convenience. Call a cab."

And so Jack Daugherty, trembling at the thought of his good fortune, was married to Sheba, who stood beside him thinking of dashing Nicky, who would not have tied her down to a Fordham apartment and kids. There hadn't been anything commonplace about Nicky. But Jack was dependable. There was something in that. . . . .

"I do," she said.

A STORY should end with the lovers being bound in holy wedlock, but there is a little more to this one.

Sheba and Jack took a walk on the Wednesday after their marriage. Only two days of wedded bliss, so they were still privileged to take up a bench in Devoe Park. They stopped at Blind Sam's news-stand for Sheba's favorite tabloid. She scanned it carelessly standing there. Suddenly she gave a little scream.

"Oh, Jack! *Nicky!"*

He took the paper from her deliberately. There was no surprise on his face.

"He killed that cigar-store clerk, Jack. Good God, and then I went there with him! Look, the police ran him down last night in a shack up-State. Gee, Jack, isn't it awful? He held them off, but finally they got him. They killed him. God!"

"No, Sheba," Jack said gently, "they didn't kill him. Nicky shot himself. See, it says here."

A look of tenderness spread over Sheba's face. She closed her eyes, and two hot tears glimmered between her lashes.

"That was like him," she said. "He wouldn't let the police take him alive. Always he was different from other people. Big, and not afraid, just like a movie hero, Jack."

Jack said nothing.

"Who'd have thought that Nicky was a gun-man? He was so nice."

"A lot of people thought it, Sheba."

"Did you?"

"I knew it."

"You knew it! How did you know it?"

"A fellow who knew Nicky in Chicago told me. Nicky had done time in the West, kid. He was a bad egg."

Sheba stared.

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me run around with him?"

Jack fumbled in his pocket for a cigarette and lit it slowly.

"Well, you see, baby," he said, "I was helpless to influence you; so I had to figure there's Somebody running this world. I don't know whether it's a guy with a beard or a fairy in a nice silk dress, but there's Somebody running it. Whoever is running it made you and Nicky meet. So I figured there must be a reason for you meeting him. The only reason I could figure was that the big Boss of the world wanted Nicky to know somebody sweet and clean like you. Maybe, I says to myself, he was meant to meet Sheba and fall in love with her and go straight on her account. You see, I figured you was to be his break in life, and gee, Sheba, if what we call God wanted Nicky to have a reason for going straight, who is an insignificant mutt like me to spoil the poor little wop's chances? That's what made me helpless, I figured. His going straight counted more in the world than me losing my girl."

"Oh, Jack!"

And as Blind Sam later reported to his son: "The expression on her face was wonderful. Just like the girls in the movies look at the hero when he's just done something big."

SCOTCH AND WATER

(Continued from page 39)

"Coptain, sorrh," he said tensely, "there's a 'Un h'officer from the *Hummelberger* 'as boarded us, and says as 'ow 'e'd loike to speak with the Coptain, sorrh."

"Speak to me, Hughes? And how often must I tell you not to call Dutchmen *'Huns'?* I wonder what he wants to speak to me about? Well, Mr. Montgomery, that means I've got to get all dressed and sweated to talk to this brass-bound— Oh, wont that piping *ever* stop?"

FIVE minutes later Captain Ball stepped on deck. At the companion-head stood a spruce white-uniformed officer who clicked his pipe-clayed heels, saluted and bowed from the waist. He looked cool, which was irritating. He was German, which was more irritating still. "Goot evening, Keptain," he said with a bright smile which was most irritating of all. "My name iss Schneider, Keptain—I am second officer of the Welt-gruise ship *Hummelberger.* It iss a lovely evening, iss it not?"

"No," said Captain Ball, one of whose principles was never to agree with Germans.

"But the moonlight, Keptain," persisted the German, undismayed. "Surely the moonlight iss jarming?"

Captain Ball favored the moon with a sour glance, and then, in the tone of one who has recently smitten his thumb with a hammer, said: "Oh, charming—quite!"

"Quite?" repeated the visitor, hopefully pricking up his ears. *"Quite?* Yes, Keptain, the evening iss *quite* jarming, but not *quiet.* . . . . See, I make a joke, Keptain—*quite* but not *quiet*—har, har!"

"Er—what?" asked Captain Ball, frowning. "A joke? *'Quite but not quiet?'* Er, that is, I mean to say, are you laughing at *me,* sir?"

The German's smile became a bit discouraged at the corners, but he was a brave man.

"It iss only vat the French call a *bon mot,* sir," he explained. "Vat I mean iss, that the evening iss quite jarming, but it iss not *quiet.* It iss not quiet because of the musics which come from this ship. Our passengers are gomplaining that they cannot schleep. Also, these bright lights have attracted a million bugs and moths and even two wompire bats which fly around in the ballroom. And so Keptain von Meissner has sent me to ask you, sir, for your kind goöperation—"

"Now, just a minute, sir!" interrupted Captain Ball. "Just let me get this thing straight. First of all, I observed—and I think politely —that this evening was 'quite charming.' Whereupon you, sir, twisted the very words in my mouth, and—"

"—But Keptain, please! It was only a play on words, a—"

Captain Ball squared his shoulders and advanced truculently. Bos'n Hughes, one pace to the rear, also cleared for action.

"Sir," bellowed Ball, "I resent having the English language made a fool of. I resent having Captain von-Whatever-the-hell-his-name-is send you with an impertinence of this kind! Get off my ship, before I lose my temper! And if you and your captain and your passengers don't like the sound of this greatest music of the Northern civilizations, let them go below and play the 'Wacht am Rhein' on their ha'penny tin whistles!"

The visitor opened his mouth once or twice, but no sound emerged. He stiffened, saluted, bowed, and departed briskly down the companion, the Captain's scowl burning wrinkles in his back like a red-hot waffle-iron.

Ball witnessed his departure with fists clenched, muttering to himself.

"Coptain, sorrh, beggin' pardon," said Hughes, who had itched to take an active part in the *rencontre,* "I've seen thot 'Un before, I 'ave! 'E was mate of a bloody submarine durin' the War. 'E sunk us, 'e did, in blizzardy February with the tempachoor below zebra, sorrh! The domned 'ound!"

"See here, Hughes," said the Captain severely, "that's no way to talk about our late enemies! Er—well, anyway, what could you do about it now?"

"Well, Coptain, sorrh, if I could 'ave your kind permission to stay ashore a night or two, I'd lay fer 'im on the dock, I would."

"Hughes," said Captain Ball thoughtfully, "it's possible that what you propose would be a great and Christian work. The only trouble is that his ship is sailing in two hours. It's hard luck—but well, good night, Hughes!"

As the Captain stepped into the deck-house, the sound of retreating German oars arose from the water. Hope overcame the bos'n's momentary dejection, and he sprang to the side and peered downward. Then, lithe as a cat, he scurried aft, across the well-deck, and in amongst the celebrants on the poop. And though his fingers closed on the fresh quart bottle which was instantly proffered, he did not trouble to pull the cork. Instead, the bottle gripped in his capacious paw, he leaned over the taffrail, his eyes straining into the shadow.

AT this very moment the spirit of Terpsichore descended upon Mr. Glencannon's little party and entered the person of Mr. Colin MacBane, second engineer of the *Paxton Merchant.* Lurching to his feet and hiccuping his intention of treading a measure, he looked about the deck for a pair of clay-

"The Girl from God's Mercie"

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mores upon which to execute the ancient Caledonian sword-dance. It chanced that there were none; so Mr. MacBane folded up a chair, and within its difficult confines, spurred on by the throaty "Hoots!" of his audience and the frenzied shrilling of the pipes, he danced, tripped, sprawled and, undaunted, danced again.

To Mate Schneider, standing on the stern thwart of his gig, with the tiller between his legs, these cries, this increased sound, spelled derision. His four oarsmen, he knew, were laughing at him; and this was hateful. As the gig passed into the black shadow beneath the *Inchcliffe Castle's* stern, rage overcame him. He looked up toward the light, shook his fist, and cursed the Scottish swine with all the soulful if inadequate oaths of his Fatherland. And then—

An invisible Something hurtled down through the night, caught him neatly on the forehead, and he slithered overboard as limply as an old pair of dungarees.

His descent into the depths was attended by the phosphorescent phenomena peculiar to tropical waters, and which are so invaluable to aged and infirm sharks employed on the night shift. It happened that one of these—a twelve-foot specimen with a bullet-hole through his dorsal, and therefore familiar to the *estivadores* as El Herido—was pessimistically exploring the neighborhood with his appetite set on nothing more pretentious than potato-peelings. A German officer was as far beyond his hopes as caviar to those of a Russian beachcomber; and yet—here was a German in a white uniform descending before his very snout—sprawling, bubbling, shimmering in an aura of light. Descending, and then, very slowly, rising again. El Herido followed him up, smacking his chops and wondering whether to eat him whole or on the half-shell. In any case, it would be the daintiest snack since the day the seaplane crashed, off Playa del Rey.

Near the surface, El Herido made up his mind—he would chew this German into *filets*, which are really delicious. His perforated dorsal cleaving the water, he turned on his side, opened his mouth, and zipped toward his meal. Suddenly a terrific weight crashed down upon him; it knocked the breath out of him, jolted away his appetite, and severely damaged his courage. Half-stunned and wholly dismayed, he sought sanctuary beneath the *Inchcliffe Castle's* weed-grown bottom to take sulky stock of his aching anatomy.

He saw the man who had jumped upon him—a man clad only in noticeably ragged drawers—swimming downward with powerful strokes to the very bottom, and there apparently groping for something. Then he saw this strange visitor abandon his quest and start upward for air—in the course of the journey colliding with the German, who was going down for the last time. He of the drawers paused, registered surprise, seized the German and dragged him toward the surface. There were splashes as the sailors hauled the pair into the gig, and silvery haloes in the water as the oars propelled it back to the *Inchcliffe Castle's* companion.

Mr. Glencannon, wringing out his drawers, led the way up the ladder, leaving the Germans to manage with the limp Schneider. He was greeted with cheers from his guests, which he silenced with upraised hand.

"Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled!" he announced sadly. "My journey to the realms o' Nepchoon was a sorry failure. All I ha' brought back wi' me is a drowned Dutchman, who is even the noo bein' conveyed aboard us by a quartet o' his deepraved compatriots. So let us no' weep over the dear departed—let us broach a fresh bottle an' mak' murry while the Huns are admeenisterin' last rites."

The German sailors set about restoring life to their officer by frantic pumping of the arms and similarly strenuous devices of first aid. Soon Mate Schneider's eyelids fluttered, and he groaned.

"Gi' him a drink!" urged Mr. Glencannon, taking charge. "Here, Mr. Campbell, ha' the kindness to pass me that bottle after ye've quaffed your fill. . . . . Thank 'ee, Mr. Campbell. And noo, we'll see if this Gairman reesponds to gude Scottish liquor as a human being should!"

Prying open the Teutonic mouth, he poured into it approximately one pint. It was a hundred and fifty proof, and the results were stupendous. Mate Schneider coughed explosively, sprang to his feet, saluted, and shouted *"Achtung!"* Then he lurched against the rail, fingering a livid bruise above his left eye.

"Ye're a' richt noo!" Mr. Glencannon said soothingly. "Ye're fit as a fuddle, Meester Dutchman! Do ye sit doon in this chair and summon yer scrambled faculties."

Mate Schneider sat, and turning to his sailors, made thick and guttural inquiries in his native tongue. They replied with voluble enthusiasm and much respectful pointing toward Mr. Glencannon.

"Sir," said the German, rising unsteadily and seizing his savior's hand, "I am your efferlasting debtor! My men haf described your bravery in fighting the shark and saving my life. I cannot begin to tell you—"

"Shark?" echoed Mr. Glencannon, lowering his bottle in astonishment. "What shark? Why, the poor mon is daft!"

"*Vat* shark? Ah, sir, you haf a sublime modesty! I shall neffer forget vat you did, sir, I shall neffer forget it!"

"Have a drink," invited Mr. Glencannon. "T'wull be gude for your apoplexy."

"Aboblexy? Ach, you are right, sir—I must have had aboblexy! I stand in my boat and suddenly—*puf!*—I know nothing! It must be aboblexy, from the high air-bressure in the submarines during the war."

"Beyont a doot!" Mr. Glencannon humored him. "But befeer you leave us to go aboord yon floating palace, let's a' ha' a drink toguther. *'Just a wee doch an' doris,'* as the great poet Burns ha' phrased it. An' by the way, Mr. What's-yer-name, that's a song we've got to teach ye! Come on—sing!

Just a wee doch an' doris,
Just a wee drap, that's a'.
Just a wee doch an' doris,
Befeer we gang awa'—

"Come, join in, gentlemen, an' let us leern our new-found friend that most brouching tallad—er, that most *touching ballad*—o' gude fellowship! Mr. MacTavish, if you please, when ye've frinished with that crork-shrcrew, we'll sing."

Mate Schneider—his cargo of harbor water now well diluted with alcohol—found his voice and raised it high in song.

"Ach," he said, after the fifteenth chorus. "Such hosbitality! I drink to you again, brave Scottishers! *Hoch! Gesundheit!* But *Gott*, vat a potency has this liquor!"

"Have another, fer yer apoplexy!" invited Mr. Glencannon, passing one arm around a stay for better support. "An' noo let's sing it once again."

The hoot of a siren burst upon them with mighty surging sound. It was the *Hummelberger*, and as they turned toward her, their song drowned in their throats, they saw a plume of steam curling from her anchor winch. Beyond, to the east, the red sun was rising over the *fincas*. This, then, was the parting. Ah, grief!

Mate Schneider's emotions quite overcame him, and mercifully, consciousness fled.

Tenderly, tearfully, the Scotsmen carried him down the ladder and laid him in his boat. Only the respectful firmness of the sailors prevented them from embarking as a guard of honor and completely swamping the craft.

"Gentlemen!" sobbed Mr. Glencannon, his misty eyes following the departing gig. "Let us drink to a prince o' gude fellows!"

Even as they tilted their bottles in his honor, Mate Schneider lurched to his feet, and waved his hand in fond farewell. Then another fit of apoplexy seized him, and he collapsed into his boat.

THE *Inchcliffe Castle*, Liverpool to Odessa, swung at anchor off Piræus, in Greece. She was rustier than ever—more woebegone than any vessel seen in those classic waters since the lusty days of Ulysses.

Mr. Glencannon, beneath the awning, was deep in an ancient copy of the *Presbyterian Churchman*. A boat came off from shore with the mail, and the engineer was handed a neat and impressive packet.

Now, in all his twenty years at sea, this was the first time Mr. Glencannon had received anything in the post, but he accepted the packet with a casual air, took a swig out of the bottle which stood beneath his chair, and carefully considered the address. Yes, it was for him, without a doubt. *"Herr Neil Glencannon, S.S. Inchcliffe Castle, care of H. B. M. Consul, Piræus, Greece."* The stamps were German, and the postmark that of Hamburg.

Tearing off the wrapper he found a red morocco case, within which was a handsome gold medal. Having viewed this for several minutes, he removed it from its velvet niche, bit it to see if it was genuine, and then, satisfied, solemnly pinned it to the breast of his overalls. Next he produced a roll of parchment, richly engrossed but entirely in German. He wrinkled his brows and cleared his throat.

"I dinna' mak' head nor tail o' it," he announced. "Mr. Flynn, I'll trouble ye to whustle through yon speakin'-chube an' tell that Dutchman in the fireroom to come oop here an' translate this meestery."

A grimy German appeared, a corner of his neck-rag between his teeth.

"Hun," said Mr. Glencannon, handing him the scroll, "translate, and mind ye speak the truth, lest I smite ye with this bottle, which is no more than a quarter empty."

The fireman glanced through the document, and read:

"'In recognition of the heroism of Neil Glencannon in plunging into the shark-infested harbor of Havana and saving the life of Kurt Schneider at peril of his own, the Humane Society of Hamburg is honored in conferring upon the said Neil Glencannon its Gold Medal and Certificate.'"

"Havana?" repeated Mr. Glencannon doubtfully, turning to Captain Ball. "Havana? Why, when were we ever in Havana?"

"Havana? Well, I couldn't say exactly without looking at the log. About fourteen months ago, I fancy."

There was a long silence, while Mr. Glencannon contemplated his medal and took another drink.

Then a great light dawned upon him. "Losh!" he chuckled. "I remember noo, o' course! That was the nicht I dove overboard to retrieve a full bottle o' whusky which that dom' temperance fanatic, Bos'n Hughes, had thrown away! Down near the bottom o' the sea I chanced to mak' the acquaintance o' a Dutchman who was havin' a fit o' apoplexy. Oh, sairtainly I remember, noo! But Captain,"—his face fell and he shook his head sadly,—"I could na' find that whusky!"

A Real Detective Story

How the famous handwriting expert David Carvalho gave vital testimony that decided the greatest international case of recent times is revealed by his daughter Claire Carvalho in a startling human story that will be a feature of the next, the March, issue of this magazine.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE SWAGGERING MAN

(Continued from page 43)

express robberies. Peter Ogg asked him at last point-blank if this was so.

They were in Jeff Bolder's bar at the time. Dell had just lifted a glass of whisky when Pete addressed him. Pete said suggestively:

"I hear you been down talking to Charley Collet."

But Dell paid no attention. It was as though he had not heard. Pete was somewhat behind him; and Dell took his drink and turned away, his left elbow on the bar. So Pete moved around in front of him and put his question thus face to face.

"You've been talking to Charley Collet, I hear?" he repeated.

AS Pete spoke, Dell had looked at him; and he nodded at this. "Why, yes," he said. "I have."

"It's time they did," said Pete wisely; and he grinned. Dell seemed faintly puzzled.

"Eh?" he asked.

"I say it's time they did," Ogg repeated.

"Who did?"

"The express company. Send some one up here."

Dell considered this. "Oh," he said.

"Charley's a good man," Pete volunteered. "I like him. But he can't get around. It needs somebody that can get around after them."

"He is kind of lame," Dell agreed.

"He's all right," Peter repeated. "A good man. But on crutches he can't do much."

"One crutch," said Dell in mild correction.

"Oh, he gets around good," Pete assented. "But not good enough."

"Only one crutch," Dell insisted.

"He's learning how to handle himself," Pete assented. "It aint but a year or so since he lost his foot. He had two crutches when he first come."

"Did he?" Dell incuriously inquired; and Pete said:

"Yes, and even then it was hard for him." He added: "Course, he's all right on a horse, but you don't see him on a horse much. He rode up here the day he shot Jeff Waylor; but he didn't get off. It's hard for him to get on."

"He can take care of himself," Dell suggested.

"He was lucky," Pete corrected. "Jeff was fast, and Dell, he's slow. Yes sir, he was lucky. It don't look like a man could be that lucky! I don't see how he did it."

Dell said abruptly: "Drink with me." And Pete did. Then Dell drank with Pete. After that they went out together, and up to Pete's cabin. Later, at Pete's suggestion, Dell moved his bed-roll into the cabin and lodged with Pete thereafter.

This alliance, and the fact that Dell visited Charley Collet almost every day, served to identify him and to explain to the general satisfaction his mission in Lida. It came to be accepted that he was working on the matter of the express robberies, that he was a company detective. There was no attempt to question him; but there was a good deal of curiosity in the general mind about him, and few of his movements went unremarked.

Yet he seemed to make no very extensive investigations. Now and then he rode away, but he was never long gone. Once he and Peter Ogg rode down to the scene of the first express robbery, and on the way back they examined the spot where the single rider had later on been killed.

"But this Beede, he didn't ask many questions," Pete reported. He appeared to be disappointed in Dell. "I told him all there was to tell, but he never paid any attention to me. You'd have thought he didn't hear. Just kept looking around at the ground. He made me show him how the tracks were, of the man that done it, straddling apart that way. He tried to find one of them; but they're all gone now." He added: "This Beede acts dumb, sometimes. They ought to send a live one up here."

A day or two later Dell asked Peter to ride down with him to see Charley Collet. "I want to find out when the next shipment's due to go out," he explained.

"I'm shipping Tuesday," Peter told him; but Dell was already mounting and ignored this remark. So they rode down the narrow trail, Dell ahead and Pete behind; and Pete said a thing or two, but when he found that Dell did not reply, he understood that the other was absorbed in thought, and held his tongue.

When they turned aside from the cañon trail toward Charley's cabin, they passed Charley's horse, grazing in a green little park; and Dell looked at the beast thoughtfully. Later, while they stood talking with Charley in front of the cabin,—the cripple was sitting in his chair tilted back against the wall there, and made no move to invite them in,—Dell spoke of this horse.

"He looks gentle," he said.

"I can do anything with him," Charley smilingly agreed. "We're buddies, him and me."

"Guess you don't get to ride him much," Dell suggested.

"No, but he's company," Charley explained; and after a little further talk, Dell and Peter Ogg rode back up the gulch toward the camp. They passed Charley's horse again on this return trip, grazing a little farther away from the cabin; and Dell pulled up his own beast and looked at the creature for a long minute, speculatively. Peter asked curiously:

"What you looking at?"

But Dell, whose eyes were on the horse, made no reply.

FOR a few days more Beede continued in this apparently purposeless fashion to ride to and fro about the Lida neighborhood. His ways were solitary; he still refrained from asking questions; and he acquired some reputation for silence and abstraction. Once or twice he rode up the main cañon to the larger camp, some miles away; and once or twice he rode down the creek. But always he returned to Lida; and it began to be evident to everyone that Dell believed the one bandit dwelt either in the camp, or else close by.

This whisper moved to and fro, and men set a guard upon their tongues. Persons altogether innocent of any wrongdoing wore a mask of guilt; and others who had upon their conscience minor peccadilloes assumed an aspect of extraordinary innocence. One or two men drifted quietly out of camp between two days and were seen no more; but Dell Beede seemed undisturbed by these departures.

And as the days passed, and he still made no move, the general uneasiness was by his delay intensified.

Charley Collet once or twice came stumping up the gulch on his crutch to spend an hour or two in the camp. He saw Dell Beede, and they seemed on the friendliest terms; but Charley confessed to Dell that he was tired of this job he held.

"I'm more used to the flat lands," he said, now and again. "This up-and-down-hill business goes hard on a man with one leg. Likely I'll be moving out before very long."

Dell made no comment; but a day or two later Lida heard that Charley had gone so far toward carrying out this intention as to ask for a relief. No one was surprised. More than one person remarked that Charley had of late developed a certain nervous irritability out of keeping with his former cheerful calm.

But when Dell Beede heard the news, he seemed concerned and regretful; and he sought out Peter Ogg.

"Busy?" he asked. Peter was not particularly so. "I thought we might go down and try to talk Charley Collet into staying on for a while," said Dell.

"I'll get my horse," Peter agreed.

"I thought we'd walk," Dell explained.

Pete started to protest. The way was steep, and the sun was high. But Dell had already turned away, unheeding; and so Pete perforce fell in beside him, and they departed down the trail.

PETE had been in Dell's company so much that he had learned to respect the other's habit of silence; so he said little now. They moved indifferently, side by side; but as they left the camp behind, Dell did something that startled Peter. There was an ore-dump above the trail, and a sardine-can had lodged on this dump, five or ten yards from where they passed. Dell, without warning, whipped out his gun and flung a bullet into this can; and it leaped into the air and fell and tumbled toward them. Dell grinned, and looked at Pete.

"What'd you do that for?" Pete demanded.

"I wanted to see if I could hit it," said Dell.

"Well, you did," said Pete resentfully. But Dell offered no apology. He ejected the empty shell, reloaded, and they went on down the trail.

Pete thought casually that Dell had been mighty quick with the gun.

When they came to the path that led from the trail up to Charley's cabin, they turned that way. Charley's horse usually grazed along the little stream here; but they did not see him till they came near the cabin. He was tied up, his saddle on, in the shade of a clump of aspens; and Pete said:

"Charley must be going for a ride."

But Dell made no reply.

Charley came out of the cabin as they approached, and while they were still fifty yards or so below him. If he was preparing to ride, it did not appear in his dress. He wore his customary overalls, and a vest unbuttoned in front; and he leaned on his crutch and looked toward the approaching men. There was a chair tilted back against the cabin wall, beside the door; and Charley sat down in this chair. He did not tip it forward in order to sit down, but merely slid into the seat and let his crutch fall beside him on the stoop.

He lifted a hand in greeting to them as they approached. The trail came toward the cabin from one side, and the door was at the other end of the front wall, and Charley sat by the door. He said:

"Hello, boys! It's a hot day."

This was true, and they stood in the sun; but he did not suggest going into the

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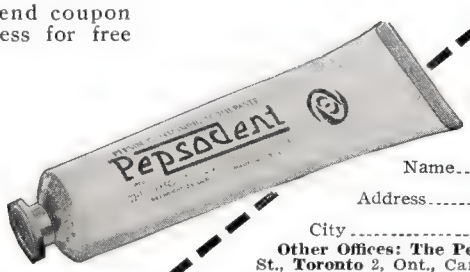

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cabin. Peter Ogg wished he would. Peter leaned his shoulders against the logs, his right side toward Charley; but Dell stood facing Charley, smiling in a friendly way. He took off his hat and wiped his brow.

"Yes sir, hot," he agreed.

"You get more sun, up this high," Charley suggested.

"Unless you get into the shade," Peter hinted; but neither of them heeded him. They were looking at one another.

"You aint used to it," Dell remarked; and Charley grinned.

"No. Me, I've had sun enough; but down below, it don't come so hot. The dust kind of keeps it off you, I reckon." He chuckled at his jest.

"Yes sir, it is dusty, for a fact," said Dell; and he added: "I heard how you're giving up your job, Charley."

"Too high for me," Charley assented.

"Sent for a relief, they tell me," Dell inquired; and Charley nodded cheerfully.

"Ought to be here today or tomorrow," he explained. "If he don't come by then, I'm likely to start out and meet him."

"I see you've got your horse up handy," Dell commented.

"There's nothing to keep me here," Charley pointed out defensively. "There's no dust in the safe right now, so I could just as well go. But I figured to wait and put the new man on to things, some."

"Be a hard trip down, for you," Dell hazarded.

But Charley shook his head. "Not with Buck," he retorted.

"Buck his name?"

"I call him that because he don't," Charley explained, grinning amiably. "He's a four-legged rocking chair."

"Yeah, he rides easy," said Dell, and his tone slowed faintly.

PETER OGG had been losing interest in the conversation; he was relaxed against the log front of the cabin, half asleep, his eyes narrowed against the glare of the sun. But he was a man of experience; and something in Dell's word or tone caught his attention now; and he looked toward the two men more alertly.

But if Dell's tone had changed, Charley seemed not to remark this fact. "Sure!" he agreed. "He's right good-gaited."

"After you get on him," Dell amended.

"I have to find a log, or a ledge or something, that I can lead him up to," Charley explained.

And Dell said slowly: "Try getting on him from the right side."

Peter thought this a peculiar suggestion. No one mounts a horse except from the left. Even Charley, he saw, was surprised; for he made a gesture of curious astonishment, and tipped forward in his chair.

But just then a gun roared, behind Peter, not ten feet away, by the corner of the cabin; and Peter's heart leaped into his throat, and he whirled, snatching at his holster. He saw no one, but when he thus whirled, he turned his back on Dell and Charley; and as he did so, there was another shot from that direction. Peter spun back toward them like a pinwheel.

And that which he saw left him paralyzed with astonishment and dismay.

For Charley Collet was in the very act of toppling forward out of his chair, a pistol slipping from his hand. And Dell Beede stood looking down at him, thoughtfully. Charley crumpled on his hands and knees, and then he fell over on his side, and Dell bent above him in a regretful scrutiny. Then he stood up, and ejected the empty shell from his own weapon, and reloaded. There was finality and ease in all his movements now.

WE pitched down the last steep, zigzag trail into the cañon above the fishing camp, and reached the levels by the Rayado there, and jogged downstream. I had listened for the most part silently; but I was full of questions now.

"Yes, it was Charley that pulled off the last two hold-ups," Sam explained. "Nobody ever did know just how he did it; but they found the dust in this safe of his, in the same pouches and all.

"It was his tracks they'd seen, walking wide that way. Dell found that other crutch of his, that he hadn't used lately, hidden under his bunk. He'd fastened one of his old boots onto it, with a wooden block inside, so when he walked on it he left the tracks of two boots, wide apart, like a swaggering man.

"And he could get around better than he pretended. Dell had guessed that, but he wasn't sure till he got a chance to try Charley's horse. It let him get on from the right side. Charley couldn't get on from the left, with his left foot gone; and he couldn't always count on having time to find a ledge to climb on by, so he'd trained Buck to let him mount the other way."

I NODDED, understanding thus far. "But who fired the shot behind Peter Ogg?" I asked.

"Why, that was mighty clever," Sam assured me. "Charley could shoot straight, but he was slow. He had to have a break. So he'd hid an old shotgun between the logs at the corner of the cabin. He had a string to the trigger, and he run the string through a hole in the logs behind his chair, and tied it to the back of the chair. When he tipped the chair forward, that pulled the trigger; and the shotgun would go off, and a man would naturally swing around to see what the shooting was all about. And that would give Charley time to get started. He must have got Jeff Waylor that way."

I nodded. "Ogg whirled at the shot," I remembered. "But why didn't Dell whirl around too?"

"That was what Charley counted on," Sam agreed. "But he had to time it so smooth that he couldn't wait to see if Dell did turn. He tipped forward and pulled the trigger of the shotgun, and he went for his own gun. But Dell hadn't moved, so he saw Charley's break, and that was the end of Charley."

"But why?" I persisted. "Why didn't he whirl when that gun roared right behind him?"

Sam grinned. "He didn't fool Dell," he explained, "because Dell had a handicap, like I told you. You'd never know what it was, to talk to him. He could read lips and tell what you said, if he was looking at you. But ever since that dynamite explosion that laid him up so long, Dell had been deaf as a post. So he never even heard the shotgun at all."

DOLL FACE

(Continued from page 79)

"I love you as the linnet loves his song,
The very soul of him, his throat intense
With passions, sweeping proud and strong.

You love me not; no need for pale pretense;
But need to fondle straws of no avail,
As rosemary, and rue, and fumed incense.

So let my sorrow trail a purple veil;
Yet, when you come, a deep-toned temple gong
Sounds in my heart, a Chinese junk sets sail—"

THERE was a hush over the audience as he finished. Then the young artist cleared his throat. "Why, it's beautiful!"

"There," said Zoe proudly. "Didn't I tell you he was clever? But why were you so modest about it, Conrad?"

"Where did you get those images," asked the chemistry woman, "that lovely rhythm?"

For once Conrad stammered. He had made an impression on this superior group with something which was not his own, which they took for granted. "It just—came to me," he said lamely.

"Magnifique!" exclaimed the musician. "Leesten." He went to the grand piano, and struck a few minor chords. "Leesten: I weel play—you weel read. We increase the beauty of the po-em, thus, is it not so?"

Conrad read again to his eager listeners against a tapestried background of melody: " . . . . . *linnet loves his song,*"—lilting high notes; *"You love me not,"*—an agonized, lingering chord; *"and fumed incense,"*—wraiths spiraling up the keys; *"Yet, when you come,"*—a suspended pause; *"a deep-toned temple gong,"*—the music rolling grandly into a climax of Oriental harmony; *"a Chinese junk sets sail,"*—one fragile, tortured pathos of chords.

The pianist swung about on the bench. "You like eet?" Their enthusiasm was unbounded. Conrad himself had been affected by this second reading. His throat was dry.

"A drink of water?" he asked Zoe. "The kitchen, Conrad—glasses in the cupboard." He went out alone, drank thirstily.

It was one thing to read poetry written by an unknown author, and another to read aloud a poem written to oneself. Fay had typed a *"To You"* at the top of the page. Strange, he had glanced past that when he first read the thing.

Was she, then, as pathetically in love as the music sounded? Poor little Fay!

And what was he to do, pawning this off as his own? They would expect him to write more. Lord, he couldn't do this sort of thing! Should he admit openly that Fay wrote it? The humiliation! He couldn't now. He'd wait, and when they asked, he would say: "Oh, I meant to tell you. That wasn't my poem. I forgot to mention it the other day. No. Friend of mine wrote it."

Returning through the corridor, he heard his name mentioned and stopped, with mixed feelings, outside the door to hear what they were saying. Zoe's voice:

"Of course, the poem really is rather good, don't you think? But this Conrad—the most amusing person! His reactions are so childish—and he tries so hard to be sophisticated. Silvester and I have many a good chuckle over him. I enjoy drawing him out."

"I too know," said the musician. "We also keep one student about for that purpose." The others laughed.

Conrad's sensations became a whirl of horror at the ridicule. So this was what they thought of him! He stepped into the room, shamed, disgraced, disillusioned. He had not words to throw in their faces for retaliation. His handsome jaw was set and his eyes hard as he walked across to the divan where his coat and hat lay. He snatched them up.

"Why, Conrad," asked Zoe, "why are you going so soon?"

Conrad turned on her. There were many things he wished to say, but he said none of them—he was too miserable. Instead, curtly:

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"I—gotta—see—a fella."

Zoe rose and started to him. "Conrad, of course you will be back this evening—"

Conrad slammed the door.

AFTER dinner he wandered from the fraternity-house, where bustling excitement prevailed in expectation of the dance. There was nothing left for him, whose ideals had been so crudely shattered. He walked aimlessly toward the campus, and turned in, from force of habit, at the dark-boothed confectionery.

There, alone and lonely, he found Fay. She hadn't been able to eat dinner. She sat there forlorn, inconspicuous, sipping a lemon frost. It was bitter, but she pretended to herself that Conrad had ordered it.

"Con-rad, whatcha doin' here?"

He smiled a sweetly cynical smile at her. He felt he would be a cynic for the rest of his life. But he sat down, taking her soft little hand in his.

"The boys are havin' a party tonight. You an' I are going."

"*O-o-o!*" And she twisted a forefinger in her dress as a child might a starched pink pinafore. "Con-rad, did you like my poem?"

"Like it?" Conrad put his arms around her. "It's the most wonderful poem that ever was. You write best of anybody, sweet little Doll-face!" And he kissed her. It was far more wonderful than Fay had imagined.

The waiter stood before them, and they broke apart, self-consciously.

"Whatcha goin' to have?" asked Conrad tenderly.

"I have somep'n," replied Fay, pointing to the lemon frost.

"You don't want that," said Conrad. "What'll it be?"

"I think," said Fay, in her soft, feathery voice, her big eyes shining at him, "I'd like a choc'late ice-cream soda."

Conrad turned to the waiter. "An' put some whipped cream on it!" he said.

DRUMS IN THE DARK

(Continued from page 33)

an impatient hand had twitched the last gauze covering from it; shadows leaped out under their feet and ran ahead of them across the earth; the trampled ground showed red as wine; the trees, the grass, the flowers, flashed out their colors.

"Sun's up. That elephant will take to the forest in two hours," said Strickland; and on they went.

It was a man's hunt, and he took her at a man's pace—unsparing, unwaiting. He could not have said what anger it was in him that sought appeasement in her punishment; he knew only that he wanted to be hard, to be brutal, to make her pay, somehow, the man's price. Hunting elephants on foot was no light pastime. If she wanted a rest, she had only to ask for it!

She never asked. She kept on behind him with a gallantry he admitted without softening to it. She was breathless, scarlet with exertion, soaked with the river and wet with the sweat that beaded her forehead and darkened her flannel shirt; she was burning with the heat of the sun that beat hotter and hotter upon them every moment, but she asked no quarter.

The first eagerness was gone from her eyes, but a dogged determination showed its fire when he looked back at her. She had spirit.

When the track entered the forest, he hesitated for a second—forest hunting had its danger. But on he went, keeping her close now at his heels, having her carry her rifle on ready. The spoor was warm. They were not far behind that elephant; he might have circled and be anywhere about them in that shrouding greenery.

They could hardly make their way on his trail, for the thickets through which his great bulk had pushed caught at them like struggling hands; the thorns tore Judith's clothes, her hands, her cheek. Mud sucked at their feet. Strickland himself was leg-weary.

But time was of the essence of it now, and they had to make as swift progress as they could, with what precaution they could take. Strickland pointed to a track and showed her that the lighter creases were not yet blurred. He smiled at her now, and pointed out the moist balls of leaves the elephants had been chewing and spat out; the saliva was still running.

Suddenly he stiffened to attention, and she froze beside him. Ahead of them was a little glade. The elephant-tracks were leading off to the right, but the leaves of a thicket, directly opposite them, had stirred.

Not a sound. Strickland had his gun at his shoulder tensely fronting that thicket; she did the same, blindly, her heart pounding.

He said to her under his breath: "If he comes—run!"

She was aware that only his gun-boy was beside them, with ready cartridges; her own boy and the guide had vanished into the forest.

A crash—and her senses swam with confusion, though she stood stanchly beside him, gun at shoulder. Something like a cyclone was tearing through the forest. Bushes snapped; branches rattled like hail. It was terrifying, coming out of that stillness. But it was going away from them. . . . . Her heart climbed down from her throat.

Then he looked down at her with a comrade's smile. "We're out of luck—he's got our wind and gone."

CAUTIOUSLY they circled about the thicket and found that the trail which had wandered off to the right had meandered back, just on the other side of the bushes. Not thirty feet away, hidden by that network of green, the elephant had been standing, facing them, tasting their taint in the air, aware of them, hesitating, perhaps, whether to charge or not; then he had yielded to his alarm and bolted off.

He was traveling fast. Twenty miles an hour. They followed his tracks for a time, but it was losing work; his pace slackened but slightly.

Tenacious hunter though he was, Strickland, in good judgment, had to call a halt.

"Bad luck—he was a big one," he said regretfully.

She smiled pluckily at him out of her fatigue. "I wish I'd seen him!"

"Better luck next time," he consoled. He made up his mind that she should have her elephant—bigger than Varney's, if he could manage it.

They sank down upon a log in a little clearing, lighting companionable cigarettes. The porter brought the bundle with the lunch and the water-bottle; Strickland opened the tins of biscuit, cheese and sardines, and they ate to the last biscuit and fish-tail, taking sociable turns at the water-bottle.

Not a trace of his anger was left in Strickland, not a stiffening of the old self-consciousness. He yielded himself utterly to the intimacy of the companionship, to the relaxation of the hour.

It was deliciously cool in the forest. The sunshine, sifting through the canopy of leaves, was broken into a thousand flecks of light; the clearing was a dapple of green and gold; and the high wall of the forest was like an old arras of dim and intricate pattern.

It was very still. Not a bird-song, not the sound of an insect, not a monkey's bark.

Even the boys, with the porter and the guide, had withdrawn for their own refreshment to a distance.

How lovely it was! He had never realized before, to the full, the enchantment of the forest. He had liked open spaces. But this place, this moment, had a quality of beauty beyond his experience.

How well it suited her! There was a dryad charm to her, for all her modern ways—she was a nymph in khaki. It was her courage that had captured him, but now he became increasingly aware of the essential womanliness of her.

With a quick stirring, he glanced at those slim, tanned hands, thorn-scratched, clasped carelessly about a crossed knee, near his own; then his eyes were drawn to the slender young shoulders, to the throat, so white in the open collar of the flannel hunting-shirt, to the flushed, brown face turned absently away from him. How dark her lashes were on her warm cheek! Something in the soft curve of that cheek caught at him; his heart began a quick, confused beating.

She turned her head, and their eyes met. A long look, like light, passed between them. . . . . In the nick of time he caught himself back from kissing her.

But it was in time. He sat stiffly still, like a man on the edge of a giddy height. . . . . She was Varney's wife. And he'd been going to kiss her. By gad, she'd been going to *let* him kiss her! He had not misread her eyes.

This was the thing he had resolved should never happen to him—entanglement with any woman. This was the thing that, unconsciously, from the beginning of the trip, his reserve had fought off—the lure of her young loveliness, the appeal, to his loneliness, of her nearness, her engaging intimacy. This was the reason of his anger against her all that day—something in him, wiser than his understanding, had tried to steel him against her.

Jove, she'd nearly got him! But what the devil did she mean, letting them in for this? Perhaps the moment had come as surprisingly to her as to him, but certainly she hadn't tried to stave it off! He was not a vain man, but he was no fool—he knew when a girl was willing! Those provocative eyes of hers! Did these young moderns think nothing of kissing? They'd jolly soon find out. . . . . She was married. She ought to know.

He said, very evenly: "When you are ready, we can start back. . . . . We ought to be out of the forest before dark."

His eyes were carefully ahead of him, but he sensed a considering thoughtfulness in her. She paid no attention to his words. She did not stir.

"Captain Strickland," she said at last.

"Yes?"

"There's something I've been wanting to tell you. I don't know what you'll think. . . . . It looks different now."

He waited.

"Ted and I aren't married," she told him. "I—I'm not married at all."

THE important thing, when you are hard hit, is never to show it, but keep your head. For a moment all that Strickland felt was the importance of not betraying himself. Not married. Varney's light-of-love!

The blood that stung his cheeks was no leap of hope. He had met too many easy women in his past to relish the accessibility of this young girl who had stirred something in him so much deeper than the need to make light love to her. He did not know what he felt about her, but he knew that her words had been a blow between his eyes.

He wanted to hear nothing more. He threw at her the first thing he could find to say, to ward off her revelations. Whatever she might say would be unbearable to him.

"That doesn't interest me," he said very quickly and stiffly. He was trembling inwardly, and the sense of having blundered

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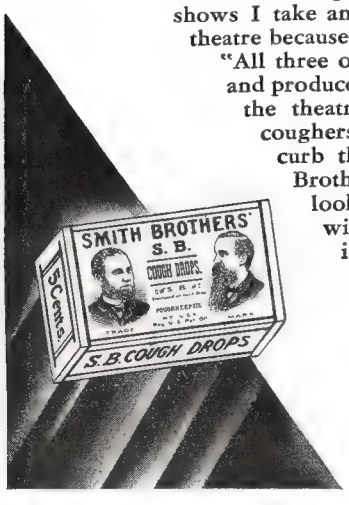

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to the edge of a precipice was stronger than ever upon him. The thing to do was to draw back and keep your balance.

He felt the first blankness of her involuntary look at him; then she was on her feet. "I'm ready now," she announced in a very high and dry little voice. "Shall we go?"

He shouted for the boys, and off they went, following the trail back for a time, then branching off on whatever old trails they encountered that chanced to lead more in the direction of the camp.

Strickland strode on with a fierce obliviousness of fatigue that was unconsciously cruel to her; his tumultuous thoughts, almost unaware of her actual presence, stung him like gadflies. What she had said was intolerable. . . . . Not married to Varney. *She* was not married. Perhaps he was. And they had run off together to Africa, passing themselves off. Fools, to choose Africa—for everything here was known, sooner or later! But perhaps they had counted on being out of the country.

Why had she done such a thing? But her courage would be equal to anything.

Bits of the enigma were fitting themselves together in his mind: Varney's growing indifference, her desperate eagerness to have him interested, to keep his thoughts away from that unknown something at home; the talk and tears over the mail. . . . .

Who was she? What had she been? Why had she done this? For love of Varney? For his money? And why now was she luring *him?* Any port in a storm? The baseness of such a thought of her stung him deep—but what was he to think? That she was turning to him—a child of easy impulse?

And she was just a child! That was the pity of it. But she hadn't lost much time in chucking her cap over the mill!

Why had she told him? To overcome his scruples? It would serve her right if—but no, he'd keep *that* door shut. What a conventional fool she must be thinking him!

On he strode, and after him marched Judith Varney. What her thoughts were, on that homeward way, she was not revealing. When they spoke, as they had to at times over such matters as a river crossing or obstacles in the way, her voice had that light brittle pleasantness which tells a man nothing but a woman's power of concealment.

At the pace they kept, they made good time; and when they gained the grass-lands, the guides took them on shorter cuts than the old spoor, so it was no more than sunset when they toiled up the final mountain to the camp.

THE sunlight was gone, but the air still guarded that soft, shadowless clarity of the last half-hour of light, and in that clearness the camp stood revealed in utter loneliness. Not a porter stirred about the place. Not a fire glowed. Not a voice sounded.

Strickland stood transfixed. He saw three tents where there had been four, and only a litter of disordered boxes, in place of the mound of supplies. The place was utterly deserted.

Not utterly. Out of the cook-tent came the cook, extending a much-folded paper.

"Barua," he said laconically.

Strickland smoothed it out and read, *"Dearest Claire—one last appeal,"* before he jerked his eyes away, turned the sheet over and saw on that side what Varney had written him.

"Awfully sorry and all that, but I find I must really turn back, and this seems the simplest way. I am taking some of the porters and the stuff, leaving the rest for you. Judy can get her elephant, then follow after. Sorry to cut it short. I am leaving you the cook.

"E. V."

There was no comment to which Strick-

land dared trust himself. In silence he passed the sheet to Judith.

Her first speech was practical. "He says he's leaving the porters—where are they?"

"Gone with the rest," said Strickland brusquely. "The twice-damned fool! Of course they'd bolt after the others. Some may have picked up boxes so they can mingle with the safari; others are just sneaking it. They were keen to get back. . . . . We're stranded."

Abruptly he asked: "Who is Claire?"

"His wife. . . . . She's getting a divorce."

He turned the letter over in her hands.

"That's the answer, then."

She glanced briefly at it. "I knew he was writing to her—this must have been a sheet he started, and stuffed in his pocket." She added, with an effort at humor: "At any rate, he's left us the cook."

SO much composure, in a girl so abruptly abandoned, made the look he flashed at her almost savage with suspicion. Had they planned that? But that thought died, ashamed, before the signs of distress that she was trying to conceal. She looked ready to drop, and he thrust a chair at her, but remained standing himself—he met things better on his feet.

Varney—the imbecile! Streaking back to the wife he had left, abandoning the—Strickland's thought flinched from the word even while his lucidity forced it—the mistress he had tired of. Perhaps he was hoping to foist her on *him!* The fool, the craven. . . . . Or was this a trap?

"He's mad," he told her, "leaving you like this. Does he think it's done in Africa?"

"Can't we catch up with him tomorrow?"

"With what porters?"

Instinctively they both glanced up at the darkening outlines of the village above their solitude. "Wring them out of Mumganga?" he said derisively. "He's more likely to come down and smoke us out in the night."

"Couldn't we start now—ourselves?" she offered. "I've carried a pack in the West."

He could have smiled at that. "Abandon the camp kit—start empty-handed through this wilderness? No—I'll wangle men somehow or other. But it takes time. And we must catch up with him before he passes the first outpost, or this will be all over Africa."

She stiffened as she saw the direction of his thought.

"I wish I could take myself off your hands!"

"I wish you could—for your own sake," he told her sincerely. "If people want to kick over the conventions, they ought to stay in London or New York—Africa is a sounding-board."

His words were directed against Varney, but too late he saw their brutality to her.

She was on her feet again, quivering with pent-up anger. Her eyes were dark fires of defiance blazing at him.

"What do you mean by that?" she flashed. "Who—what—do you think I am?"

He made a gesture as if thrusting the thought from him.

"I'm Judith Varney!" she rushed on. "Ted's sister! *Miss* Varney—not *Mrs.!* That's what I was trying to tell you this afternoon. It was a stupid thing for me to do, but Pat O'Brien said you'd never take a girl on safari, so we thought it a joke for me to pretend to be Mrs. Varney for a while. We'd explain when you got to know us—before we reached a post where we'd show passports. I—"

"*Sister!*"

"Ted's my brother—all the family I have. When his wife started this divorce,—it wasn't his fault; she just got sick of him,—he went to pieces. I got him off to Africa—the Congo was the only thing that caught his interest. Now you see why I was so keen to keep him going! I thought if he'd only have some excitement to take him out

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of himself, some real hardship and danger, he'd forget his troubles—and that if he could go home with stories of adventures and big-game hunting, it would help him to begin again with people. I had no business, I suppose, to pretend to you—"

She waited, perceptibly, but Strickland's grim silence was an assent to this that stung her. She flashed on: "But it did no harm!"

No harm! Strickland gave a bark of a laugh. The intolerable pain of that afternoon and the ironic uselessness of it were racking him with mockery. And he felt the hard resentment of those long days of befoolment.

What she was feeling was vivid in her face. "I tried to tell you this afternoon—but you shut me up. I didn't realize, at first, what you might be thinking. Now that it's clear to you, Captain Strickland, you may feel more assured that a night's camp with Ted Varney's sister—however unpleasant for both of us!—wont wreck your reputation. We'll catch up with Ted tomorrow."

"If we have luck," said Strickland shortly.

He turned to leave her, but she took a quick step after him. "I just want to say this," she said in a voice that shook, "and then we need never speak of it again. Even if I had been what you evidently thought me,—a girl who'd run away with Ted,—you needn't have acted as if I were a *leper*. That's all."

SHE didn't know what she was talking about, of course—she didn't know what he had felt; but he was too angry to risk a word in reply.

Besides, he had something else to think about. Their situation there, on that lonely mountain, deserted by their own men, out of reach of help, under the hostile eyes of the old chief! Bitterly he blamed himself for having taken them so far.

But it had been all right while they had plenty of men. They would have had nothing to face but an aloof animosity that a good elephant-feast would have ended. Now Varney had let them down.

How could he get porters out of that old savage? He thought hard as he walked slowly away from her. He might send his gun-boy flying after Varney with orders to bring back the men, but they might not return, and it was dangerous to send a boy alone through that cannibal country; he had no right to risk his life. Moreover, he might not go—and if he went, he might be intercepted; there would be delays, waiting—

He'd tackle the chief.

Inside the cook-tent, the cook and the gun-boys and the lonely porter were talking things over in low, disquieted tones, and knowing how consternation in them would spread to panic at the first hint of alarm, Strickland strolled casually over and spoke of dinner, then mentioned that he would get porters from the chief. Discovering that the tent-boys had disappeared with the others, he told the cook to bring the hot water to the tents, as the gun-boys were tired, and called across to Judith that dinner would be ready as soon as she was.

He knew their native audience was as keenly aware as they were of the peculiarities of that situation, but he was immensely matter-of-fact as he sat down to dinner, and Judith played her part well. She had washed away the hunting stains and exchanged the flannel shirt for one of heavy golden pongee. The flush that burned her cheeks lent her eyes a deeper darkness, a darkness smoldering with fires. Stiffly he looked away and made polite talk to impress the attending boys.

"Look!" said Judith suddenly.

Two dark figures were walking toward them, two lean black natives, naked but for a bit of bark cloth. A knife hung at each grass belt; they carried spears in their hands. There was something almost purposefully arrogant in the unhurrying dignity of their approach.

"Messengers from Mumganga," said Strickland.

He turned in his chair as they came up and exchanged their greetings. One of them—a big-boned fellow, with swelling welts across his stomach where his scar patterning had been infected—gave the message. It was insolent enough. Mumganga ordered the *Wazungu,* the foreigners, to go away at once from his mountain. Unless they went away at once, he would come down that night and cut their throats for them.

Judith heard Strickland laugh very easily. He leaned back, looking up at the blacks, and spoke with a note of amusement.

"Tell Mumganga that when it is dark I will come up the mountain for a *shauri,* a friendly *shauri.* It is child's talk to talk of cutting throats. Wait till I have made my *shauri. Quaheri."*

"Quaheri," they responded with indifferent politeness, and as they strolled off, they stopped to eye the litter of boxes, the lonely little tents, the few servants staring round-eyed at them.

"What did they say?" Judith wanted quickly to know; and Strickland, after an instant's hesitation, told her bluntly.

"Mumganga's in earnest," he said. "I believe he's got the nerve for an attack. They are working themselves up now."

The drums indeed were rolling at a livelier rate, sharp, staccato notes of rattling menace. The village was probably crazy for a little blood-letting and the excitement of an old-time raid. . . . . Probably the women were already making those small racks of greenwood on which they smoked fresh meat—jolly little thought! Strickland had his wry grin at it, but he didn't relish it. He didn't propose to make any contribution toward a cannibal holiday.

But what *shauri* was he going to make? What could he say—or do?

"It seems so unreal," said Judith slowly. "We're sitting here, at this dinner-table with a white cloth, and up there—"

"It's real enough," said Strickland shortly.

"Then—had we better go?"

"What—cut and run? Precious good that would do us! They *would* cut our throats, then! Besides—I can't stomach it. There's got to be another way—"

Frowning, he stared across the table at her, in the dimming light.

"Could our guns hold them off?" she asked.

"We'd never know where they were. There would be spears through the tents at us before we knew it. . . . . No, I've got to outface them—"

Again he was silent, his lean, sunburnt face intent, his gray eyes pin-points of concentration.

"I've just one hope," he said abruptly. "But I'm afraid for you—"

"I wish I weren't on your hands!" she said with a flash of remembered resentment, but their angers seemed childish now in the shadow of the night's real menace.

Strickland went on, as if unhearing: "I am afraid to leave you here—and afraid to take you up there with me."

"Let me go with you. I'll be one more gun. And perhaps I could help—a little—"

He gave her a quick smile. "You're a game little blood. Here's the only chance I see." And leaning across the table, he began to talk in a low intent voice.

"Rather thin—but a chance," he finished.

JUDITH did not tell him how very thin she thought it. The darkness, deepening about them, brought a boding sense of the reality of the danger. The drums beat it in on her consciousness. The tent-boys, building up a fire, had the slack look of terror.

"I can help with it," she said stoutly. "Let's see what we can rig up."

"That box is there—thank God the porters didn't take that," he told her.

Together they hurried into his tent. . . . .

Half an hour later, a little file of people started up the mountain. A gun-boy was ahead, carrying a gun and lantern, and sandwiched between him and Strickland was a visibly reluctant porter, balancing upon his head a load of curious-looking things; after Strickland came Judith with her gun-boy. The cook had announced that he would wait below. Probably he was going to bolt the instant they were gone.

Through the dense blackness of the bananas they passed, then up a narrow, almost perpendicular path. Strickland reached back a helping hand; Judith seized it gratefully.

"I didn't know I had it in me to do another hill tonight," she panted. She felt him squeeze her fingers before he relinquished them—the hearty, companioning grip of a man for the woman who faces danger cheerfully beside him. Her heart beat warmly.

He was climbing slowly, his mind running ahead to what he was to meet. When he had reached the mountain-top he stopped, at the edge of the village, and stared ahead.

It was a night of clear starshine, and the peaked grass roofs shone in the clearing as if misted with silver. Ahead of him, in the central open space, he could see jutting out a big palaver-house—a thatched roof, upheld by crooked, staggering-looking poles. All the village was crowded under that roof or swarming in the space about it; the place was throbbing with drums and humming with voices like a swarm of bees.

Little fires were kindled all about, and their lights flung red splashes of light on the black naked bodies. There was sudden, vivid illumination of black, beetle-browed faces, of bulging muscles, of gleaming iron neck-rings. Everybody was jostling and crowding, gathering here before some orator, stopping there to harangue another group, pushing off after the women with jars of fresh *pombe,* or thrusting forward into the swaying wall of bodies about the medicine-dancers. Everyone in the place seemed to be incessantly talking.

The sudden hush that fell told Strickland that they had been seen. Then the babble broke out again in a shriller key of confusion. The crowd came surging toward him like a black, engulfing sea.

BY himself he would have relished the keen edge of the adventure, for he was a man who loved the high moments of suspense; but the fate of Judith weighed upon him. He had too much at stake for enjoyment. Judith might be buoyed by her confidence in his experience, but he knew that he had no experience to sustain him in this—that he was facing a people savage and capricious, eager, at the moment, for killing and looting and feasting.

Hoping he presented an undaunted appearance, he marched forward to the edge of the palaver-house, the black swarm ringing them in. Here the density of the throng halted him. A wall of black, glistening bodies closed about them; the musky smell of the African was strong in their nostrils.

"Wapi mfalme?" he demanded; and as he spoke, he saw the chief, with his bodyguard standing in front of him, illumined by the leaping flame of the fire.

Mumganga was an imposing figure, in his royal leopard-skin, iron rings gleaming about his neck and arms. Hanging from a leathern thong over one shoulder Strickland saw the big ivory warhorn of the village, its graining darkened with age, bound about at the base with serpent skin.

When *that* blew, the *shauri* was going to be over with a vengeance.

The crowd fell back a little so that the chief could confront this intruder with his four companions pressing close beside him;

the babble hushed a little with expectation, but there was anything but silence—the air hummed with undertones, broken murmurs, ejaculations, words and cries flung back and forth over the jostling shoulders of the throng. Strickland raised his voice to dominate the confusion.

"*Jamba!* (Greeting)", he said to Mumganga, who gave him no greeting back. The white man stiffened, and his voice took on a harsher ring. Loudly and clearly he spoke in Swahili.

"Mumganga, I have come up your mountain in friendliness—with no soldiers—to hunt elephants. I expected a chief's welcome, for I could give meat to your people. But you have sent me messages with words like stones. Do you think it is safe to treat white men as if they were weak? It is not so. I hope now that you have changed and are ready to be a friend."

He paused a moment, and ominous murmurs from the crowd began to swell. Then Mumganga spoke, very rapidly and angrily.

"White man, go down from my mountain —go away at once, as the other white man left. We do not want you here. Go away at once, before we cut your throats. . . . . Go, then. *Go!*"

He said, "*Genda!*" contemptuously as one speaks to an importunate inferior, and Strickland felt himself reddening. There was a hostile stirring in the throng, and his back-muscles prickled with premonitions—a spear-thrust in the dark was the thing he dreaded most from them.

"Keep your back to me," he said under his breath to Judith at his left hand.

"Shall I get it ready?"

"In a moment. This is the right place. See that mud wall just behind the chief?"

Aloud he said: "Mumganga—and people of his—I will show you something."

He stepped back, and with deliberation took down the load from the head of the porter behind him. The man was standing there like a resigned and hopeless sheep ready for the quartering. He knew his neighbors. The gun-boys, gripping their guns at their sides, were staring out with rolling eyes. This was an Africa wilder than any they had known; clearly, too, they believed it the last Africa they would ever see.

"*Bunduke, bunduke!* (gun, gun)," the crowd was beginning to murmur distrustfully when Strickland set up his machine upon the little tripod; and quickly he shouted, to calm that fear: "No gun—no gun. Wait and look."

To Judith, "Get on with it," he commanded. "We'll use that lucky wall. I'll have to talk now."

Loudly he spoke. "You know that white men have a magic to talk with each other at a far distance. You have heard that this is true. . . . . I will show you how this is done. I will talk before you all. I will talk to the white man at the fort far away at Irumu. You will hear me, and you will hear the white man talking back."

Anxiously he looked about the circle of black faces picked out by the firelight. Sunken eyes stared back watchfully. No look assented, but he was positive that they knew that there was such a way of long-distance speech in use by white men, and what he was gambling on was that they knew nothing of the exact way in which the talking was done.

OVER one end of the machine they had set up, Judith had cast a dark blanket, and Strickland now popped his head under that, much as he hated to get out of sight of that crowd. He had a blind, painfully exposed feeling, but it had to be done. He made some clicks with his machine, then poked out the nose of his flashlight and turned on the light.

He could hear the crowding back from that ray of light—bare skins rubbing against

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bare skins like snakes rustling. There were gasps of surprise deepening, fearful murmurs of *"Moto biridi"* (cold fire), as the ray, turning in his hands, touched them without warming them.

Quickly he began to talk, in Swahili for their benefit. To that alleged white listener in Irumu he described where he was and what was happening. He said that he had let his men go on, expecting other porters from the chief, but the chief was refusing to help. The chief talked like an enemy to white people; he even threatened to kill them.

"Yes, kill, kill!" came the howl from the crowd, and Strickland had a ghastly fear of their closing in, of their hanging on the edge of onslaught. His words angered instead of subduing. Should he go on with it—his head hidden—leave Judith there, fronting them?

The next instant a shocked silence fell.

Judith had turned the button and flung the light from the projector straight onto the crowd. The blacks fell back before it, and the outreaching stream of brightness came to rest upon the mud wall of the house opposite.

Into that silence Strickland spoke quickly, talking in a big, squeaky voice, as if from far away—representing the white official at Irumu.

He was no ventriloquist; he knew their own medicine-man could have done a better job, but he trusted to the machine to carry conviction.

"I am angry at what you tell me," shrilled the white official at Irumu. "I am angry that any chief dare treat a white man so. He will lead his people into great trouble. Does he not know the power of the white? Does he not know the magic of our guns? Does he not know that we have many black soldiers under us eager for fighting?"

He muttered an aside: "Ready?"

"No—no." Judith's voice was desperate. "It's sticking—wait. . . . . Oh, *now!* Go ahead."

Loudly Strickland shouted: "I will send you soldiers—see, they are starting this moment."

Out from the blanket he jerked his head just as a wild gasp arose from the natives. With theirs, his eyes stared at the little patch of light on the mud wall. Over that smooth brightness there was marching row after row of men, stalwart blacks, in shorts and jerseys, carrying guns, their bare legs moving like one man.

Well trained, those black fellows at Irumu whose pictures he had brought along, with that battery-run projector, to show to the other Belgian forts that they might visit.

Row after row, ten abreast, marching into the very face of the gaping, glaze-eyed throng. Row after row—popping out of the light into the darkness, the brightness always filled with oncomers. . . . . Thank God, he had taken so many feet of film!

Into the stunned silence Strickland shouted: *"Now* do you believe in the magic of the white men? I show you the soldiers who are coming to me! And if you do one of us the least harm, these soldiers will burn your village and hunt down every man."

His voice was lost in the sudden outcries, as the crowd, held spellbound by that first fearful attention, broke and ran, yelling and shouting. There was a pandemonium of fright in which the reel ran out and only the empty light lay white and still on the blank wall. . . . . Men began to creep fearfully toward it, urged by awed curiosity, to peer about for the vanished soldiers. The air was riotous with cries and shouts.

The space where the white man and the white woman stood, with their three attendants, was emptied now of onlookers; no one dared approach.

"Is it now war—or peace?" shouted Strickland's voice into the throng, and out of the darkness came the tall figure of Mumganga, advancing slowly, a black surge of followers raying out behind him. The old chief's face was set; his sunken eyes glimmered with an implacable hate, but the sharp bones of his chest were rising and falling with quick-breathing terror of the supernatural.

"We are finished," he said harshly to Strickland. The bitterness of defeat was in his old voice, but pride stiffened the acknowledgment.

"We have but our spears and the magic of our fathers. The white men are too strong."

His glance flickered a moment from Strickland's inexpressive face to glance an instant, incuriously, in the depth of his supreme disaster, upon the slight figure of Judith, standing so closely by Strickland, her dark eyes strained and intent in her effort to follow the meaning of the unknown speech. Impassively he looked back at Strickland, and with a slow gesture he unslung the band of the war horn from his gaunt shoulder, and held the curving ivory out to the Englishman.

"No chief of my people will blow upon that again," he said. "Take it; it is finished."

Strickland took it with a pang. He was looking, he knew, at a scene the like of which would never again be enacted. Old Africa yielding its symbol of lost power. The lonely mountain-top—the savage blacks—the crimson lighting of the fires—and over all, the still, star-spangled sky.

A scene out of the Iron Age. He had been caught back from his own century, back to the beginning of time in this wilderness. And yet, no—the means which he had employed were modern enough! His necessity had been imperative, but his sympathy now was with that old, lost age he had just defeated.

He felt Judith's hand, quick with instinctive understanding, gripping his arm. No need now between them for explaining or revealing—this night's work had swept them past all barriers.

Life was strong again in his veins, life quickened with a new delight. Yet as he gravely took that offered horn, there was a strange, sad pity in him for that old savage whose knife he had escaped.

"HOW'S ZAT?"

(Continued from page 76)

and into a spinney of second-growth trees whose boles were swathed in lush undergrowth. Through bush-stem and bramble-tangle the cottontail writhed his way. Close behind him, straight and swift as a flung spear, dashed Lad, cleaving the undergrowth as if it had been a fog.

Into a thicket clearing dived the rabbit. Midway he saw or sensed something which made him swerve sharply. Lad, too close behind to swerve, made a snap at the dodging rabbit.

The collie's head lunged forward and close to earth as he struck for his shifting quarry. Then something snapped at him, even as he snapped at the bunny. There was a red-hot sting in his left cheek, just back of his lip-corner. He crashed to the stony and brambly ground with an impact which knocked the breath out of him and all but stunned him.

There he lay, his neck wrenched, his body cruelly bruised, as he fought to draw air back into his shock-deflated lungs. He was caught fast by the cheek, his classic head held helpless and close to earth.

Here, a week agone, a farmhand had set a foxtrap, right craftily, covering its mercilessly spread steel jaws with dead leaves. The same night the farmhand had gotten drunk at a Pompton speak-easy. He had tried to thrash a policeman, and had been sent to jail.

It was the reek of man-scent, as well as a shiningly exposed corner of the trap, which had made the rabbit swerve in mid-flight. Lad, his head low as he struck for the elusive prey, had grazed with his chin the delicately adjusted "platform" of the trap. The serrated steel jaws had snapped shut on his cheek, throwing him and holding him there.

So, in some part of the body, has many a hundred questing dog been caught, in a woodland steel trap, in every State of the Union. Hundreds and thousands of dogs have died in such imprisonment, from thirst and starvation. Hundreds and thousands of fine dogs will continue to die thus, so long as the laws permit an irresponsible fool to set traps at will and then neglect to revisit them daily.

More than once during the torture-hours which followed, Lad heard the voices of the Master and the other searchers—sometimes muffled by distance, sometimes maddeningly near. He could not bark, with his nose kept so close to the ground by the trap-grip. A dog must lift his head to bark with any effectiveness. Such low gurgling sounds as Lad was able to make between his side-twisted jaws did not penetrate to the humans who were stamping noisily through the bushes in hunt for him.

So, for more than twenty hours he lay, tortured by thirst and by the unnatural twisting of his muscles and by the ever-pinching trap.

But he was not left to lie there wholly alone and deserted. For just before sunset there was a soft winnowing of wings overhead. A large and glossy crow came to earth a yard or so away, and stalked gravely up to him. In the bird's beak was a strip of fresh beef. Silently Zat laid the gift on the ground, a bare six inches from Lad's moveless head—but out of that immovable head's reach. Then, silently, he flew away again.

During the next hour the crow returned three times, each time bearing a strip of the beef he had filched from the Sunnybank cook for his afflicted chum.

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

who is one of the real "arrivals" among popular writers, has a most delicious comedy called "Too Many Crooks," which we will give you next month. It is one of the most laughable stories we have ever seen. A resolute reformer, who believes that environment can cure criminals, invites a selected group to week-end at his country place.

Don't take any chance of missing

"TOO MANY CROOKS"

in our March number.

Yes, that sounds like a fairy-story. But next day, when Lad was found, all four of the beef-strips still lay within what Zat presumably had thought was easy reach of his mouth. How the crow had traced him to the hidden spot no human ever was to know. Perhaps by smell—which draws carrion birds to a feast through dozens of miles of upper air. In any case—or so the Mistress afterward declared—he had followed Lad to the woods and had seen his hopeless plight, and then had flown to the Place for food for him.

At first hint of daylight Zat was back again on the ground beside Lad. But the two did not long remain close together. The scent of fresh meat, or perhaps the scent of blood from Lad's torn cheek, brought from every quarter a hungry flock of crows. They alighted in the treetops above the trap, cawing, fluttering downward and then returning to their perches.

More and more of them gathered. Bolder and bolder they waxed, as their numbers increased and as the hard-held dog showed no ability to stir in his own defense. An alien crow was crouched in front of the collie, his blazing black eyes glaring up at the sable horde in hot defiance.

At last, as if at some secret signal, the whole mass of winged marauders swooped downward. But for Zat, they would have had Laddie's eyes out in an instant, and their rending beaks would have been busy with the rest of his helpless and numbed body.

It was then that Zat shouted his battle-cry —the cry he had not had the wit to use when crows assailed him on his arrival at the Place, but which he had grown mightily proud of since then, as he had noted its startling effect on strange humans and animals and birds.

"Well, *well,* WELL!" he challenged harshly. "How's zat?"

As he croaked the defiance, he launched himself upward, into the thick of the down-swooping inky murderers, with beak and wing prepared to fight them back from the mutilation of his collie pal.

The single body precipitating itself at them would have had pitifully small effect in stemming their charge. But, at the raucous human words the flock of descending crows faltered, wavered motionless in air with a deafening beat of pinions, then flew upward raggedly and in terror.

Up after them and among them dashed Zat, the valiant—madly and suicidally bent on driving them far away from his helpless friend.

It was at that instant the Master fired.

BOTH barrels of his gun he emptied into the thick of the swirling crows. So intent had they been upon the feast and the victory which awaited them just below, that they had not observed his covertly fast approach, against the wind. He was in fair range when he let fly the volley.

The crow flock scattered to the four points of the compass as the rain of Number 6 pellets whizzed like angry hornets through their ragged formation. To the ground plumped five of them, stone-dead or beating futilely against the reddened grass with their wings.

Running forward, through the maze of impeding underbrush, the Master came to the little handkerchief-sized clearing in the copse, in whose center lay Sunnybank Lad with an irregular ring of dead or wounded crows around him.

The Master dropped his gun and knelt over the dog, prying apart the grim trap-jaws, and lifting the numbed head in his arms.

Lad lay panting for breath, in stark relief at the cessation of his twenty-hour torment. He was sick and strangely weak and benumbed, and he was still in dire pain from the wrenching of his muscles and the anguish in his cheek.

In another week or so he was to be as well as ever, except for the fast-healing face-

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wound. But for the moment it was good—oh, it was passing *good!*—to lie thus spent and inert, with the Master holding him and telling him what a splendid old dog he was. There was a break, too, in the man's rough voice, that made Lad lick the nearer hand with his swollen and parched tongue.

The Master made quick examination of the cheek-gouges. Then he laid the dog's head tenderly back on the ground, and started for the brook a hundred yards below, to fill his cap with water for Lad to drink. As he took the first step, his eyes fell on the five crows.

One or two of them were still beating their wings, if more and more feebly, against the ground. The Master paused in his rescue mission long enough to pick up his gun and to swing it clubwise. These carrion murderers might better be put out of their misery, in a blow or two, before he went to the brook.

The gun-butt descended on the head of one flutterer. The beating wings lay moveless. Then, almost at the Master's very feet another crow stirred, a crow that had seemed to be dead, but which now began to quiver all over and then to flutter its glossy black wings.

The Master glanced down at the bird. He saw that a pellet of shot had inflicted on it the merest light graze in whizzing past. The tap from the bit of lead had stunned it. Now the crow was coming to its senses, little the worse for the brief concussion. The Master swung his gun-butt aloft.

But, before the butt could descend on its death-mission, something pushed, staggeringly, between the man and the fast-recovering bird. Lad had seen the peril to his chum—to the creature which had sought to save him from starvation and which had been prepared to cast away its own worthless life in his defense. Weak and sick as he was, the collie lurched to his feet, reeling forward, covering Zat with his own body, staring up at the Master with an appeal that went to the man's heart.

"Lad!" he exclaimed in amaze.

THEN his eye fell on the four strips of beef, lying ranged just in front of where the dog had been held captive. His mind went back to the cook's loud complaint of the stolen ragout—meat she had been cutting into strips for dicing.

He peered more closely at the crow. The latter was squatting on the ground, blinking drunkenly from side to side as his sharp wits began to return to him. His hurt had been as trivial as is that of a pugilist who suffers a two-minute knockout.

On the bird's right wing was a splash of white—memento of the time he had upset the whitewash bucket, a week ago, from its precarious position on a shed top, over the head and shoulders of a workman at the Place, who was reaching up for it. The prank had been one of Zat's most successful and most blasphemy-evoking. But he had not escaped without a generous daub of the white stuff on his shining black wing.

By it, as well as otherwise, the Master recognized him now. His eye ranged from the meat-strips to the sheltering body of the collie, then to the boozily leering crow.

All at once, the Master understood. The gun-butt sank harmless to the ground. Gently the crow was lifted in two hands whose owner no longer had a cranky yearning to wring the bird's glossy neck.

"Zat," said the Master, stroking the ruffled plumage smooth again, "you're coming back home with us. And you're coming back alive. You've won your welcome, you old scoundrel!"

"Well, *well,* WELL!" gurgled the dizzy bird. "How's *zat?"*

DOUBLE MURDER

(Continued from page 61)

still, the strange terror that hid beneath her bitter, staring eyes: it wasn't any terror of the law, the cheek of which she had symbolically in his person just so vigorously slapped; it wasn't any terror of what he or the machine he represented could do to her—what anyone or anything could do to her. It was baffling—baffling as the undiscoverable source of any intense emotional reaction is baffling; something that drew its sustenance from roots imbedded not in the immediate present, but in the past. . . . .

"You will permit me to offer my apologies?" he said.

She returned vividly to the moment, and her color swept back in a succession of bright waves. "I am not usually so unmannerly," she said.

"Nor usually subjected to insult. The fault was mine."

Her laugh was quite harsh. "On the contrary, Lieutenant, I am accustomed to insult."

"Then why do you stay with Mrs. Endicott?" he said softly.

"Because there are some people, Lieutenant, who can only find their happiness in hell."

"Martyrs."

"It's a sharing, if you wish—a sort of sharing of torture."

"You mean," he said, "a sharing that is now going on?"

"Perhaps. Do you believe, Lieutenant, that the dead remain in emotional touch with the living?"

"You would like to be quite certain that your sacrifice is not being made in vain." Lieutenant Valcour spoke very softly. He was approaching, he felt, no matter how grandiloquently, that goal toward which he had been aiming: the answer to the amazing look she had given him in Mrs. Endicott's room.

The mood broke. She stood up abruptly.

"You wished that address-book?" she said.

"If you will be so kind," he replied.

She went to the door of Mrs. Endicott's room, opened it, was swallowed up. Lieutenant Valcour waited outside. Roberts opened the door and handed him the small leather reference-book Mrs. Endicott had used when she was verifying the telephone-number of Dr. Worth.

"Thomas Hollander," said Roberts. "The names are listed alphabetically."

The door closed even in that short second which preceded his thanks. It was a gesture of retreat from hinted intimacies. It wasn't so much the door of the room she had closed, as it was the door guarding her secrets.

He took the reference-book and sat down. He began with *A* and started to go systematically through it. At *H* he fixed in his memory the street- and telephone-numbers of Hollander's house. He continued without interest to turn the pages.

At the end of the *M's* he came, to his marked bewilderment, upon the address and telephone-number of Marge Mylen.

Chapter Ten—12:06 A. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR went to the head of the stairs.

"O'Brian!" he called down.

O'Brian looked up at him from below.

"Yes, Lieutenant?"

"Send Hansen up here, please."

"Yes sir."

A painting on the wall held Lieutenant Valcour's attention while he waited. A Gauguin, he thought, and going closer, confirmed it. Everywhere were the details of great wealth, and the young owner of it all not a happy child of kind fortune, but a detested, a passionately hated and a passionately loved man.

"Lieutenant, sir—Officer Hansen reporting."

They went down the corridor and stopped before the door to Endicott's room.

"Do you know what's gone on here tonight, Hansen?"

"From what I've heard, sir, the man who was thought dead is now alive."

"That is correct."

Lieutenant Valcour opened the door and beckoned to Cassidy, who at once joined them.

"When you two men go back into that room," Lieutenant Valcour said, "I want you to get a couple of chairs and sit down just inside the bathroom doorway. Put the chairs where you can watch the bed and this hall door. If you talk, use a low voice that wont disturb either the patient or the nurse, and from the moment when she indicates that he's returning to consciousness, say nothing at all and sit still. The shock of knowing that you were there might disturb his heart again. Is that clear?"

They assured him, in unison, that it was.

"This hall door," Lieutenant Valcour went on, "is going to be kept locked on the inside by the nurse. Every time she opens it, watch carefully. Keep your eye on anyone who comes into the room, especially if they offer some excuse for wanting to be there—and when I say anyone, I mean just that. For instance: The nurse might want some coffee, and ring for a servant. Watch that servant every second until she goes and the door is locked again. While on the subject of coffee, you will drink none that may be offered you while you're on watch."

"I never drink coffee, Lieutenant," said Cassidy. "Now, if it was a cup of tea—"

"If you get thirsty," said Lieutenant Valcour severely, "take some water from the tap. And eat nothing at all. I don't want to have to come back here and find you both groggy with knock-out drops and with heavens-knows-what happened to Endicott. Mind you, I'm not suggesting that anything like this *will* happen—but it might. Clear?"

Again, in unison, they assured him it was all most clear.

"Keep in mind," Lieutenant Valcour went on, "that primarily you are in a sickroom over which Dr. Worth has absolute charge. You are not to interfere with anything he may do, or with any arrangements he may make during the night. You are only to step in if you see that Endicott's life is threatened through the action of some person who may approach him. Try to prevent this by physically overpowering the attacker if you can, but if there is no time for that do not hesitate to shoot."

"Even if it's a woman, Lieutenant?" said Hansen quietly.

Lieutenant Valcour shrugged. "There are no such things," he said evenly, "as sex or chivalry in murder."

"Yes sir."

"I am painting, incidentally, the darkest prospect of the picture. In all probability nothing will happen at all. You'll spend a sleepless and tiresome night, get cricks in your necks, and damn the day you ever joined the Force. Now then, there is one thing more, and that concerns a man by the name of Thomas Hollander. Dr. Worth believes it advisable that an intimate friend of Endicott be near him and be the first person whom Endicott sees when he recovers consciousness. Mr. Hollander is that friend. I am going to try to get in touch with him shortly, explain matters to him, and get him

to come up here. Mr. Hollander is naturally the exception to my previous instructions. Let him alone. Don't interfere with him; but,"—Lieutenant Valcour's pause was significantly impressive,—"watch him! Watch him, my good young men, as two harmonious cats might watch a promenading and near-sighted mouse. Shall I repeat?"

"I get you, Lieutenant," said Cassidy. And Hansen, he was assured, had gotten him too.

"Then we will go in, and you will establish yourselves for the night at once."

He opened the door, and they went inside. Dr. Worth's arrangements were complete, and he was ready to turn in. Nurse Murrow had received her instructions and was to call Dr. Worth should Endicott show any symptoms of returning consciousness.

Dr. Worth joined Lieutenant Valcour at the door.

"There is nothing further we can do for the present, Lieutenant, except to wait," he said.

"All right, Doctor. I've told my men how things stand." He nodded toward Cassidy and Hansen, who, on tiptoe, were vanishing into the bathroom with two chairs. "I've told them you're in charge here, and that there's not to be an unnecessary sound or move out of them."

Dr. Worth continued to remain politely incredulous. "Well, I dare say you know what you are doing, but it still seems an extraordinary precaution to me."

"And it probably is. I spoke to one of the maids about your staying here, Doctor."

"Yes—thank you; they've told me where my room is. It's the one directly above this one."

"I've also lined up one of Endicott's friends. I'm getting in touch with him directly, and when he comes, I'll have him sent up to you. You can tell him just what you want him to do, and then see that he gets in here all right, if you will, please."

"By all means. Who is he, Lieutenant?"

"A Mr. Thomas Hollander—lives on East Fifty-second Street."

"Never heard of him; but there's no reason why I should have." He sped a parting look toward Endicott, faintly breathing on the bed. "The most reticent man, Lieutenant, whom I have ever met."

They went outside and closed the door.

NURSE MURROW went over and locked it. She felt, to put it mildly, not a little a-twitter. Her life had not conformed to the popular version of a trained nurse's. There had been no romantic patients in it whose pallid, interesting brows she had smoothly divorced from fever by a gentle pass or two with magnetic fingers. No grateful millionaire had offered her his heart and name; nor had any motherly-eyed old dowager died and willed her a fortune.

The present case loomed as a heaven-sent oasis. Who knew what might not develop out of it?

She crossed to the bed and looked down at Endicott. She felt his pulse and made a notation on her night chart. She lingered near the bathroom doorway.

"The strangest case," she whispered, "that I've ever been on."

Cassidy looked up at her bleakly.

Hansen said: "Yes ma'am."

"I dare say," she whispered on, "that it's quite in the ordinary run of things for you gentlemen."

"Yes ma'am."

"There's an atmosphere—a something sinister—"

"Yes ma'am."

Nurse Murrow's broad shoulders jerked impatiently. There was a talk-chilling quality in being so determinedly ma'amed. She gave it up, and settled herself starchily in an armchair.

A floor board creaked upstairs—once.

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That would be Dr. Worth, she decided, going to bed. What a man—what a shining light in his profession! A little bigoted, perhaps, in some things, but so distinguished—admirable, a bachelor too. . . . . But what nonsense—

A complete stillness settled gently on the house. The stillness of a grave.

Yes, she thought, just exactly that—the stillness of a grave!

Chapter Eleven—12:15 A. M.

LIEUTENANT VALCOUR refreshed his memory from the leather reference-book, and then dialed the number.

"Mr. Thomas Hollander?" he said, when a man's voice answered him; it was a smooth, soft voice, and he suspected that further words beyond the initial "Hello!" would reveal a Southern accent.

"Who is calling, please?" went on the voice, and making the expected latitudinal revelation.

"I have a message from the home of Mr. Herbert Endicott for Mr. Thomas Hollander. Will you ask him to come to the phone, please?"

"One moment."

"Certainly."

Lieutenant Valcour drew stars on a scratch-pad while he waited.

"Yes?" It was a deeper voice, this time, and held no promise of Southern softnesses.

"Mr. Thomas Hollander?"

"Yes."

"This is the home of Mr. Herbert Endicott, Mr. Hollander."

"Yes?"

"And I am Lieutenant Valcour talking—of the police."

The deadness of the wire became a pause of the first magnitude. Then:

"Well, Lieutenant—what's it all about?"

"It is about Mr. Endicott, Mr. Hollander."

Another pause.

"He's dead?"

"Dead? Why, no, Mr. Hollander. Were you expecting him to be?"

"What do you mean by 'expecting him to be'? Certainly I wasn't. Please come down to facts, Lieutenant."

"I was about to. Mr. Endicott has suffered a heart-attack brought on by some sudden shock. His condition is serious; and Dr. Worth, who is attending him, insists that some friend be at hand when Mr. Endicott recovers consciousness."

"You mean,"—the voice was speaking very carefully now,—"in addition to Mrs. Endicott?"

"No; unfortunately Mrs. Endicott cannot be present."

Again a pause, and then:

"Why not, Lieutenant? She isn't—that is—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hollander?"

"Damn it, is she arrested?"

"Certainly not. What for?"

"Well, what in hell are you cops in the house for if"—the voice ended belligerently—"there hasn't been some crime?"

Frank R. Adams

who writes some of the most delightful light love-stories, will contribute one of his best to an early issue:

"The Moon and Muffins"

Everyone will enjoy it.

Lieutenant Valcour remained splendidly detached.

"We sha'n't be certain that there either has or hasn't been a crime, as you infer, until Mr. Endicott recovers consciousness and lets us know."

"He's unconscious?"

"Yes."

"Is his condition serious, Lieutenant?"

"Most serious, Mr. Hollander."

"And Mrs. Endicott—why is it she can't be with Herb?"

"Dr. Worth has given her a narcotic. She's sleeping. Her nerves are unstrung."

This evidently took a minute to digest.

"From what, Lieutenant?"

"From her husband's condition."

"Did Mrs. Endicott suggest that you call me up, Lieutenant?"

"No. Roberts, her maid, said you were a friend—a mutual friend. Roberts tells me that your name is the only one she has ever heard spoken by Mr. Endicott in terms that would imply intimacy."

"That's right."

"You and Mr. Endicott are intimate friends, are you not?"

"Pretty thick, Lieutenant. What is it you want me to do?"

"To sit with Mr. Endicott until he recovers consciousness. Dr. Worth is afraid that his heart will go back on him again if there isn't some one he knows with him when he comes to. If you'll be kind enough to come up, Dr. Worth will explain the whole peculiar affair to you much better than I can."

"Why—of course. Yes. When?"

"As soon as convenient."

"In about an hour? There are some things—"

"That will do perfectly. Thank you very much, Mr. Hollander. Good-by."

"Good-by."

VALCOUR hung up the receiver of the hall telephone he was using and walked to where he had left his coat and hat. He put them on and buttonholed O'Brian by the front door.

"O'Brian," he said, "there's a man coming here shortly by the name of Thomas Hollander. Have him identify himself by a visiting card, or a letter, or his driver's license, or initials on something or other. Give him a pat, too, in passing, to make certain he hasn't got a gun. If it offends him, say that it is just a matter of routine. As a matter of fact, in his case, it probably is. Then show him up to the room that Dr. Worth is occupying for the night."

"Yes sir."

"From Dr. Worth's room he will be taken down to Mr. Endicott's room, and will stay there until morning."

"Yes sir."

"I want you to tip the men off on guard down here that I want it known I am going home until tomorrow. Tell Mr. Hollander that if he asks to see me. I am leaving the house now, and may be gone for a couple of hours, more or less. Then I'm coming back. I'll rap on this door here, and you let me in."

"Yes sir."

"There's probably a lounge or something in that room there just off this hall. I'll spend the night on it."

"Yes sir."

"What is the name of the gentleman who is coming?"

"Thomas Hollander, Lieutenant."

"Good."

Lieutenant Valcour went outside. The normal orderliness of life returned comfortingly with the first deep breaths of cold night air. He walked the short half-block to Fifth Avenue and hailed a taxi. He got in. He gave the driver, through the half-opened window in front, the Riverside Drive address of Marge Mylen.

Chapter Twelve—12:30 A. M.

THE taxi ran north along Fifth Avenue for a few blocks and then bore left into the leafless, frosty stretches of Central Park.

The average worthlessness of any person's reactions when suddenly confronted by the police, Lieutenant Valcour reflected, was a curious phenomenon.

Take Hollander, for instance. Every word of his telephone conversation had been a negative defense, and yet one could not link it necessarily with the attack on Endicott. It was obvious that Hollander had *expected* something to happen to Endicott, and equally obvious that he was worried about the fact that Mrs. Endicott might be involved in it; but one couldn't say that he had been involved in it himself.

The taxi stopped. Lieutenant Valcour got out, paid the driver, and dismissed him.

Marge Mylen, Lieutenant Valcour decided as he took in the façade of the building that housed her apartment, did herself rather well.

A sleepy and irritable negro casually asked him "Wha' floor—an' who, suh?" as he entered the overheated lobby. The boy was smartly snapped into full consciousness through the view offered him by Lieutenant Valcour's gold badge. . . . . The correct floor proved to be the fourteenth.

As the hour was hovering about one in the morning, Lieutenant Valcour was considerably surprised at the promptness with which the door swung open in response to his ring, and considerably more surprised by the querulous voice that emerged from beneath a wig, dimly seen in the poor light of a foyer, and which said: "Well, I must say you took your own time in coming. Put your coat and hat on that table there, and then come on into the parlor."

Lieutenant Valcour complied. He followed a dimmish mass of jet bugles into the more accurate light of a room heavily cluttered with gold-leaf furniture and brocades.

"I'm Madam Velasquez—Marge's ma. I aint Spanish myself, but if there ever was a Spaniard, my late husband Alvarez was."

The wig on Madam Velasquez' head offered no anachronism to the bugles of her low-cut dress. Its reddish russet strands were pompadoured and puffed, and showed at unexpected places little sprays of determined curls. The face beneath it bore an odd resemblance to an enameled nut to which Nature, in a moment of freakish humor, had added features.

"Now, I want you to tell me at once, Mr. Endicott, what you have done with my little Marge."

Lieutenant Valcour with curious eyes tried to probe a closed door at the other end of the room.

"I expected to find her here, Madam Velasquez," he said quietly. "Isn't she?"

"She aint. And what is furthermore, Mr. Herbert Endicott, you know she aint." The woman's voice had grown shrill, but without much volume. It was rather the ineffective piping of some winded bird.

"What makes you say that, Madam Velasquez?"

The bunched strands of artificial jewelry that were recklessly clasped about Madam Velasquez' thin neck quivered defiantly.

"And you never met her here at seven," she said. "I suppose you'll say you *wasn't* to meet her here at seven! Well, I got this note to prove it. There, now!"

She handed Lieutenant Valcour a sheet of notepaper that reeked of some high-powered scent. He read:

"Make yourself at home, Ma. Herb Endicott was to meet me here at seven. He didn't come, though he was to take me to the Colman Hotel for dinner. I am going to the Colman now and see if he is there. Maybe I did not understand him right, Ma. I will be home soon anyways. —Marge."

"And it is now," said Madam Velasquez, "after one A. M."

"She knew you were going to pay her this visit, Madam Velasquez?"

"I telegraphed her this afternoon. I'm here for a week. Where is she?"

"I don't know where she is, Madam Velasquez."

"Mr. Endicott—one more lie like that, and I'll call the police!"

"That's all right, Madam Velasquez—you see, I *am* the police."

The bugles, the jewels, the curls became still with shocking abruptness, as a brake that without warning binds tightly.

"You belong to the police?"

"Yes, Madam Velasquez—Lieutenant Valcour." He showed his badge.

"Then you aint Mr. Endicott?"

"No, Madam Velasquez."

"Then he—she—they've gone and done it, Lieutenant—they've run away." Madam Velasquez began to simper.

"I'm sorry, Madam Velasquez, but they haven't run away. Mr. Endicott, you see, was attacked this evening. If he doesn't live, whoever did it will be charged with murder."

IN Madam Velasquez' tone there was a complete absence of expression. "And you think Marge done it," she said.

"Not necessarily so, at all. Your daughter may very well have met somebody else at the Colman—some other party of friends—and have joined it when Mr. Endicott failed to show up. The hotel is closed by now, but perhaps she went on to some night-club. I wouldn't worry."

"Why should she go on to some night-club when she knew her ma was waiting for her here?"

Madam Velasquez' thin hands, the fingers of which were loaded with cheap rings, played nervously with any substance they chanced to touch.

"Something's happened to her, Lieutenant," she went on. "I always told her as how it would. 'Marge,' I told her a hundred times if I ever told her once, 'there's a limit to the number of suckers you can play at the one and the same time.' "

"You think that some man who was jealous perhaps attacked Endicott first, and then got after her?"

"Man? Men, Lieutenant, men! That brat kept the opposite of a harem, if you know what I mean."

"She isn't your daughter, really, is she, Madam Velasquez?"

"She was Alvarez' only child by his first wife—some Spanish female hussy from Seville. What made you guess?"

"The way you talked about her. But do keep on, Madam Velasquez. What a remarkable pendant—it's a rarity to see so perfect a ruby! May I?"

Madam Velasquez simpered audibly while Lieutenant Valcour leaned forward and stared earnestly at the bit of paste.

"My late husband, Lieutenant, used to say that nothing was too good for his pretty Miramar. That's my name, Lieutenant—Miramar."

"Few people are so happily named, Madam Velasquez. Tell me—let me rely upon your woman's intuition—just what did Marge expect from Endicott?"

"Every last damn' nickel she could get," she said.

Lieutenant Valcour assumed his most winning smile. "Scarcely an *affaire du cœur*, Madam Velasquez." If he had had a mustache, he would have twirled it. "I suppose her early marriage embittered her, rather hardened her against men?"

"Well, if it did, I aint noticed it none."

"Perhaps Endicott came under the heading of business rather than pleasure?"

"Well, yes and then no."

"A happy combination?"

"Just a combination—not so damn' happy."

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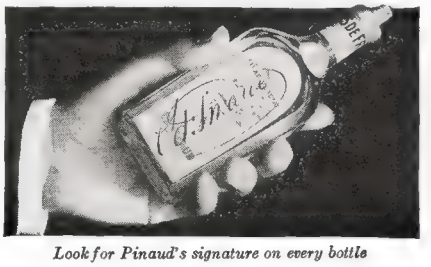

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"A little bickering now and then?"

"A lot."

"Indeed? Marge was on the stage, wasn't she?"

"If you can call it the stage nowadays, Lieutenant."

"In the chorus, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"And Harry Mylen saw her and carried her off."

Madam Velasquez' laugh was an art—unfortunately not a lost one. "The millionaire marriage!" she gasped. "My dear,"—her hand found a resting-place on one of Lieutenant Valcour's knees,—"he didn't have a *cent!*"

"She felt disappointed, I suppose."

"Disappointed!" Madam Velasquez fairly screamed the word at him, like an angry parrot. Her manner changed and became darkly mysterious. "I know my little know," she said. "You can believe me, Lieutenant, little Miramar's not the boob some parties I could mention—but wont—think she is." Her voice grew harsh with the gritty quality of a file. "I'll learn her to leave me in the ditch like this!"

"Then you think Marge purposely isn't here to greet you?"

THIS was a sweet little case, taken all in all, thought Lieutenant Valcour. It was perfectly plain: Madam Velasquez either held definite knowledge that Marge had killed Harry Mylen, or else had convinced Marge that she knew. And then Madam Velasquez had simply bled Marge of all the money she could get.

"Is Marge frightened easily, Madam Velasquez?"

"About some things."

The reddish, dusty-looking curls nodded vigorously. Lieutenant Valcour looked at his watch. It was one-thirty. He stood up.

"Thank you for receiving me, Madam Velasquez. If I leave you a telephone-number, would you care to call me up when Marge comes in? Or will you be in bed?"

"Leave your number, Lieutenant." The seamy, enameled face became more nutlike than ever. "I got a thing or two to talk over with that female Brigham Young." She raised a beringed hand and held it inescapably close to Lieutenant Valcour's lips.

He brushed them gently against a hardened coat of whiting, smiled his pleasantest and left, assisted doorward by what might at one time have been called a sigh.

He paused for a moment in the small foyer, after putting on his hat and coat, and penciled the Endicotts' telephone-number on one of his cards. He started back to give it to Madam Velasquez.

She wasn't in the room where he had left her, and the room's other door stood ajar. He crossed to it softly and looked in. Madam Velasquez—yes, he convinced himself, it *was* Madam Velasquez—was sitting before a dresser. Her wig was off, and her heavily enameled face peered into a mirror beneath thin knots of corn gray hair. As the lonely, weak old voice rose and fell, Lieutenant Valcour caught a word or two of what Madam Velasquez was saying:

"He didn't know—if I went and told her once, I told her a thousand times—he didn't *know.*" There followed a short and dreadful noise that passed as laughter. "But *I* know—Miramar knows, darling—you little lousy—"

Lieutenant Valcour retreated softly. He left the card lying on a table. He went outside and closed the door. He rang for the elevator, and shut his eyes while waiting for it to come up. There were times when they grew a little weary from looking too intimately upon life.

Down in the lobby he used the house telephone and called up the Endicotts.

"Lieutenant Valcour talking," he said.

"O'Brian, sir."

"Everything quiet?"

"Indeed and it is, sir."

"Mr. Hollander get there yet?"

"He's just this minute after arriving, sir. He's upstairs with Dr. Worth now."

"Did he identify himself, all right?"

"He did that, Lieutenant—with cards and a driver's license."

"Good. I'll be along in about an hour now. Good-by."

He was helped by the bitter wind as he walked east to Broadway. He found a taxi and gave the driver Hollander's address on East Fifty-second Street. He settled back and closed his eyes. He went to sleep.

Chapter Thirteen — 2:01 A. M.

NURSE MURROW didn't slumber, exactly —it was much too slender a lapse from consciousness for that. But it was not until the second gentle rapping that she stood up.

Some one was rapping on the hall door.

She glanced at her wrist-watch as she crossed the room, and was glad to note that it was just after two o'clock. Three or four hours, now, and it would be dawn. She'd get some coffee, then, and her work for the night would be almost over.

As she turned the key in the lock, she noticed with a sharp thrill of interest that the two policemen, very quiet, very alert, but still sitting on their chairs in the bathroom doorway, had each drawn a gun from its holster and was holding it by his side. She opened the door.

Dr. Worth, his dignity considerably muffled in camel's hair, stood in the corridor with a stranger.

"Miss Murrow," he said, "this is Mr. Thomas Hollander, the friend who is going to sit up with Mr. Endicott. He understands everything about the situation, and I have advised him just what to do."

"Yes, Doctor."

Dr. Worth failed futilely in suppressing a yawn. "Are there any reports?"

"No, Doctor."

"Then I'll return to my room. Call me at the slightest indication.'"

"Yes, Doctor."

Hollander came inside. Miss Murrow closed the door and locked it again. She stood watching Hollander as he went an uncertain step or two toward the bed, with that natural hesitation with which one approaches the very ill. He was a personable young man in his thirties. He was more than personable, she decided. Not handsome, exactly —heavens, no, she corrected herself rapidly. The features weren't molded in the tiresome regularity of actual handsomeness. Engaging? Perhaps.

His eyes, except for one flashing glance, did not meet her own directly.

"Is it all right to smoke?" he said.

Miss Murrow smiled apologetically. "I'm afraid not, Mr. Hollander. Mr. Endicott's lungs require as clear air as possible. I've even opened that window a little to keep the atmosphere in the room quite fresh." She nodded toward the window above the large mahogany chest. The sash was up about six or seven inches from the bottom.

"Oh." Hollander continued to stand before her. "Will Dr. Worth be here when Herb comes to?"

Nurse Murrow felt a professional stiffening. "I will inform Dr. Worth at the first sign of returning consciousness."

"Oh." Hollander's gaze wavered about at the line of her chin. "Then I'll just baby Herb along until you get back down here with the Doctor."

"The Doctor and I will undoubtedly be back before Mr. Endicott actually does come to."

"Uh-huh. Good kid—Herb."

She threw out a tentative feeler.

"You and he are great friends, Mr. Hollander?"

"Buddies. War buddies," Hollander agreed.

Miss Murrow's thoughts fled back along old trails. "How splendid! So few war friendships have really lasted, Mr. Hollander. I know it's been so in my case, and with so many, many others. Now I suppose with you and Mr. Endicott, you see each other quite regularly."

"Now and then."

"I suppose whenever your business permits?"

His look flicked her like a whip.

"Where'll I sit?" he said.

Nurse Murrow vanished within her professional sphere.

"Near the patient, please."

She wondered whether he had meant to snub her. He was attractive enough to get away with it, and it probably was nothing but brusqueness, after all. Many strong men were brusque—purposely so, to hide a tender interior.

"Just what do you know about all this?" he said softly.

"Isn't it just too thrilling?"

"Uh-huh. Whom do they suspect?"

Miss Murrow began to feel friendly again. He *was* so good-looking.

"They haven't said whom they suspect, really." She lowered her voice to an appropriate pitch. "But I know they think it's somebody who is in the house."

Hollander's voice was a whisper. "You wouldn't say it was Mrs. Endicott they suspect, would you?"

Miss Murrow appeared a trifle shocked. "Oh, it would be too dreadful to think a wife would harm a husband. But it does happen." Her mind tabulated the news offered daily by the papers. "Why, it happens almost every day. Oh, you don't *think*—"

"Certainly I don't think she did it," Hollander said fiercely. "It's what the police think that I'm trying to get at. What makes you so sure they're going to hang it onto somebody who's in the house?"

Miss Murrow nodded toward the bathroom door. "From the way they're guarding Mr. Endicott from being attacked again—from being attacked," she added, "before he can make a statement."

"Then they're still just guessing."

"Just guessing."

It seemed to satisfy Hollander, and he managed to convey the impression that the conversation, so far as he was concerned, had come to an end. Miss Murrow went over to her chair in a corner of the room and sat down. He was deep, she decided. Yes, a deep creature, with deep impulses.

CASSIDY and Hansen tilted back their chairs a bit, and with loosened collars settled for the last tiring watches of the night. They had nodded briefly to Hollander, and had been nodded back at just as briefly in return. He looked to them like a good scout. Like one of the boys—regular. Cassidy tried to remember what that last line of hooey was that the Lieutenant had shot at them about Hollander. Something about cats. About two cats, that was it, watching a promenading and near-sighted mouse. Nuts!

Hollander took an armchair and pushed it close to the head of the bed. It was an upholstered armchair, heavy, and with a tall solid back. He placed it so that its back was to the bathroom door. The back also obliquely obscured him from a full view on the part of Nurse Murrow. He vanished into its overstuffed depths and settled down. His eyes traveled slowly along the spread until they came to rest with a curious fixity on the smooth, masklike face of his friend Endicott.

Then the pupils of Hollander's eyes contracted until they glittered like the heads of two bright pins.

Chapter Fourteen — 2:01 A. M.

IT was just after two o'clock when Lieutenant Valcour stepped to the pavement and paid his fare to the driver. The cab snorted away and left silence hanging heavy on the street. The bachelor apartment-house where Hollander lived had an English-basement entrance. He found Hollander's name among a row of five others, and pressed the proper button. After pressing it four times, a voice answered him through the earpiece of the announcer.

"Who and what is it?" said the voice.

It was the Southern voice.

"This is Lieutenant Valcour of the police department talking."

"Oh! Mr. Hollander has already left, Lieutenant."

"Thank you, I know that. I want to come upstairs."

"Fourth floor, Lieutenant—automatic lift."

"Thank you."

The release mechanism on the door was already clicking. Lieutenant Valcour entered a smart little lobby, and then an electric lift. He pressed the button for the fourth floor.

"Sorry to bother you like this," he said, as he stepped out into a private foyer, and stared curiously at the young man facing him.

"No trouble at all, Lieutenant."

"That's very kind of you, Mr. ——"

"Smith, Lieutenant—Jerry Smith."

"Since when?" asked Lieutenant Valcour gently, as he started to follow Mr. Smith into an adjoining room.

"Why, what do you mean, Lieutenant?"

The man stopped, and his soft dark eyes stared earnestly at Lieutenant Valcour from their ruddy, slightly dissipated-looking young face.

Lieutenant Valcour removed his hat and placed it on a settee. "Nothing much, Mr. Smith," he said. "Certainly nothing beyond the fact that I saw you one morning last month in the line-up down at Headquarters; in connection with some night-club business, I believe. The charge fell through, I also believe, because the woman involved preferred the loss of her emerald necklace to the loss of prestige she certainly would have suffered during the publicity of a trial, had she pressed the case. That's all I mean, Mr. Smith."

"I don't suppose, sir, I could convince you of my innocence?"

"No, I don't suppose you could."

"It was my misfortune that the case never did come to trial, Lieutenant. I could have cleared myself then."

"Nonsense. You could have brought counter-charges—sued for damage for false arrest."

Mr. Smith looked inexpressibly shocked. "We of the South, sir, do not bring charges against a lady."

"Well, the ethical distinction between swiping a woman's necklace and bringing charges against her is a shade too delicate for my Northern nerves to grasp." Lieutenant Valcour crossed casually to a chair placed before a secretary, and sat down. "Sit down, Mr. Smith," he said, "and tell me something about your friend Thomas."

"The straightest, squarest gentleman who ever lived, sir. Why—" Mr. Smith plunged into a panegyric that would have brought a blush to the toughened cheeks of a Caligula.

VALCOUR permitted him to plunge. While the flood poured into his ears, his eyes were inconspicuously busied with such papers as were on view in the secretary. *"Tom, darling,"* he read on the folded half of a sheet of notepaper, *"let's tea on Thursday at the Ritz. At 4:30, as Herbert—"* Lieutenant Valcour did not consider it essential to reach out and turn the page. His fingers absently busied themselves with a

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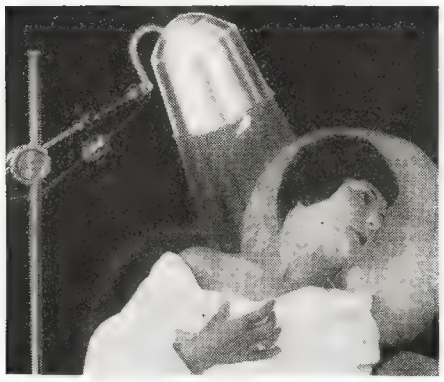

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leather sheath for, presumably, a metal paper-cutter or, perhaps, a stiletto.

"Yes, he is an honorable and an upright gentleman, sir, and if you think there is anything wrong with him in the Endicott business,"—Mr. Smith temporarily moved north of the Mason and Dixon's line,—"you're all wet."

Mr. Smith was through.

"For how long has he known Endicott, Mr. Smith?"

"As I've been telling you, Lieutenant, ever since that night he saved Endicott's life."

Lieutenant Valcour became almost embarrassing in the sudden focusing of his attention. "Would it bother you very much, Mr. Smith, to tell me of that occurrence again?"

"Why, it's just as I've been *saying*, Lieutenant, in the war—the war."

"Oh, of course. Endicott and Hollander were in the same outfit, and Hollander saved Endicott's life?"

"You can prove it, sir, if you wish. Just call up the Bronx armory and ask for the adjutant—in the morning, of course, as he wouldn't be there now. He'll make it official."

"Oh, I believe it, all right, Mr. Smith. It's a very reasonable explanation of why Endicott should be so intimate with one of your friends."

"I swear you have me wrong, Lieutenant. I had no more to do with that Gilt Knuckles job than,"—Mr. Smith sought desperately for a convincing simile,—"than a babe unborn."

"It isn't any of my business, anyway, Mr. Smith, even if you had," said Lieutenant Valcour soothingly. He tapped the leather sheath he was holding, against his fingers. "I suppose Hollander was even quite prominent at the wedding, when Endicott was married?"

"Prominent? He was the best man."

"Really. Well, well! Mrs. Endicott is indeed a very beautiful woman, and from all that she has told me, a much misunderstood one."

Mr. Smith poised himself delicately upon the fence and remained watchful.

"It must have been rather a problem for Hollander," Lieutenant Valcour went on reflectively, "when she told him this afternoon during their tea at the Ritz that she was faced with one of two things."

"What do you mean, Lieutenant?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"Tell me what, Lieutenant?"

"That Mrs. Endicott told him she couldn't stand it any longer: that she either was going to kill her husband, or else commit suicide."

Mr. Smith smothered a sharp intaking of breath.

"Oh, you know how women talk, Lieutenant! It's just talk."

"Then he wasn't impressed, really?"

"Why, of course not. No more so than you or I would have been."

"He got back here from the Ritz at six."

"About."

"And stayed here until I phoned him?"

Mr. Smith looked a little baffled. "Well, not exactly, Lieutenant."

"Just how, exactly, Mr. Smith?"

"Why, you see, he left for dinner right after he came in."

"Just after six?"

"Near six-thirty."

"And what time did he get back from dinner?"

"I wasn't here, Lieutenant. I had a date, and didn't get back here myself until around midnight."

Lieutenant Valcour became very casual.

"Did Hollander plan to marry Mrs. Endicott after she'd gotten the divorce?" he asked.

"Golly, no! There wasn't going to be any divorce. It was platonic—and damned if I don't believe it."

"It's quite possible."

"I have never seen her—but to hear Tom rave!"

"She is very beautiful."

"Lieutenant,"—Mr. Smith's exceedingly attractive dark eyes stared solemnly into Lieutenant Valcour's veiled ones,—"Tom thinks she's a saint. I mean it."

"Dark and strange," muttered Lieutenant Valcour. "Dark and strange."

"What's dark and strange, Lieutenant?"

"The rather terrible things that sometimes happen, Mr. Smith, under the patronage of love."

"I'll be damned if you talk like a cop," said Mr. Smith, suddenly very suspicious.

"Then I'm afraid you are damned, Mr. Smith. What," Lieutenant Valcour asked suddenly, "was kept in this?"

Mr. Smith, momentarily distracted from his suspicions by the abrupt switch, stared at the leather sheath Lieutenant Valcour was holding out at him.

"Some sort of a sticker that Tom picked up on the other side," he said. "Damascus steel, he calls it. Uses it for a paper-knife."

"I wonder why it isn't in its sheath," said Lieutenant Valcour mildly.

"Search me."

Lieutenant Valcour poked around among the papers.

"It isn't here in this secretary, either."

"Well, I don't know where it is, Lieutenant. It was there this afternoon."

"I don't know where it is either, Mr. Smith, but I'm going to find out."

"Go ahead."

"Where was it you saw it this afternoon? On this secretary?"

"Yes."

Lieutenant Valcour's search of the secretary was swift and thorough. The pigeonholes, the drawers, yielded no stiletto of Damascus steel. Hidden in one of the drawers was a copy of the "Oxford Book of English Verse." That interested him momentarily. He gave it sufficient attention to note that the most used portion included the Sonnets of Shakespeare. But there was no time now—no time—

"I'm going through the rooms here," he said, "and look for that stiletto."

"You'll be exceeding your authority if you do, Lieutenant."

"Have you any objections?" Lieutenant Valcour asked quietly.

Mr. Smith grew almost fervent in his protestations that he had none.

In spite of his verbal acquiescence, Mr. Smith followed Lieutenant Valcour through the two other rooms of the apartment with a gradually growing air of truculence. He stood near and a little behind him when, after the search yielded nothing, Lieutenant Valcour went to a telephone and dialed the Endicotts' number.

Lieutenant Valcour did not get the connection—because Mr. Smith drew a pliable leather-bound slug of lead from his pocket and struck Lieutenant Valcour on the head.

Chapter Fifteen — 2:13 A. M.

MISS MURROW began to feel fidgety. Eyes. . . . .

Yes, Mr. Hollander's eyes *were* glittering—even in that second flash she had just caught of them. But possibly he too had the fidgets. He'd been sitting terribly quiet for the past ten minutes or so. Not a budge out of him. A body'd forget he was there, almost.

Of course he was handsome. . . . .

Mrs. Sanford Worth. What a pleasant name it would be! *Distingué.* How apt the French were! (She knew ten phrases.)

Was that right hand of Mr. Hollander actually moving, or was it an illusion of light and shade?

It seemed to be slipping slowly from the arm of the chair and would eventually end

up in his lap. It was moving—it wasn't—Why, the hand was gone!

Positively gone—like a conjuring trick.

It wasn't on the arm of the chair, so it must be in Mr. Hollander's lap. Then it *had* been moving, after all, and she hadn't been just imagining it. Why, it was almost *sneaky*. . . . .

Mr. Hollander *did* have the fidgets.

She couldn't see exactly, because of the masking arm of the chair, but he certainly was fiddling with something.

She looked at her wrist-watch and saw that the hands were approaching the half-hour. She'd have to examine her patient and note his pulse on the chart.

She stood up, smoothed starched surfaces, and sailed, a smart white pinnace, toward the bed. She smiled engagingly at Mr. Hollander and then started to take Endicott's pulse. She gave a slight start and concentrated her full attention upon Endicott.

"I think there's a change."

Hollander looked up alertly. "Change?"

"I think he shows signs of coming to."

Miss Murrow wondered a moment at the tight little lines which suddenly appeared on Hollander's face, hardening and aging it rather shockingly, and altering the features into a cast whose hidden significance she could not define exactly.

"How can you tell?" he said.

Miss Murrow smiled a bit superiorly. "It becomes instinct, mostly."

"Will it be soon?"

"Very soon now. Be careful, please, not to disturb him or make any sudden noise or movement until I come back. I want Dr. Worth to be on hand before the patient actually does regain consciousness."

"You going up to get him now?"

"Yes." She went over to the bathroom door and spoke to Cassidy. "You gentlemen will be careful, wont you, about being seen? I'd stay well back within the doorway, as sometimes a patient is a little, well, wild when they come to like this, and if he started jerking around at all, he might see you." She smiled engagingly. "What with the uniforms, and everything—"

Miss Murrow left implications of the possible fatal consequences hanging in air, and returned to Endicott. She examined him critically for another moment, checked his pulse again, and then started for the door. She stopped just before she reached it, and said to Hollander: "I suppose you had better lock the door after me. Lieutenant Valcour placed great stress on the fact that it should be kept locked constantly."

"I'll lock it," said Hollander.

"It does seem kind of foolish, doesn't it?"

Hollander smiled grimly. "Most foolish."

HE stood up and joined her at the door. She went outside. He closed the door and locked it. He stared almost blankly for an instant at the two policemen. They had drawn their chairs back a little within the bathroom doorway. Hansen was impassively studying the ceiling above his head. Cassidy, leaning forward a little, was looking with solemn eyes at the outline of Endicott's still figure beneath the bedclothes.

Hollander stretched cramped muscles and then went back to his armchair beside the bed. He sat down and was all but completely obscured from the two guards by its high back. With imperceptible movements he drew a thin steel blade from beneath the cuff of his left coat sleeve and held it in such a fashion that it was masked in the palm of his right hand, the hilt extending up a little beneath the shirt cuff. He leaned forward and stared down upon Endicott's quiet face. Not quiet, exactly, for the lids were twitching—opening; and Endicott's eyes, bright and unseeing from fever, stared up.

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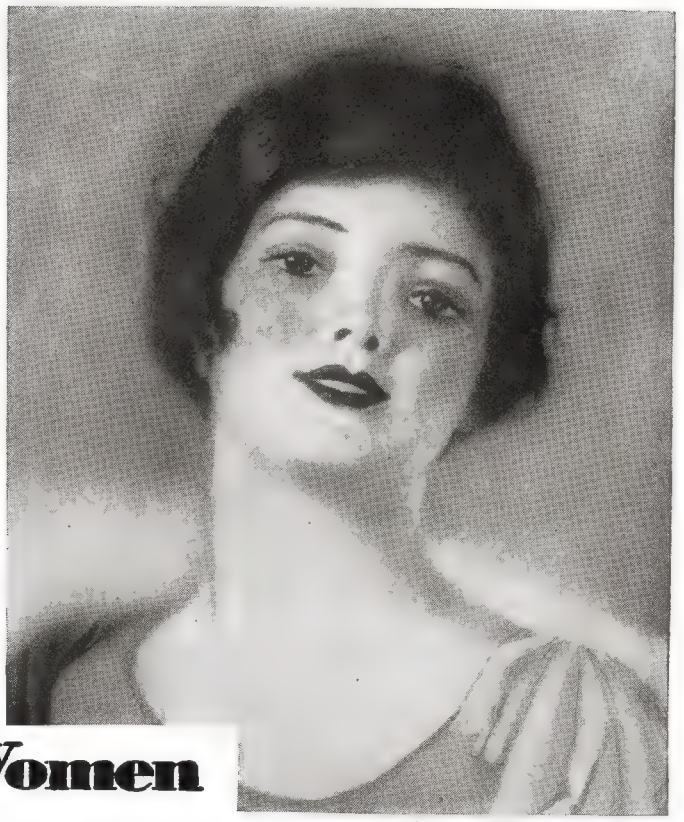

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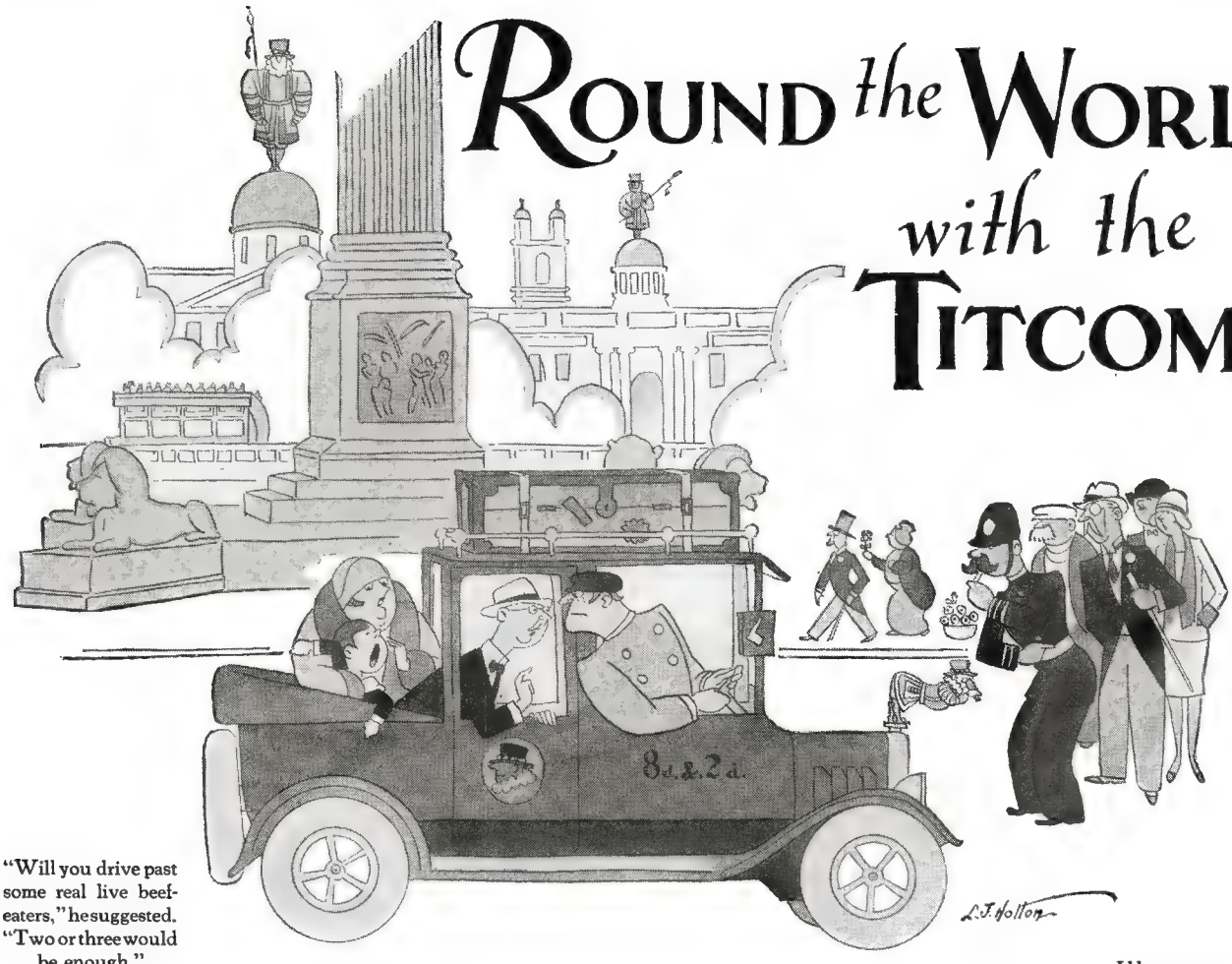
Round the World with the Titcombs



"Will you drive past some real live beefeaters," he suggested. "Two or three would be enough."

By Donald Ogden Stewart

[*Author of "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad"*]

Illustrated by L. T. Holton

No. 2—SEEING LONDON'S EIFFEL TOWER

"SO this is Paris," mused Ferguson J. ("Peewee") Titcomb, the husband of the heiress to the Pearson Vegetable Tonic millions, as he gazed reflectively out of the taxicab window on his way from the railway station to the hotel.

"It isn't either," corrected little Junior, his demon son. "It's London."

"Are you sure?" inquired the father mildly, and leaning forward he asked the driver, "My good man, is this Paris or London?"

"I'm not your good man," replied the driver, "and this *is* London."

"My mistake," apologized Peewee, withdrawing his neck into a rather large but clean collar. "You see, this is my first trip around the world."

"Tell him not to drive so fast," commanded the heiress. "I want to see something."

"My wife, Mrs. Titcomb, suggests that you drive more slowly," obeyed Peewee, "in order that we may observe the sights of this your beautiful city."

"What sights?" demanded the driver, stepping slightly on the accelerator.

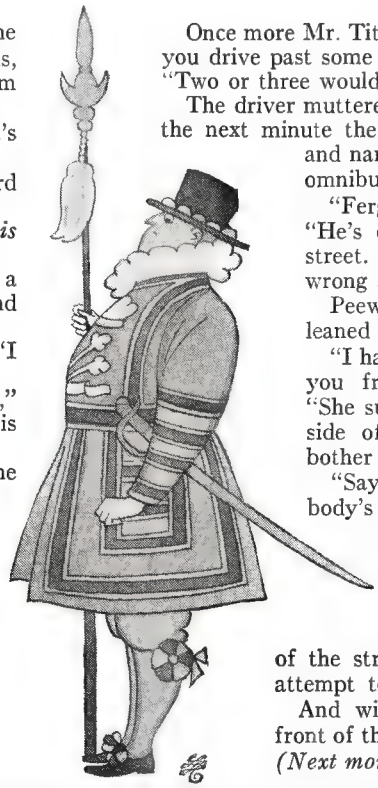
"Well," replied Mr. Titcomb, "what sights have you?"

The driver's reply was a Britannic grunt.

"I want to see the Eiffel Tower," suggested little Junior.

"I'm afraid that would be a little difficult," replied his father, "except on a very clear day."

"Well, then, I want to see a real live beefeater," said the little boy.



Once more Mr. Titcomb accosted the chauffeur. "Will you drive past some real live beefeaters," he suggested. "Two or three would be enough."

The driver muttered something about Americans, and the next minute the taxicab swerved around a corner and narrowly missed collision with a large omnibus.

"Ferguson!" gasped Mrs. Titcomb. "He's driving on the wrong side of the street. Tell him he's driving on the wrong side of the street!"

Peewee shrugged his shoulders and leaned forward.

"I have still another communication for you from my wife," he said politely. "She suggests that you drive on the right side of the street for a while. Don't bother if it's any trouble, though."

"Say, look!" cried little Junior. "Everybody's driving on the wrong side——"

"An interesting country," commented Mr. Titcomb.

"I'm glad we had the Revolution," said his wife. "Think of people driving on the wrong side of the street day after day and making no attempt to do anything about it!"

And with that the taxicab pulled up in front of the hotel, and the Titcombs emerged.

(Next month the Titcombs go "oo-la-la-ing.")

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HOW HANDWRITING CONVICTS

(Continued from page 51)

compulsion. My father, needing standards of comparison, requested samples of the youth's handwriting. Wolter was required to write at the dictation of a detective. So that he could not alter his normal manner of writing, he was required to scribble at length until it was certain that out of sheer boredom he was writing in his accustomed fashion. At length my father had sufficient material for his purpose.

Photographs of the post-card and of the girl's name in the memorandum-book were enlarged until they were about eight times the size of the original. Similarly enlarged photographs were made of the standards. When these were compared, there was no doubt in the mind of David N. Carvalho that Wolter had written the post-card and the memorandum entry, but it was necessary also to convince a jury that his findings were based on something which they could comprehend.

Father often used to say to me that the most damning evidence that appears in court is the silent evidence of things. A post-card, a telegram, a letter, these are more formidable than the testimony of the most convincing words of a straightforward witness. In the Wolter case the jury were shown by him just how he had arrived at his conclusion.

They were shown curious little pathways that Wolter's pen took habitually—in this case alien characteristics due to the fact that the murderer had first accustomed his writing muscles to German script. Traces of that manner were in everything that he wrote, marking his penmanship for the expert as the garment you wear is marked for the nose of a bloodhound.

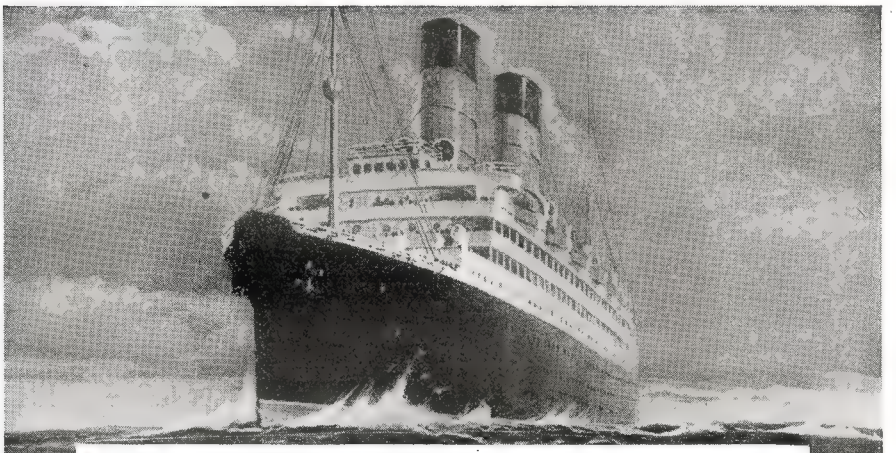
"IN determining the evidence of identity," my father told me at the breakfast-table on the morning that Wolter was taken to Sing Sing to be electrocuted, "the force of the evidence depends upon numerous coincidences, not upon one. I'll show you."

Reaching for the sugar-bowl, he extracted two cubes and then marked them with a lead pencil as dice are marked. Then he threw the dice.

"Double sixes," he called. "Now, suppose I should throw double sixes thirty times in succession. What would you suppose? That the dice were loaded. That inference would be founded on the fact that such a happening could not possibly be accounted for by chance."

He continued to play with the dice as he talked.

"Now, when you examine a piece of writing and discover a certain characteristic recurring, a characteristic which reflects a habit not necessarily dependent on the mode of forming the letters, you have something tangible to link that writing with all other writing produced by the same hand and brain. Suppose there are ten such characteristic habits revealed in the writing of a man like Wolter. Of these the very first is likely to be so rare that it will probably be difficult to find a parallel. But even if such a parallel is found, the point will arise whether such a habit is found in conjunction with the second habit. After you have begun to consider all ten of the revealed habits, you will realize that any likelihood of two persons possessing all of those habits is outside the bounds of mathematical probabilities. The things that I look for and find in a piece of disputed writing are not the sort of thing that enables you to recognize, or to think you recognize, in the morning mail a letter from one of your sisters or one of your brothers. We are all able to recognize the undisguised handwriting of a friend just as we would recognize that



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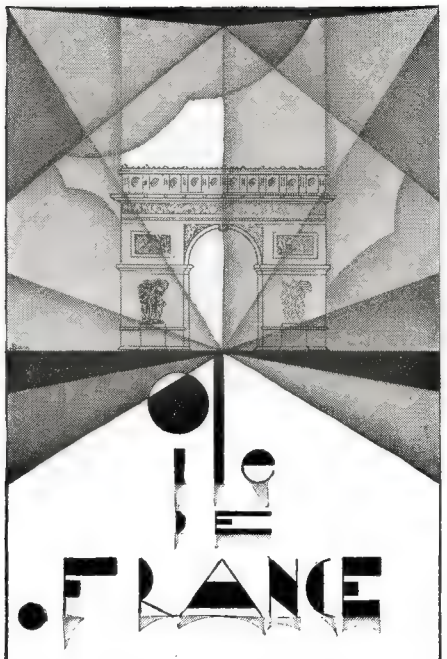

Centering about Paris, taking in the five great rivers, the ancient district called Ile de France contained all that was loveliest, gayest, most scintillantly alive in Europe... kings, statesmen, poets, beautiful women whose names are spells. -:- Palaces, chateaux, gardens. -:- The wars of Clovis, the fêtes of Le Roi Soleil, the thrilling story of Jeanne d'Arc, the pitiful tragedy of Marie Antoinette. -:- What would be left of history if the old Ile de France had never been?... and carrying history to its completion today comes the new *"Ile de France"*, the most modern ship afloat... with the *"Paris"* and the *"France"*, the *"Ile de France"* provides a Weekly Express Service, the most enjoyable trans-Atlantic interlude, "the longest gangplank in the world" where France begins the minute you come aboard. -:- Fastest and most direct service to Plymouth... then Le Havre, a covered pier... three hours ... *Paris itself!*

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friend if we met him in his usual dress. But the tests that I have to use must reveal more than the surface characteristics. By enlarging the specimens I examine, what do you suppose I accomplish?"

"What?" I invited. You had to feed him responses like that, or he gained the notion you were not listening, or worse, that you were uninterested.

"Well," he resumed, "glance at a map of the Pacific Ocean. What do you see? A lot of fly-specks that represent islands. To a man on Mars looking down upon the earth through a telescope, those islands would be no more than fly-specks; but if he should approach the earth, each speck, we know, would assume a distinctive shape. The closer he came and the more he studied each island, the more differences he would be able to distinguish. So it is with handwriting or anything else that is fashioned by men or gods. There are no two absolutely alike. That is what ruined Hendon. Successive signatures of a feeble old man like Rice would vary considerably under a magnifying-glass. It would be as silly to expect a pen in a senile hand to follow the same path as it would be to expect the Ohio River and the Missouri River to carve precisely the same kind of a channel to the ocean. That's what a signature is, a dried river of ink."

The disposition of many persons to believe that they can "recognize" the handwriting of persons with whom they are familiar should not be permitted, my father felt, to count either for or against a person on trial for murder. Sometimes — most times, in fact—they overlook things that are apparent only when seen under the magnifying glass of the expert.

There had been a murder trial down in South Carolina. A man named Hoyt Hayes had been convicted of killing his wife. From the appearance of her body, it seemed as if she might have lain down, placed the muzzle of a shotgun under her jaw and then pushed the trigger with her toe. It looked like suicide, certainly, but in searching the house, investigators came across a note that directed suspicion at the husband. He was an irresponsible sort of fellow who spent most of his time hunting birds and rabbits.

THE note, purporting to be from Mrs. Hayes, was addressed to a sister. It read as follows:

"I am treated well by Hoyt, but I had rather die than to have the pain and sickness of motherhood. Therefore I write to let you know that I did it. —Lulu."

Local handwriting experts decided the note had been written by Hayes. The distracted man was arrested, and after a trial was convicted. Many things were brought out against him that seemed to blacken his character, but still many persons sided with him. Finally he was given a second trial. Again he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

Shortly before the date set for his hanging, Governor D. C. Heywood wrote to my father, stating that he was not satisfied of the man's guilt, and asking what would be the charge for reëxamining the handwriting in the case. Father replied that there would be no charge in such a case.

At my father's request, the Governor sent along for purposes of comparison genuine examples of the man's writing and that of his dead wife. They proved to be strangely alike, but when all of the writings were enlarged, even a layman could see the subtle differences which told my father so eloquently that the convicted man was innocent. When he had finished his work, Father had only four days in which to get his findings back to South Carolina. On the fourth day the man was to be hanged. So he telegraphed his report to the Governor. The Governor was away. Subordinates who communicated with him reported back to my father that the Governor would not act unless he had all the documents before him. The papers were in the mail by that time, but there was delay in delivering them, and when the Governor finally made up his mind to act, Hoyt Hayes was on the scaffold.

The Governor's secretary arrived in time, providentially. But Hayes was not given his freedom. All that the Governor had dared do in view of an inflamed feeling against the man, was to commute his sentence to life-imprisonment. Father wrote a letter of protest to the Governor, who replied that if the man were released, serious consequences might follow. However, he pledged himself to pardon the man before he left office, and he kept his word.

Now, the thing that had confused the local handwriting experts, the thing that nearly hanged an innocent man, was a surface similarity in the writing of the man and wife. The reason for that similarity, Father pointed out, was that both had attended the same school and had been taught to form their letters in the round fashion that is an attribute of vertical writing.

ANOTHER murder in which Father's skill was employed to controvert the identification of handwriting by laymen was in the *cause célèbre* that is remembered as the Molineux case. In this affair, bank tellers were shown to have been mistaken when they testified that a vital bit of handwriting had been done by a customer of the bank. They should have known; but they were mistaken.

One morning in December, 1898, an excited man rushed into a drug-store and shouted for the proprietor to give him some remedy to relieve the distress of a woman who had been poisoned.

"Call a doctor," ordered the druggist.

"I have," said the man. "Let me have something while we are waiting for him to arrive."

The druggist produced a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia, and with this the frantic visitor dashed across the street. His trouble was wasted effort, though, for the woman died. She was Mrs. Katherine J. Adams, an obscure person among the millions in New York. The man who had sought a remedy for her illness was a close friend of the woman's daughter. They all lived together in the same apartment. The man was Harry Cornish, an employee of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club. He was a blustering **sort of** person, but the house committee of the club regarded him as valuable and kept him on the pay-roll at twenty-four hundred dollars a year.

There was an investigation by the coroner of the death of Mrs. Adams, at which it developed that Cornish had given her a glass of effervescent water when she had awakened, and complained of a headache. He had mixed the draft, he testified, from a bottle of bromo-seltzer that had been sent to him through the mail. He had supposed, he said, it was from some friend, because it was enclosed in a Tiffany box and reposed in a filigree silver bottle-holder.

An amazing fact developed by the coroner's investigation was the character of the poison. Cunningly mixed in with the white bromo-seltzer powder was a quantity of cyanide of mercury. This is a compound of two substances deadly to all forms of life, prussic acid and mercury. In a solution of effervescent salts it had formed hydrocyanic gas. The veterinary who calls to dispose of your ailing pet is likely to administer this lethal dose. The scientific destroyer of vermin who plies his trade in warehouses and ships is apt to use it also, as the most effective agent for the blotting out of parasitic life—rats, mice, insects. People generally, as one result of the world war, have nowadays a better understanding of the killing power of some of the gaseous vapors that chemists know how to generate. In the year of the Spanish-American War, though, such knowledge was the property of comparatively few individuals.

Our civilization in that day did not hinge to such a great extent upon the work of chemists. They were rarely encountered.

Naturally, Cornish himself was subject to suspicion; so were other persons who lived in the house with the dead woman. The police were insistent in their inquiry, and even before the coroner's inquest had learned from him that he had in New York one man whom he regarded as an enemy. That man was socially prominent in New York. He had been a member of the athletic club in which Cornish was a servant.

The man had resigned from the club after failing in an effort to have the club authorities dismiss Cornish. The climax of that situation was a meeting in the club between Cornish and Molineux. The club servant, aware that the club officials had upheld him, had sneered at the society man.

"Well, you—" he had said, "you didn't do it, did you?"

It was a fighting word he used, but the clubman swallowed it without fighting.

"No," he had replied, flushing crimson. "You win."

The man was Roland B. Molineux. Over in Newark, N. J., he was interested in a color-manufacturing concern. In the laboratory there, as in the laboratory of any color-making plant, were abundant supplies of the killing poisons that had been administered to Mrs. Adams. No one ever suggested that Molineux had anything against Mrs. Adams. It was not even contended that he knew her; but dramatically. at the close of the coroner's inquest, Molineaux was arrested and charged with the murder.

The district attorney presented the case to the grand jury, and the society man was indicted. It seemed clear in the minds of the prosecuting authorities that the poison had been intended for Cornish, and that chance had governed the mean circumstances that resulted in the death of the mother of his woman friend.

It was nearly a year after the death of Mrs. Adams before Molineux was brought to trial. In February, 1900, he was found guilty, sentenced to be electrocuted and sent to the death-house at Sing Sing. The result of the trial was a great shock to the Molineux family and to their friends, among whom were included some of the most prominent in New York society.

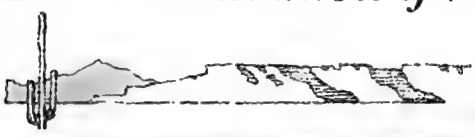
Molineux had been so confident of acquittal in a case that turned on circumstantial evidence that no defense had been offered. Perhaps his counsel had overlooked the influence on the minds of the jurors of certain facts that had been established about Molineux.

For one thing, women had governed his existence in ways that must have aroused feelings of tribal jealousy among the males in the jury box. At the age of fifteen this heir of an honored family had been sent out West to escape the ignominy of being named in a divorce suit brought by an older friend of his against a wife who had found romance in the fifteen-year-old boy. In fairness to him, it should be said that in such an affair the woman must have been the aggressor. If he was charged with being a poisoner, certainly it was a more subtle poison that was used against him at his trial.

Eight days after the death of another friend, it was brought out at that first trial, Molineux had presented his friend's widow with an engagement ring, and very soon after that they were married. A man who would do that, the jury was invited to believe, might be guilty of anything.

FOR nearly two years Molineux was kept in the death-house at Sing Sing. Then the untiring efforts of his father, the General, resulted in the granting of a new trial. By that time the entire country was conversant with the drama. People who wore well-tailored clothing, boasted of good blood

. . in the dimness of boundless distance. .



ASIA!

(by an Easterner who came to Southern California early in 1927)

Not the North African shore, but the Palisades at Santa Monica, a few miles from the heart of Los Angeles

SNOW PEAKS sheltering Southern California's golden orange valleys overflowed my cup of astonishment that last day on the train. But next morning the Pacific's plea became insistent; I found myself on Santa Monica's palisades!

At last—*the Pacific!* Childhood dreams rewarded! Gorgeous color, placidity, friendly warmth, sparkling winter sunshine—everything! No ocean ever gave me that urge! In the dimness of boundless distance—ASIA! What a sensation; a feeling of awe! Truly, a place to let imagination go wild!

That was two years ago—two years away from a "joy farm" out of New York City! Each trip to some particular close-by wonderland—whether the High Sierra, to Death Valley's lowest sink, the ever-fascinating Pacific, through the orange orchards or to Old Spanish Missions—makes me gladder I am alive—*in Southern California!*

Such winter and summer days and nights, such all-year flowers, such diversions! If you could feel its call as I do now; if, you knew the joys that might be yours! Well—you'd come for a vacation—quick!

And, Los Angeles with its Hollywood; gay hotels, great theatres, fascinating cafes—cosmopolitan to the core! Even the richness of Los Angeles County is bewildering. Billion dollar oil fields; agricultural products that annually approximate $95,000,000!

As you read this, "spring" is just around the corner in Southern California. Pack up—and come—now! That's what I did. The desert will be blooming as you arrive! I'll never forget that sight—*nor will you!*

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There's the Côte Basque along the pounding Biscay . . . Biarritz, where the beret came from and the clever photographers go to snap the fashionables . . . St. Jean de Luz, Hendaye for golf . . . and then, across the Pyrenees where you stop for winter sports . . . the Côte d'Or and the Côte d'Azur, strung with resorts so many and so varied that all tastes are met . . . Marseilles, the greatest port in France, clustered about with beaches . . . Cannes, where the international set foregathers . . . Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, Nice, Villefranche, scene of the February naval Battle of the Flowers, Monte Carlo, where the battle is of wits.

Returning . . . there's the lovely, lazy Chateau Country . . . Chinon, where Jean d'Arc saw her King . . . Azay-le-Rideau, tiny but such perfect Renaissance . . . Langeais, pure Gothic and a fort, despite its flowers . . . Villandry of the gardens and the swans . . . Chenonceux, swung gayly out across the Cher . . . Chambord of the double spiral staircase . . . Chaumont where Catherine studied astrology while Diane studied men . . .

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and connections, were rather generally convinced of Molineux's innocence. The men and women in tenement flats, those who gossiped over saloon bars and took their ease in their socks and shirt-sleeves, were very apt to say he was guilty.

At the time of the second trial my father had been associated with the office of the New York District Attorney for more than eighteen years, but he was not associated with the prosecution of Molineux, a prosecution that hinged on the identification of the person who had written the name and address of Harry Cornish on the package containing the vial of poison. My father was not associated with the prosecution because he had become convinced that Roland Molineux was not guilty.

The entrance of David N. Carvalho into that case was somewhat more dramatic than the prosecution desired, but it was the fault of Assistant District Attorney Osborne. Long afterward, Mr. Osborne relied on my father to save him from the humiliating consequences of a curious case of mistaken identity. A woman said he had been her lover. My father proved by handwriting on hotel registers that she lied—or was mistaken. However, that was still to happen when Mr. Osborne was cross-examining young Molineux testifying in his own defense.

ON the walls of the court of justice in which most of New York's notable murder trials have been held, there are grim pictures. They are murals painted there in the days of his youth by an old artist named Edward Simmons. The one behind the bench of the judge shows Blind Justice holding her scales. Below her sit the three Fates, one a grim old hag snipping with her cruel shears at the skein of life spun by her sisters. On the hem of her gown rests a grinning skull. It is horrible, but so is justice horrible when it is blind.

From yellowed papers in my father's files I have taken the record of some of the examinations in that case.

Osborne was heckling the prisoner-witness to the best of his ability, which was considerable. How, he was asking, had the defense acquired the services of the handwriting expert who had testified so many years for the district attorney? It was well known at that time that my father would refuse to testify unless he was deeply persuaded of the facts which he offered.

"Mr. Carvalho came to my lawyer's office," said Molineux.

"Well," continued Osborne acidly, "tell us what he said."

That was a blunder.

"He said," replied the prisoner, "that if he came to the conclusion that I had written the compromising paper, he would at once inform the district attorney and deliver me up."

That was something the district attorney dared not attack. It was devastating. The audience stirred on its chairs. There was a mysterious girl in red whose daily presence at the trial, often chaperoned by an equally mysterious woman in black, was attributed by the reporters to a sentimental interest in the prisoner. There was another daily attendant who came in a flaring skirt of robin's-egg blue and an enormous hat. The windows were kept tightly shut. The atmosphere was heavy with the poison of air robbed of its oxygen. Feeble electric-light bulbs made a spotty glow in the courtroom that was not so yellow as the journalists who scribbled furiously after every question and every reply. Whatever was said in that trial was news both here and abroad. Then my father took the stand.

He told, under the direct examination of former Governor Black of New York, chief of the Molineux counsel, how he had been given a key to the prisoner's desk in the Newark color factory, with permission to take any examples of his handwriting that interested him. He told how he had selected letters, checks and written memoranda until he had a thick bundle that gave him the basis for a study of Molineux' normal writing.

Then in crisp statements he told why he had decided that Roland B. Molineux was incapable of having written the address on the poison package.

"First," he testified, "no man is able to write better than he knows how.

"Secondly, no one is able to write in a disguised hand as well as he can write in his natural hand.

"Thirdly, if the disputed writing was made by Molineux, he wrote them better and more legibly than when the writing was in his natural hand. It is impossible that he should have done this.

"These writings do not comport with one another," he went on, and indicated for the jury's benefit a sheaf of writing in the hand of Molineux. Some of that writing had been done in the courtroom under the eyes of the jurors. They were impressed.

"These writings do not match. The man who writes in a disguised hand tries to hide himself away. He does not write naturally; he does not write legibly; he does not write as well as he would write were he not trying to hide himself away."

Then once more the jurors were permitted to examine the natural writing of Molineux, and the treacherous bit of writing that was a certain souvenir of the poisoner. They brought in their verdict within the space of a few minutes after they left the jury-box. Their verdict was, *"Not Guilty."* After four years the society man was free; but he did not live long—the death-house is literally that.

Molineux's wife divorced him; then he remarried and gained some further attention from the newspapers as a writer of plays. But something had happened to his mind during those years of strain. Finally it became necessary to send him to an insane asylum, where he died. The guilty person never was identified. As for Cornish, there is not much to be said because he dropped out of the ken of newspapers when the Molineux case ceased to be news.

"What about Cornish?" I asked my father one time.

"Well," he replied, "the curious thing about that case to me was that the handwriting on the poison package in its superficial characteristics resembled the normal handwriting of Cornish almost as much as it did that of Molineux; but I am as positive that Cornish did not address the package as I am that Molineux did not. No, Claire, the Molineux case is just one more example of the falsity of that adage that 'murder will out.' Much as you might like to believe that is so, you cannot. But do not get the idea that any murderer goes unwhipped of justice because of that. There is God's justice; there is conscience. I think it must be more terrible to live with a guilty conscience than it is to die in the electric chair."

I HAVE at home a pleasant souvenir of that trial. It is a book of poetry, the gift of General Molineux to the little daughter of the man he felt had saved the life of his son. In it he had written:

To my young friend of the House of Carvalho,
Claire by name, in remembrance of the
Many happy hours spent under her father's
Hospitable roof, where Claire fluttered from
Game to book, from book to play, like the
Dear little butterfly she is.
May the Almighty God bless that household!

You may gather from that bit of testimony that we children of David Carvalho were not oppressed by the terrible dramas into which he intruded.

Even more sensational cases decided by Mr. Carvalho will be described in the next, the March, issue.

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"WELL, WOT IS IT?"

(Continued from page 71)

molded and formed and fixed? Is he a mountebank, a buffoon? Never! Starts to leave lot in a six-cylinder huff!

1-41: Director is through too. If that stuffed frog of a supervisor decides on a conference now, why, that'll just be his hard luck, that's all!

1-42: Scenario-writer has also done all the blankety-blank waiting that he's going to—

1-43: Office-boy notifies them that supervisor wants them at once.

1-43½: Supervisor says: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, one at a time, please—this aint the Canal Street subway station! That doorway only holds three people. . . . . Come in!"

1-44: Author decides he's going to speak plainly, bluntly and briefly—straight from the shoulder, and they can take it or leave it.

1-45: Supervisor says: "Well—shriek something!"

1-46: Author: "Er—ahem—the great need—er—that is—after mature deliberation on my part—heh-heh—just thinking aloud as it were—heh—and I may be entirely wrong—but if I may—with your permission, gentlemen—of course—make so bold as to vouchsafe the conjecture—and it's only my personal impression to be sure; but the great—er—shall we say shortcoming in the motion-picture industry at the present moment is—is—the extreme dearth, so to say of—"

1-47: Supervisor sneezes.

1-47½: Gang (including author) all yell "Gazoontheit!!" thanking their stars that talking thoughts haven't been invented yet.

1-48: Author starts on outline of story—"Therefore viewing the situation by and large in the matter of retrospect—"

1-50: Telegram, "Gazoontheit!" received from company on location at Cerro Gordo, Ariz.

1-51: Author continues on outline of story.

1-53: Music department shows up with supervisor's sneeze set to music.

2-00: Author completes outline of story as supervisor gets measured for suit, telephones New York, and dictates a continuity for "The Cuckoo's Nest."

2-01: Supervisor finds fault with outline. It lacks incentatives! When the bum falls off the chair in Scene 492, there's no incentative. Who ever hoid of a picture without an incentative? What's the incentative in Scene 46 when the Spaniorita tears the turbine off the Arab Chief's head—I want incentatives!!

2-04: Whole crowd puts heads together, and total would fit in a 6⅞ hat.

2-45: Jury four to one with supervisor holding out for incentatives.

2-46: Supervisor pans Cecil Von Fluke's latest flop.

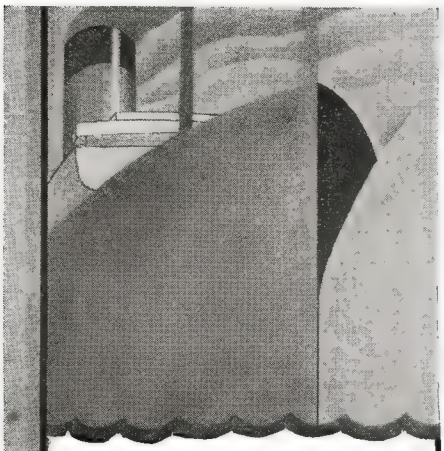
2-47: Director tells how Von Fluke put 'em in a hole for ninety thousand over at Untidied Artists.

2-48: Scenario-writer tells how Von Fluke has three on the shelf at Flasky's, and eight guys had to finish his last picture; and besides, any guy tries to write his own stories—

3-15: Director offers supervisor two motivating story points, fifty feet of epic quality and a menace, in lieu of one incentative.

4-00: Supervisor wonders if it's possible to turn a tennis ball inside out without breaking the cover. This leads to debate.

4-45: Discuss who'll play lead in picture. Author wants a fellow, let him see, now—he knows the type—the character—it's on the tip of his tongue—he'll get it any minute—he's got it!! King Alfonso—of course, not the real King Alfonso—a kind of an Al Capone with a mustache—only older—some-



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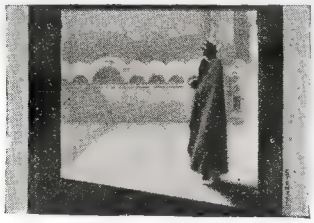

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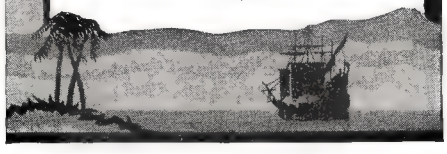

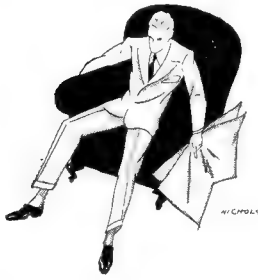

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NORTHERN PACIFIC

172

thing with a touch of Bil, Haines—er—that is—Moe Levy—would be the type exactly if he had Lon Chaney's legs—

4-49: Well, anyway, Cecil Von Fluke wont play it.

4-50: Supervisor still howling for incentatives in the dance-hall sequence. Lindbergh is expected to make flight with some.

4-51: Author suggests thirty feet of delightful tomfoolery.

4-52: Director favors droll absurdity.

4-53: Scenario-writer insists on delicious buffoonery, quaint scullduggery or smart numbskullery.

4-54: Decide to change story, eliminating two main characters, making the Chinese mandarin a six-day bike-rider, introducing a hunchback fiddler from Budapest and playing it with an all-negro cast, which will make it a second "Over the Hill."

4-55: Decide to make it a dog story.

4-56: Author says that perhaps what this thing needs is that intangible something.

4-56½: He's signed up for five years on the spot. Supervisor joyfully sends for gag-man to inject that intangible something into story, which will now be entitled "Flaming Whiskers."

4-57: Enter gag-man talking (we quote from the records): Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, here we are!! John X. Pulmotor. The old fire-net!! Save the dying picture, boys! Little old adrenalin always on the job! Woops! Four hinkies and a doodleberry! Lots of bing-bing, boys! Old kid transfusion! Grease the washers and she's in the wheel-house, four to pop and six to peep! The towing-car himself. Fooler opening, pull the old switcharoo, the gazoo gets it in the mugoo. Takes it big, and they're in the aisles. Ants in the pants, boys, ants in the pants. Lots of bing-bing!! Well, wot is it?? Wot is it??? Fifty feet of intangible something! Wait a minnit—wait a minnit—I'll routine this up!! I'll snatch one outa the air!! I got it!! Wow—this is priceless, boys! It's amazing!! It's priceless! It's marvelous!! It's a gem!!

SUPERVISOR: Shoot!

GAG-MAN: Oh, boy! They gotta admit I'm good. They gotta admit I'm the best in the business. They can call me anything they want, but they gotta admit I'm the berries. They can call me a liar and a horse-thief. They can say I beat up me grandmother. They can call me a knave and a scoundrel and a cad and a bounder, but they gotta admit I'm the best in the business.

SUPERVISOR: Sure, you're the best in the business—and you're all the other things too. Shriek the gag already.

GAG-MAN: Listen—have the dame see—she's standin' in the garden—wait, this desk is the garden—see—and the dame's standin' there, and she's got a balloon in her mitt—Wait-up, this lamp is the balloon, see? Then the bloke comes over the wall— Wait-up, here's the wall—this sprinkler, see—an' get this, now—he's got a lit cigarette in his mitt, see—and—

SUPERVISOR: You could come down off the chandelier, Mr. Blotz; it's rotten!

GAG-MAN: Wait a minnit—wait a minnit—I'll snatch one outa the air. . . . . I got! Change the cherries to olives—see, that'll make it different!

5-05: Decide to make it a mother-and-son story by electrocuting the hero only; of course, being he's innocent, the electric wires get crossed, and the current switches to Washington, D. C., knocking Senator Jollikins off the electric iron horse. This shames the Senator into his duty. A pardon is then signed by the President, and the beautiful symbolic touch, a candle, the flame of life, which was burning low and almost flickering, shoots up and socks Father Time on the chin.

5-15: Rejected on grounds that they can't get the right kind of candle.

5-16: Decide to make theme Biblical, due

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to fact that waitress in cafeteria looks like Babylonian princess. King Nebuchnaduzzer can be the lead, and handwriting on wall can be done in dialogue, starting them all off poor on the East Side, which gives them a chance to use Skyline of New York set on Stage 6. This will make it a second "Stella Dallas."

5-18: Supervisor insists that there's nothing better than a second "Covered Wagon."

5-19: Director holds out for a second "Wings."

5-20: Scenario-writer favors second "Big Parade."

5-21: Author suggests how about a first "Flaming Whiskers."

5-24: This leads director to remark that catching rabbits is only a knack, and if you give him a field without holes, he'll catch any gosh-darned rabbit on four legs or six or eight.

5-25: Gag-man offers to bet him ten to one that there are no people living on Mars.

5-27: This leads to fist-fight over whether the last eclipse was a money-making scheme on the part of the bootleggers, with everybody at each other's throats, when head of publicity department enters.

5-29: They all pose for picture, smiling and shaking hands, surrounded by entire personnel of studio on side of a hill—the whole formation spelling out the word *nuts*.

5-30: Cecil Von Fluke signed to write play, lead in and direct picture.

GOLD DERBY

(Continued from page 47)

ADA ADKINS, the Cyclone of Songland, wandered aimlessly through her suite at her hotel. Inactivity was one of the few things she could not cope with. She ran her fingers through the corn-colored waves of her shingled hair, lit a cigarette, threw her graceful, rather too rounded body upon a divan, and gazed at the ceiling resentfully.

"Maggie!" Her famous contralto voice boomed. "Come here!"

"Yes, Miss Ada! What is it, darlin'?"

The maid Maggie's brogue was as thick as she herself was thin. For twenty years she had served and worshiped Ada Adkins, through three husbands—all deftly disposed of in the courts of law.

"God, but I'm bored! I'll never lay off again."

"But pet, it's the first rest ye've had in forty weeks."

"And the last I'll have for forty more," Ada Adkins said. "Call a waiter—I'm hungry."

Maggie's thin arms folded across her scrawny chest.

Ada Adkins knew the gesture well. It was the natural *alerte* of a coming argument.

"Ye told me not to let ye eat between meals."

"That's when I'm working. Call the waiter." The Adkins contralto slipped into mezzo-soprano.

"Ye'll put on *more* weight when ye're loafin'."

"Oh, don't annoy me—I'm starved!"

"Ye recall ye can't force yer way into that green dress ye paid four hundred for?"

"Get out!" Ada Adkins' voice soared. "Get out and stay out!"

As Maggie went out, Joe Murray, the manager, came in.

"And where have *you* been?" demanded the Cyclone of Songland truculently.

"On the job—as usual." The little man had never been seen without his derby and cigar—outdoors or in. "I've been down to the Babylon. What a band! And that boy Al West is the last word!"

"I've heard a lot of bands, but what about Al West? What's the last word?"

"Sex, my pretty one!"

She smiled now, so Murray advanced fearlessly.

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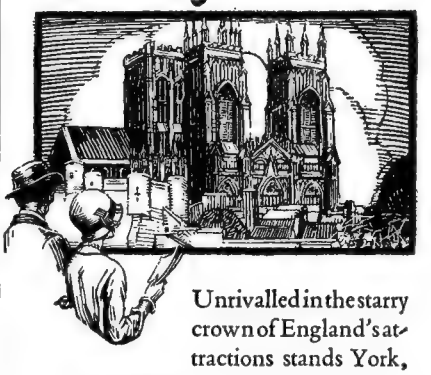

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"The theater's swell, and they're waiting for you with open minds," he said. "They're all enthusiastic about *you.*" Joe Murray's impudence and his quickness on the comeback had held his job as Ada Adkins' personal manager over a longer period than any yes-man could have lasted.

That lady liked a fight. The way to get her interested in a new song was to say that it couldn't be put over. She liked to appear in a theater that was not doing business—and drag them in. The men that she fancied were invariably the ones that people said "couldn't be had." And it must be admitted that the Cyclone of Songland usually got what she wanted.

"How's business at the Babylon?" she inquired casually.

"Al West always packs 'em in. He's been there nearly a year, though, and he finishes next week."

Ada Adkins yawned, and stretched her white, rounded arms. "Well, between it being my first appearance there and his last, we ought to clean up. Who else is in the presentation?"

"A great bunch of dancers, and one kid that's a riot. Name's Margery Merwin."

"Singer?" Ada sat up, sensing opposition.

"No, dancer. She's engaged to Al West."

"So people still get engaged?"

"Apparently. They're gonna be married in two weeks."

"The poor sap—how old is he?"

"About twenty-six."

"Bang goes another career!" Ada rose with feline grace. "Well! I'm going to turn in. If I stay up, I'll eat."

Murray walked to the door.

The Cyclone of Songland strolled to the window, flung aside the curtains, and stared down on the lights of Michigan Avenue, then swiftly opened the door.

"Joe!" she called down the corridor. "I think I'll drop in at the Babylon tomorrow night."

"Right!" he said. "First or second show?"

"I don't care. I just want to see the theater."

"Sure you do. G'night."

AS Ada Adkins watched Al West do his stuff at the Babylon the next night, she experienced a pleasant little thrill. She suddenly realized that she had existed almost two months without one. About time, she informed herself.

Al West was leading his band through an orgy of jazz. As he stood swaying, his graceful back to the audience, he used no baton. His hands seemed to exude rhythm. When the number ended, he turned to his admiring audience, and smiled the famous Al West smile. The applause was tremendous. Ada Adkins felt herself wishing that he would look at her. Of course he did not.

"He will next week," she mused.

When the ballet came on, and Margie appeared to float about the stage like a puff of thistledown, Ada Adkins said to Murray: "So that's the future he thinks he wants?"

"Yeah. She's cute—eh?"

Ada Adkins did not answer, and her expression as she watched the dancer reminded Murray of a large sleek white cat looking at a small spry bird.

In the foyer afterward they met Max Mindel. He and the Cyclone of Songland were old friends. "Sorry to hear you're leaving, Max," she said.

"So am I, Ada—sorry I wont be here to see you. Al West tells me he's going to play for you. What a combination!"

"He's got perfect tempo!" Ada Adkins answered.

"Excuse me!" interrupted Joe Murray. "Al West would like to talk over 'The St. Louis Blues' with ya. Will ya come back stage, Ada?"

"Ask him if he and the fiancée want to come up to the hotel for a bite."

"Sure!" Murray was gone.

"Will you come along, Max?"

"No, thanks, Ada, I've got a date. But you'll like them. Miss Merwin's a great kid. She's the brains of the combination."

"When a man's got what *he's* got, brains are a handicap." Ada laughed. "Has he ever been to the big town?"

"No, he's a real Chicago product. And the women are mad about him. He gets more fan-mail than Jack Barrymore." Max smiled. "But little Margie puts up a good fight. Nobody's ever been able to take him away from her."

"Wait till they're married—that's when the taking begins." Ada Adkins spoke with feeling; yet no one had ever taken anything from her. She had, herself, thrown out her several husbands.

"West says he and Miss Merwin'll be glad to come to the hotel," Murray announced as he rejoined them.

"O. K. Let's go. See you in New York, Max. I play the Corinthian week after next—opposition house, but Morry Popham's an old pal of mine. A lotta luck with your Superba job. Good night!"

In the street she turned to Murray. "Did the girl understand that this is just business? I mean—I wouldn't want her to think that maybe I had a yen for her boy-friend."

"Oh, nobody'd think that of you, Ada."

She glanced at him suspiciously, but his round face was guileless as he helped her into the taxi.

"THEY'RE on their way up, Ada."

The Cyclone of Songland sauntered with languorous grace out of her sleeping-room. Little Murray, wearing his derby and cigar, put down the telephone in the "sitting-room" of the suite and blinked at her with professional admiration.

She was a symphony in jade: clinging charmeuse pajamas, discreetly veiled by a gold-embroidered mandarin coat of a deeper tone of green. Her superb ankles, innocent of stockings, showed proudly above the small green satin shoes. "This outfit"—she glanced in the mirror—"set me back half a grand. It's the first time I've worked out in it."

"I hope Al West brings his smoked glasses," said Murray.

"Take off your hat," retorted his employer. "This isn't a Pullman smoker! And there goes the bell."

Little Murray reluctantly laid his derby on the piano, and opened the door. Al West and Margie came in smilingly. The introductions were brief and breezy.

"Welcome!" Ada Adkins told them in her best big-hearted manner. "Glad to meet you both. First engaged couple I've seen since I left Peoria!" And she put on her contagious contralto laugh.

Al and Margie liked her at once. Al's eyes were wide: he had never seen anything like those jade pajamas—never, that is, off the stage. As they sat down to the laden supper-table, and little Murray moved about, doing butler duty with the champagne, the Cyclone of Songland beamed hospitably.

"Eat, drink and be merry," she said, "for tomorrow I diet!"

Al and Margie both laughed at the idea of their effulgent hostess' dieting, and the supper proceeded gayly. Ada Adkins was rapidly becoming one of their oldest friends.

"Here's to your future," she toasted them. "May it fill your past with envy!"

They touched glasses all around.

"Darling," Margie whispered over the rim of her glass.

"To us, baby!" he answered.

"Well," said Ada, "after the big event—what're your plans?"

"A couple of weeks for the honeymoon, and then—" Al hesitated and glanced at Margie.

"So the bride is going to book the route, eh?" Ada patted Margie's hand.

"*I* think," said Margie, "we ought to get up a big-time act together."

"Good idea," approved little Murray.

"My contract at the Babylon's up next week," Al said. "Of course, I got other offers—plenty of 'em. I could go right on playing in Chicago as long as I wanted to—or I could go to Cleveland, Frisco, St. Paul—I got a lotta offers. But Margie thinks we'd go big with an act of our own." He turned to Ada Adkins: "Whatta *you* think?"

"Well,"—the Cyclone of Songland leaned back, inhaling her cigarette deeply, as if giving the matter thought,—"I'll tell you; I think it's fatal for married people to work together. They have to see too much of each other."

"But"—Margie's eyes were wistful—"we've been playing together for over a year now."

"Yes, but—separate hotels." Ada Adkins switched the subject abruptly. "What are you going to do for me in 'The St. Louis Blues' next week?" Her challenging eyes turned upon Al.

"Lady," Al told her, "we'll make Gershwin's 'Rhapsody in Blue' sound like a lullaby in lavender! Leave it to me."

Joe Murray moved around, filling the empty glasses; and Margie, watching Al as he talked, thought once more how lucky she was to have the chance of becoming Mrs. Al West. Al had been quiet during supper, but now he had found something to talk about. It was his favorite subject: Himself.

The Cyclone of Songland was looking at him too. She didn't hear the words that his lips formed; she was too intent on watching his lips.

"Chicago," she mused to herself, "may not be so lonesome, after all."

AL and Margie were saying a none-too-hurried good night at the elevator of Margie's hotel.

"She's a nice woman," Al said. "I like her; don't you?"

"Ye-es." Margie seemed reticent. "But—"

"But what, honey?"

"You didn't let her influence you against our going on with our own act?"

Al kissed her abruptly and with enthusiasm. "Not me! Listen, baby—we don't need no blues-babbling blondes to work out *our* booking!"

"She isn't even a real blonde," Margie said to Al's coat lapel.

That feline thrust he did not feel, but her heart thumping somewhere below his own was telegraphing: "Only two more weeks!"

"Only twelve days more," he said, as if in response. . . . .

Ada Adkins addressed a message to Morris Popham, managing director of the Corinthian Theater, New York:

AL WEST CLOSES AT BABYLON NEXT WEEK. STOP. IS A GREAT BET FOR YOU. STOP. KEEP ME OUT OF IT BUT GRAB HIM. STOP HE'S A CINCH FOR NEW YORK. STOP. REGARDS.

Then she signed her name, and telephoned down for a bell-boy. And as she glanced into the mirror, it seemed to her that she looked not more than half her thirty-nine years.

NEXT afternoon between the first and second shows, Billy Becket, press-agent of the Babylon, appeared at Margie's dressing-room. Billy was a glib, gum-chewing young man, whose publicity ideas were as colorful as his shirts.

"There's a rumor," he said, "that you and Al West are going to be married."

"That's no rumor, Billy—it's the truth with knobs on it." Margie smiled proudly.

"Well, that's fine, and I wish you both the best—but do you mind keeping it quiet till you finish here?"

"I don't mind—but, why?"

"Why? Listen—if it gets in the papers that Al West's being married, half the women that are crazy about him will stay away next week."

"I don't get you, Billy."

"These crazy, sheik-chasing dames don't like to think that their idols are even in love—let alone stepping off. I'll run a big story on Sunday after you close. Once we get their money, I don't care how much they suffer."

Margie was silent.

"You see what I mean, don't you?" Billy Becket was anxious to make his point.

"Ye-es." Margie spoke slowly. "But I never thought marrying me was going to hurt Al."

"He's darn' lucky to get you!" declared the press-agent chivalrously. "But don't forget in this business marriage never helped anybody."

After Billy Becket had gone Margie sat, wondering, and a little sad. Perhaps, after all. . . . .

"Listen, baby—" Al bounded into the room.

At the sight of him Margie's spirits zoomed upward.

"I've just had a brain-wave!" he informed her.

"What with, darling?"

"None of that, please, Mrs. West. If my mind's weak, you're to blame." He sat beside her on the trunk, and drew her to him. "Give this an ear. I been thinkin' of our act together. We'll get Harry Corboy to write us a nice little line of patter and songs—I'll get the old dogs back in shape for some fast hoofing—and we'll finish with the stunt I was doin' when you first told me I was a big-timer."

Margie's eyes were sparkling. "You mean when you played all the instruments?"

"Right! You'll dance down to the orchestra and vamp each guy into giving you whatever he's playin', and then dance back to me with it. I play 'em, see? At the finish I jump into the pit an' play piano while you do a hundred pirouettes—then jump the foots into my arms and we exit up the aisle. Is *that* a brain-wave or am I cock-eyed?"

"You're certainly not cock-eyed," Margie exclaimed. "And I love you so much I'd play the leading part in a dog act if you asked me to. When do we rehearse?"

"After the honeymoon, baby. We don't need no rehearsal for *that*. I almost told the audience about us in my speech tonight."

MARGIE suddenly remembered her promise to Billy Becket.

"Oh, don't do that, darling! I think it's better not to spring it on the public until we 'sign them papers, Jack Dalton.'"

"Why not? It's great front-page stuff. 'Al West to Marry Girl Who Discovered Him!'"

Margie kissed him lightly. "It's better front-page stuff when it reads: 'Jazz Sheik Elopes with Dance Queen.' Anything that *is*, always goes a lot better than what's *going* to be."

"Maybe you're right, honey. I'll ask Becket to keep it out of the papers till we're through here."

"He'll make a fuss,"—Margie smiled,—"but you insist."

Ada Adkins went twice again that week to the Babylon. But she went alone; even Maggie thought she was shopping. And, by an odd coincidence, she arrived at the theater each time just as Al West came on.

On Saturday she received a wire from Popham, managing director of the Corinthian in New York, saying that he was sending a representative to look over Al West.

On Monday Ada Adkins opened at the Babylon. The men who control the big presentation picture theaters throughout America are not crazy. When they paid Ada Adkins five thousand dollars a week they

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MISCELLANEOUS—CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

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knew how quickly it would come back to them, many times, at the box-office. She was not called the Cyclone of Songland for nothing. Critics all over the world have strained their writing wrists in eulogizing Ada Adkins' voice. It possessed a golden, almost baritone quality, and her sense of rhythm defied description. Standing, gorgeously gowned, in a bright circle of spotlight, apparently without moving, she suggested as she sang, all the savage undercurrent of jazz—at its best or worst, according to your attitude toward syncopation. When she did move, it was a triumph of suppressed animal instinct. The critics, of course, had never said that, but every man who saw her knew it—and every woman suspected it.

The regular Babylon patrons, combined with Ada Adkins' followers and the Al West worshipers packed the house at all four shows on Sunday too full to be comfortable for anyone but the manager. Sam Gulick, who had taken Max Mindel's place after Mindel's departure, was forced to call a few extra policemen to handle the "motor-car" situation in the evening.

When Ada Adkins finished singing "The St. Louis Blues," with Al West conducting, the audience all but rose to its feet. One man did rise, in fact, and hurried up the broad aisle. That was Louie Krauss, theatrical agent and undiscovered German-dialect comedian, and as he headed for a long-distance telephone, he was carrying on a lively conversation with himself.

"Wunderschön! Aber er ist wunderschön! I vill get Poppy quick yet. Dot boy is dere, und how!"

FIFTEEN minutes later he was telling Morris Popham—"Poppy" of the Corinthian Theater, in New York—all about Al West. A long-distance operator listening in, risked her ear-drums for a laugh, as Louie Krauss, sputtering at the top of his Teutonic voice, tried to explain what an asset Al West would be to the Corinthian.

"Wait a minute, Louie—"

"Dot boy iss classy, I tell you—und vears his clothes vell, und—"

"Do I have to take his band, too?"

"Vat iss it?" shouted Louie.

"Do I have to take his band, too?"

"Yah—he gets a good hand, too!"

"All right," chuckled Poppy. "Thanks, Louie—"

"I vish you—hello! Hello!"

But once more Louie Krauss was talking to himself. . . . .

Ada Adkins was waiting for Al in the wings. "Thanks," she said, taking his hand. "You were great!"

"I never heard you sing before," Al told her. "And so this is the first time I ever heard blues really sung."

"Well,"—she smiled very personally,—"we work well together."

He found himself thinking of her as he took off his make-up. Margie's colored maid (she had a maid now—obvious proof of salary, if not success, in the world of the theater) stopped by to tell him that Margie had gone out to do an errand. When Al came out, dressed for the street, quite by accident—apparently—he encountered Ada Adkins at the stage-door.

"Going my way?" she asked, with her brilliant Broadway smile.

"Yes," he said; and added: "Which *is* your way?"

The Cyclone of Songland laughed. "I'll drop you. I've got a taxi waiting."

"I got my own car," he told her. "I'll drop *you.*"

In his limousine he was uncomfortably aware of her nearness as soon as the chauffeur had laid the rug over their knees. But Ada Adkins was at once businesslike.

"Tell me," she said brusquely, "don't you want to play New York?"

"Well, yeh—but Margie—"

"Margie should want you to."

"She wants me t' do whatever'll advance me, but we aint thought about New York. You see, I'm a big toad in this puddle."

"Puddle is right!" said Ada Adkins. "Compared to New York, Chicago's just a whistling-station."

"I aint done so bad here," he told her.

"Listen"—she gestured with a jeweled hand—"you could headline ten years here, and New York'd never hear of you. Nobody's made in this business until your name helps light up Broadway."

"Oh, we'll go some day—Margie an' me."

The Cyclone of Songland was annoyed. Margie! Always Margie!

But her siren song had not fallen upon deaf ears. After he had dropped her at her hotel, and his limousine had moved out into the traffic, it seemed to Al West that all the automobile horns were crying: *"New York! New York!"* and that the klaxons were screaming: *"Broadway!"*

THAT evening, before the last show, Margie, in her dressing-room, knelt before a battered trunk, and raising the lid, lifted out an armful of dainty chiffon garments. The old trunk was her hope-chest. Two of everything. How much love she had sewn into them, often sitting up half the night—the only time she could be sure that Al wouldn't come in and catch her. She liked the pale pink ones and the peach-colored ones best. . . . . Margie's eyes were very tender. . . . . Perhaps some day there would be baby-clothes. . . . . Al West's kid! Wonder what he'd be like. . . . . A band-leader, maybe. . . . . Margie smiled mistily.

Outside, a hurried step. Swiftly she replaced the delicate cloud of bride's lingerie, and slammed the lid of the trunk—just as Al knocked at the door.

"Telegram, honey, for me." He handed her the envelope, unopened. When the doorman had given it to him he had come at once to Margie, feeling the need of her never-failing support in case it should be bad news.

"Open it, will you, please?"

With calm fingers Margie opened it. Then she caught her breath sharply.

"What is it, baby?"

Slowly, like a child reciting, Margie read aloud:

"'Can you open two weeks from Sunday at Corinthian, New York. Stop. Salary seven-fifty a week and feature you. Stop. Please wire reply. —Morris Popham.'"

"My God!" Al West dropped into a chair.

"Isn't it *marvelous,* honey?" She was in his arms.

"But what does he want me to do?"

"Be an usher, you sap." Margie's laugh was shrill, unnatural.

"No, but I mean,"—Al seemed helpless,—"what'll I do?"

"Do?" Margie jumped from his knees. "You'll go and get New York, and give it to me for a wedding-present! Come on, let's ask Miss Adkins what she thinks about it."

Hand in hand, they ran down to the star's dressing-room.

Al knocked. "Can we come in?"

"Sure! Who's we?" Ada Adkins turned from her make-up table and looked at them. They stood, hand in hand, eyes shining. "Greetings, Romeo and Juliet! Or is it Paul and Virginia?" She smiled with an effort.

"I—that is, we—" Al stammered.

"Read that!" Margie thrust the telegram into her hand.

People never thought of Ada Adkins as an actress, but people are often wrong, and the little scene she staged over that telegram proved it. Her surprise, her pleasure, even her splendid gesture of congratulating Margie first, would have made her eligible for any theater guild.

"Boy, that's great!" she said. "The Corinthian is swell. I'm booked there myself sometime soon."

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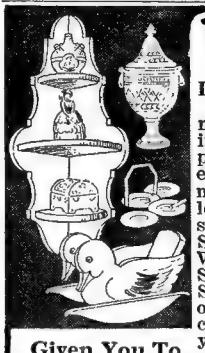

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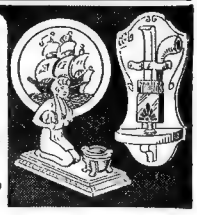

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Margie was standing very quietly, thinking about herself for a change. Al must have sensed it.

"Do you suppose they'd take Margie too?" he asked.

Ada Adkins patted some grease paint on either cheek before answering. "Well, if you get in there and clean up, he'll have to take whatever you say, but—"

"Oh, please, Al—I'm not the agents' commission, just added on for no reason!" Margie's eyes flashed. "You go and make good—that's all I want."

Ada Adkins felt admiration stirring in her heart. The girl was game, but— "Be yourself!" she told herself, and immediately followed her own advice. "This will cut in on your honeymoon, wont it?" She powdered her face, to hide her expression.

"Oh, no." Al smiled. "We don't care where we go as long as we're together." He drew Margie to him.

Ada Adkins felt almost ill. How she hated sentiment—unless she was the cause of it! She stood up suddenly. "Well, anyway, congratulations! I've got to dress. See you later." She shooed them out and closed the door.

"The big boob!" she muttered.

NEXT day, after Al had accepted the New York offer, he seemed too busy receiving congratulations from the crowd back-stage to notice that Margie was not sharing them with him. Margie sat in her dressing-room, waiting for her cue, and wondering if Broadway would change Al West as it changed so many.

On the stage surrounded by girls, Al was telling them what he was going to do to the main street of New York. Chameleonlike, he had already changed from a boyishly gentle bridegroom-to-be to a professional "ham," with sure-fire success ahead.

Ada Adkins passed the admiring group, turned and beckoned to him. He left the ladies of the ballet with a brief "Excuse me!" and hastened to her.

"I want to have a talk with you, Al. There are lots of little things I can tip you off to—about the big town."

"That'll be great. When?"

"Oh, between shows. You're going where you belong now, and I want you to go right."

"Gee!" Al beamed. "I don't see why you should even bother about me."

"It's no bother. I'm interested in you." She met his eye, but couldn't hold the glance with safety. "In your career, I mean," she added, and walked away.

The week flew by. Each day Ada Adkins had more suggestions about Al's coming New York triumph. Each day Margie expected him to say something about their coming marriage, but he spoke only of Ada, and her opinion as to what he must or must not do.

"She's got great ideas, honey," he said as they sat at supper one night. "She wants me to act as if the band at the Corinthian was my own, and she says Jazz Joy Boys is too effeminate for New York." He had forgotten that Margie had named his band: he himself had always taken the credit for it.

"She says," he continued, "that I ought to have all the gang wear gold derbies. You know, for their brass effects. And listen to this for a name: Al West and his Gold Derby Winners! Great, huh?"

"Wonderful!" Margie said. But her lovely blue eyes were pleading for some little word about their mutual plans.

On Friday night he came to her dressing-room and wandered about, nervously. "Listen, baby,"—he cleared his throat,—"Ada thinks I ought to get to New York as soon as possible. So I'll get to know people. What do you say we go East tomorrow night when she goes—and get married there?"

"I want to be married at Crown Point as we planned." Margie's voice was low and calm.

"Yes, but don't you see, honey—"

"I don't see at all. She may be your new business-manager, but if I'm going to marry you I'll decide where and when." Her eyes were cold as sapphires, and Al West, looking into them, felt uneasy.

"O.K., baby," he said. "I'll tell her we'll come on next week. Kiss Papa!"

Margie did so—without enthusiasm.

When he had gone, she let go completely. No tears—just plain jealous rage. "Ada says!" she muttered. "Ada thinks! Ada! Ada!" Her little fist struck the table angrily. "I'll tell her what *I* think." She threw open the door and ran downstairs to the stage.

Al and the Cyclone of Songland were standing in the first entrance, talking animatedly. They did not see her as she came up quietly behind the canvas wing. The resin-box was there. She shuffled her tiny slippers in it.

"Of course," she heard Ada Adkins saying, "it would be a lot better for you to make your New York début—unmarried. After all, there's a glamour about bachelors. Look at Lindbergh!"

Margie imagined she could see Al's chest expand at the inferred comparison.

"I see what you mean," he said.

"Of course, you know, Al, it's nothing to me. I feel like your big sister."

"Why not his mother?" Margie thought bitterly.

"And I think if you could postpone your marriage until after you open and get all the women—it would be better."

Margie waited breathlessly for his answer.

"I'd like to, Ada," he said, "but you see, we planned it all out and poor little Margie—"

Margie listened to no more. Quickly she turned and ran back upstairs. On the landing she stopped, fighting back the tears. Then, taking a deep breath, she raised her head proudly and descended the stairs again, as if for the first time.

"Look out, Broadway—here comes Al," she called to them as she passed, smiling gayly.

Ada Adkins waved a jeweled hand to her.

"May I use the phone, Ben?" Margie asked.

"And why not, Miss Margie!" The old doorman stepped aside.

"Give me Mr. Gulick's office," Margie said into the telephone. "Hello, Mr. Gulick. Can you come back and see me a minute? You know about what we talked over? . . . . Yes, please. Thanks."

SUNDAY at the Babylon was a day of great excitement, and not a little sadness. Al West and Margie leaving after a triumphant year, Ada Adkins after a triumphant week.

Just before the last show Al found Margie. "Ada's train leaves at eleven," he said. "She's going *via* Cleveland to see her sister. I thought we might take her down to the train, and then come back and pack up—"

"No, honey. You take her down to the train," said Margie calmly. "I'll pack. You've got nothing much to pack anyway and—"

"All right!" He was gone. . . . .

In her drawing-room on the east-bound train Ada Adkins sat among traveling-bags, hat-boxes, candy, flowers and other accouterments of a traveling celebrity. She looked at Al steadily. He looked at his watch.

"Guess it's about time," he remarked.

"Maggie, ask the porter for some paper bags for the hats." Ada Adkins removed her close-fitting turban and smoothed her blonde hair.

"They're here," Maggie said, without moving.

"Then ask him for something else."

Reluctantly Maggie left the drawing-room.

"Good-by, Al! And come East soon." Ada Adkins' voice was husky.

He held out his hand rather shyly.

Suddenly she stepped forward and kissed him.

Al had never before been kissed by an expert; he was not familiar with the kiss which gives nothing and suggests everything. Not too long, not too short; not exactly a threat,

but—what a promise! He did not move and he could not speak.

"God bless you, dear boy!"

"All aboard!"

He was in the street once more, a cool lake breeze fanning his hot face. "I'll catch a hell of a cold!" he muttered as he walked toward his car.

MARGIE was waiting for him in her dressing-room, sitting on the battered trunk that contained her precious bride's things. It was her no-hope chest now.

"What's the idea, baby—too tired to pack?" He tried desperately to appear bright.

"No, I'm not tired." She looked up at him. Any regret she may have felt about anything was strangled by what she saw.

Al, not being accustomed to what might be called around-the-corner kisses, had never acquired the useful habit of wiping his lips with his handkerchief after every osculatory effort. Across his handsome upper lip there was spread a scarlet smudge of Ada Adkins' indelible lip-rouge.

Margie's long eyelashes fluttered. But when she spoke her voice was gentle. "Al, dear," she said, "I've decided that Ada's right. You ought to go to New York as soon as possible, and I think we should wait until after you've opened at the Corinthian before—"

"But, baby, I—"

"Wait. Gulick wants me to stay here a few more weeks, and I'm going to."

"You mean we don't get married?"

"Not for a while. After all, it isn't as if we'd made any real plans."

"But we *did*." Al's tone was petulant, but something suspiciously like relief was in his eyes.

"No. I mean—I told you something might happen." Tears struggled to reach the violet depths of her eyes. "That's—that's why I didn't get any clothes or anything—" Unconsciously her hand caressed the battered trunk as if to pacify the dainty two-of-everythings within. . . . .

Al West left on the Century Limited, Sunday. Photographers, reporters, fans, friends—even an enemy or two, perhaps—and Margie saw him off. As he stood on the steps of the train, smiling and joking, Margie felt that the end of the world had come—and they were not hanging on to each other. It was so different from the end of the world he had prophesied a week ago. . . . .

"Listen, baby—I don't know how I'm going to get along without you." Al West took her in his arms, ignoring the crowd. The crowd loved it.

"Good-by, my dear—and the best of luck," she said.

He leaned forward to kiss her, but his lips found only the rose-satin surface of her cheek.

Puzzled, he met her eyes. They were smiling.

"Kiss me, baby," he whispered.

"Never trust a woman who kisses you on a train!" Margie laughed softly, and stepped out of his reach—and the train began to move.

"G'by, Al! Knock 'em for a loop!" shouted the crowd. "Do your stuff!" "Keep your hand on your watch!" and, "So long, Al!"

"Good luck, darling!"—Margie's voice.

Al waved to her, and as the train rolled slowly out of the station he was aware of an empty feeling under his vest. Which was strange, for he had just consumed a hearty luncheon. . . . .

Broadway! Just a bigger and brighter Randolph Street. More electric signs, of course; more theaters, more orange-drink grottos, more haberdashery shops with green shirts in the windows, more actors and song-writers standing around on the corners. Broadway! Al drank in its color and clamor greedily. He had dreamed of it all his life: now he was here—and a headliner. He'd make Broadway sit up and give him a hand.

For the first few days he would have been content to do nothing but walk up and down Broadway. However, Ada Adkins took charge of him. On Sunday, when he made his first appearance with the band at the Corinthian, she also was opening there.

He was somewhat disconcerted to find that he was being exploited not as the Jazz Sheik of Chicago, but as the new boy-friend of Ada Adkins. Now and then he himself was forced to tell somebody who he was.

Usually Ada introduced him with a large, airy gesture: "Meet the big saxophone and cymbals man from the West!" And the Broadwayites would smile politely and go on talking about themselves.

The day Al met Morris Popham, Ada had arranged a particularly crowded program, so that he had just time to shake hands and hastily discuss a few plans with that dark, shrewd, temperamental showman. He signed the contract without reading it, because Ada was waiting downstairs in her cream-colored town car—and Ada wouldn't be kept waiting.

Al had no time to be lonesome for Margie, though his nightly telegrams to her were all that any lady could expect from a busy fiancé. The telegrams made Margie happy: each night she fell asleep with one under her pillow.

She had begun buying the New York papers, to look for the advance billing of Chicago's favorite. There was strangely little about him. One day she found his name in the *Telegraph*—in the "Up and Down Broadway" column:

> "Dropped into a night club last night, and saw Ada Adkins, complete with a new sheik. Al West, from the great open spaces of Chicago. Ada sure can pick them. Is this big blond boy slated to be fourth in her quartette of husbands? We wonder."

That paragraph did something to Margie. She ceased answering "the big blond boy's" telegrams.

AL was uneasy about the band at the Corinthian; they had been used to Happy Hollington, the leader who was leaving, and during rehearsals they did not follow Al as smoothly as he wished. Not much like his old gang at the Babylon: those boys could interpret every flicker of his eyebrows. Sol Saxton, the first violinist, gave him no help at all. Al had a suspicion that this New York band—particularly Sol Saxton—resented his coming from the West. The only brilliant thing about them was their shining gold derbies, which Ada Adkins insisted was just the right touch to put them and their new leader over with a bang.

"I got to rehearse them," he said to Ada on Friday. "They need a lotta rehearsals yet."

"You can't today," she told him. "I'm taking you to a professional matinée of the new coon show." And she took him.

By Saturday Al was very nervous. The band wasn't right. Another week, and he'd have them eating out of his hand, but he was glad that Ada opened tomorrow, too. The "St. Louis Blues" number with her—a wow in Chicago—would save the day and the night.

Saturday evening Ada said: "I promised Jerry Johnson we'd come to the Club Intime tonight."

"I can't," Al told her.

"Whatta you mean, you can't?"

"I got to put in a long-distance call for Margie," he said. "I aint heard from her in almost a week."

"Call her tomorrow."

"I want to talk to her tonight."

"I want you to go with me." A hard note in her voice, and a hard glint in her mascara-lined eyes.

"I'm gonna talk to Margie!" he said.

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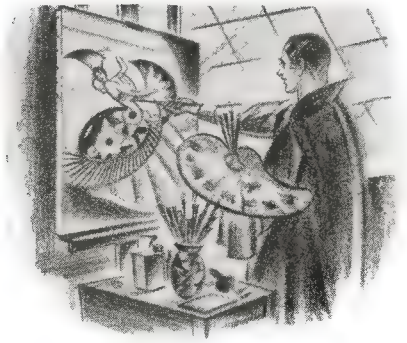

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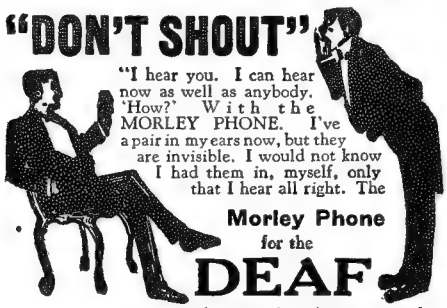

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turned on her high heels, and swishing her ermine cloak, walked away from him.

An hour before the opening of the new show at the Corinthian on Sunday, Ada Adkins cut "The St. Louis Blues." In a panic Al rushed to her dressing-room to plead with her, and was informed that the star could see nobody. He had been depending on that number. . . . .

A cloth-of-gold curtain rose upon the Gold Derby Winners. Unnerved, Al walked on. The applause was disheartening. He knew, then, that Popham had not worked up sufficient publicity. Al West was given six minutes to make good; and during five of those minutes the audience confided to each other that gold derbies were old stuff. Al came off defeated. He had expected his opening to be a sensation; it was—a sinking sensation.

The newspapers were far from kind. They opined that though Al West might have been a major-general in Chicago, he was just a corporal in New York.

"From where we sit," wrote one critic, "Mr. West's gold derby is brown."

"You told me," Al complained to Ada Adkins, meeting her in the wings next day, "you told me the gold derbies would be great stuff."

"Say,"—there was contempt in the Cyclone of Songland's voice,—"just because you're the biggest flop since the Cherry Sisters, don't blame it on your hat!"

THOSE were the last words she ever addressed to him. He realized now that he was off Ada Adkins' list. She made a public gesture of giving him the air. Al felt well-ventilated.

As in the past, when trouble poked him in the ribs, he naturally thought of Margie. In moments of success he had always turned to the admiring crowd; in moments of failure he had always turned to Margie. He sent several telegrams to her now, but received no reply. And his heart was somewhere in the vicinity of his spats.

The day after the opening Sol Saxton met him outside the rehearsal-room under the stage. The first fiddle, as he was known, had been hostile to Al all along, and this afternoon his pale face wore a sardonic smile.

"Poppy," he said, "tells me you're through after this week."

"Huh?" Al started. "What's he mean—through?"

"Maybe he's been reading the papers."

Al's fists clenched, but he did not pause to sock the fiddler's aggressive chin; instead he raced upstairs, three flights, to Poppy's office.

An efficient and unbeautiful woman secretary informed him that Mr. Popham was in conference.

"He can't let me out this way," stormed Al. "I got a contract—"

"You'd better read it," the hard-boiled secretary told him.

His heart knocking violently, Al rushed out and taxied to his hotel. The contract lay under a pile of newspaper notices. He picked it up and read it—for the first time. Yes, Poppy had gypped him! There was the clause, in black and white: his services for *one week*, with an option. And Poppy was letting him go. . . . .

For three days he wandered around like a lost dog. The lights of Broadway were no longer bright. On stage with the band, his spirit was gone: he was no longer the old Al West. And he sensed that the band boys were secretly laughing at him. The final blow came at the end of the week, when Sol Saxton was announced as his successor.

On Saturday night after the last show, as he was leaving, heartsick, without saying any good-bys, he encountered Sol Saxton in the corridor by the stage door.

"Well," said the new band-leader cockily, "where d'ya go from here? Back t' the sticks, I s'pose—"

"Listen, small-time!" Al seized him suddenly by the lapel. "When I'm sittin' on top of the world, you'll be squeakin' your fiddle in a Newark night-club!"

For an hour, alone and lonely, he walked the streets—the dark side-streets, for Broadway had betrayed him. He wanted Margie—needed her now, more than ever. Finding himself in front of the hotel, he went in, up to his room and telephoned to her, in Chicago. But Margie was not in. Dejectedly he fared forth again, and wandered across the town.

Two o'clock. As he turned wearily homeward, he saw ahead the lighted entrance of a night-club. The green-uniformed door-man was hailing a taxi, and down the steps came a handsome man in evening clothes and a pretty girl in a silver cloak with a billowy white fox collar. They were laughing gayly, and the girl's hand was tucked intimately under her escort's elbow. Al halted, stricken.

Max Mindel—*and Margie!*

Al started forward, calling to them, but his voice was a mere croak; they did not hear him. Then the door of the taxi slammed, and they were gone.

He had lost Margie—forever!

ON Sunday morning, Broadway is as deserted as Main Street on Saturday night. On this particular Sunday morning there was nobody in sight but two newsboys and a policeman, as Al West walked slowly along in the cold winter sunshine. He was pale and hollow-eyed, and he needed a shave. All night he had not slept. Margie and Max Mindel! Well, Mindel had always been in love with her, and he would be a good provider. Already he was a big man with the Superba crowd. . . . .

Bitterly Al realized that he had lost Margie because of Ada Adkins. There was nothing left for him now. Probably not even a barber-shop open. . . . . He started to cross Broadway, and a squawking taxi—the only one in the street—missed him by the buttons on his overcoat. Then the taxi slid to a stop, and a girl's head appeared at the window. It was Margie. She flung open the door.

"Hello," she said, with a queer little smile.

Al blinked at her. Something as large as a baseball seemed to be in his throat. Margie alighted and paid the driver. They stood there in the middle of Broadway—fortunately there was no traffic.

"You might ask me," she said, "what I'm doing in New York."

"I know." Al had found his voice.

"I've been here a week. I saw you at the Corinthian."

"You had to be quick to see me there," Al said, and looked away.

Margie knew what he was suffering. "I'm opening here, myself," she went on. "Next week at the Algerian, the new Superba house. Max Mindel—"

"You don't need to tell me," he muttered. "I saw you last night."

"I've been rehearsing all morning," Margie said.

The cynical voice of a policeman interrupted them: "The *parks* is for conversation—"

Margie and Al moved on across the street.

"I'm walking over Forty-fourth," she said. "Which way are you going?"

"Forty-fourth," Al muttered.

AS they walked along, Margie chatted lightly and impersonally, and Al's gloom deepened. She seemed like a girl he scarcely knew. When they reached the Algonquin Hotel she turned in, and from force of habit, Al followed her through the revolving doors. The smiling young clerk at the desk gave her a telephone-message slip. Margie read it.

"Are you in a hurry,"—she turned to Al,—"or will you wait a minute?"

His eyes, as he told her he'd wait, were pathetic. Margie entered the telephone-booth. Through the glass door he watched her. She

was wearing a new little blue hat, and a new fur coat—and her glowing beauty smote him like a knife in his heart.

Well, he had it coming to him. . . . .

She came out of the booth, smiling. "That was Max."

"I knew it," Al said miserably.

"He's been working all week," was her surprising rejoinder, "trying to get your old band from the Babylon. He's got 'em now—they're to open at the Algerian, here, in two weeks."

"Yeh?"—dully. Even his old band would be a success on Broadway. . . . .

"And he wants *you*," said Margie, "to come over now and sign a contract."

"Me?" Al's unshaven chin dropped. "But I was a flop at the Corinthian—"

"Don't be sil. If *you* don't tell it, nobody'll know you were there! The Cyclone of Songland fixed that," said Margie.

"But, listen, baby—does Mindel think I—"

"He doesn't think—he *knows*—that if you get a chance to do your own stuff you'll make good. There's only one condition—" She hesitated. "You wont be mad?"

He gulped bravely. "Let's have it."

"Well,"—she smiled,—"Max says, if you don't mind, will you please check your gold derby at the door!"

"But—listen, baby!" His voice trembled. "You—you an' Mindel—"

"Max," she said—and her eyes twinkled up into his—"is only my manager."

The clerk behind the desk saw the tall blond young man who needed a shave take Miss Merwin in his arms, and hold the picture. It looked like a farewell, as if the tall young man were going away. The clerk, of course, did not know that the tall young man would never go away again. He had, in fact, just returned—from a brief but educational trip through hell.

And then the clerk, who should not of course have been listening, overheard the tall young man murmur in the general direction of one of Miss Merwin's decorative ears:

"Honey—how long would it take us to get up to the Little Church Around the Corner?"

And Miss Merwin, her eyes very bright, replied:

"We can easily find out. There's a taxi at the door."

"I NEVER MISS!"

(Continued from page 55)

"We'd better, Pyramus," threatens the anchor chain, "or I'll be catching a festive train. I didn't come all the way up here to find out that delicatessen dealers are really minarets of purple shadows in a world cold with the sweat of death if you look at 'em in a north light."

I'm too much of a gentleman to point out to the Frau that I'd objected to the trip in the first place, and besides, what'd it get me? I'd probably finish up accused of having forced her to accompany me to Maine. You know these reverse English.

The next afternoon, sure enough, we starts for the moose grounds fifty miles to the north. We leave Oke and the rest of the syllables by machine for another lake three hours away laconically known as Mattawaskeogukwassatana, which we cross by canoe. Then follows a two-mile hike to a salt lick which is the same thing as the nineteenth hole or the poolroom around the corner to moose of the better sort.

APART from a few abortive efforts by Emerson to put over the wildcat yarn, the journey is uneventful. Bowen keeps his fiancée close to himself, which is perfectly all right with this Aryan. If I'd never seen her in my life, I'd have had plenty of her.

At the lick a sort of blind's been erected and there awaiting us is a tall, leathery Canuck—the moose-caller. He's toting a horn that's supposed to give a correct imitation of a bull calling to its mate or vice-versa, all depending on the quavers and the demi-quavers that are blown through the loud bassoon. You have to be pretty good at it or you're likely to call rabbits or three aces with a bobtail flush.

In the blind are blankets and rugs to squat on, and such rough woods fare as caviare sandwiches, *pâté de fois gras* Pommefrite and some vintage laid down before the war—the next war. The idea is to stick around until the moon rises, moose being particularly looney on Luna. Once settled behind the screen, Sowersby takes command—or tries to.

"We will shoot," says he, "when I give the signal and not before. Is that understood?"

"Not by me," snaps Breeze. "The only guy that tells me when to fire is Mrs. Emerson's boy."

"Doesn't my experience as a sportsman mean anything to you?" inquires the Colonel stiffly.

"If you've ever sliced atoms," comes back the side-kick, "you'd know how little. I've done some shooting myself. I've shot wildcats—"

"Yes, yes," cuts in Sowersby, "but—"

"Lay off the wrangle," I growls. "Let's fire at will."

"Will?" repeats Chérie. "Who is this Will?"

"Will Shakespeare," says I. "I've had it in for that baby ever since—"

"Why," asks Miss Blandish, who's come unarmed, "should we kill at all? Let us think pinkly and watch the trees shudder before Omnipotence."

"Don't worry," I horns in. "The trees'll shudder all right, but it'll be before impotence. My guess is there isn't anybody in the bunch that could hit a moose with an ironing-board if the moose was sitting in his lap. Will somebody please laugh that off while I'm taking a drink?"

"I would suggest," says Bowen, mildly, "that the Colonel be permitted to take the first shot."

"That's K. O. by me," agrees Breeze. "It'll do the moose no harm and I like to get my game on the fly."

The moon, in the meantime, has crossed over the tops of the pines and the Canuck guide motions to us to shut our traps. For perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes we sits silent while old Leatherface tootles throaty sounds from his horn. All at once there's a crashing in the underbrush, and there, less than fifty yards away, stands a magnificent bull moose with a great spread of antlers.

We all raise our guns and are about to let fly in divers and sundry directions when suddenly Miss Blandish leaps from the blind, with her arm upraised, a goofy shine in her eyes.

"Oh, noble monarch of the waste," she cries. "Nightingale thou never wert"—or words to that effect. In a flash the moose disappears into the timber.

"What the—" gasps the Colonel, who's the first to come out of it.

"I could not resist," mutters Beatrice. "Beauty! It calls to me. Oh, antlered monarch of—"

"Oh, damn the hell!" says the Canuck.

With his girl friend calmed down some, Bowen suggests that we hike a mile or so further into the woods where there's another salt lick and try again for a moose. Somehow or other I finds myself alongside the poetess as we file through the primeval. She's slower on the hoof than the rest of the mob and the first thing I know, none of our party's in sight.

"Come on," I urges. "Let's speed up. You don't want to get lost out here!"

"Lost?" repeats Beatrice. "How could I be lost? Would I not be with thee in the greenwood?"

"Have you forgotten the dreams you used to have?"

"REMEMBER how we used to sit and talk before we were married? We planned so many things together—how much we would save each week—where we would go on our vacations—the house we would build in the suburbs.

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"Be that as in May," says I, "but I got no yen to be found here in a couple of months with moss growing out of my ears."

I lets out a series of whoops to attract attention, but there's no answer, and I begins to get a little panicky. For all I know we may be walking away from the crowd and in the general direction of Jacksonville, Florida. A cloud passing across the moon and blacking it out doesn't pep up the situation to any considerable degree.

"Gosh," I mumbles at length, "I think we are lost."

"Why worry, my Pyramus?" smiles Miss Blandish. "We shall build us a leafy bower and remain here for ever and a day. You shall go forth and fetch food while I shall stay at home and fashion green garlands for your raven's hair."

"That's a swell idea," I growls; "but aren't you kind of overlooking the fact that I used to sing in the choir and have a wife?"

"Only I am worthy of you," declares Thisbe. "You are a minaret of purple—"

"Yes, yes, I know," I cuts in, "but how about young Bowen? What will he have to say about you getting lost in the woods with a strange delicatessen dealer? You're engaged to him, aren't you?"

"All of that," comes back Miss Blandish, "is of the mundane yesterday. Today we are reborn out of the forest. We are the children of the primordial depths; we are—"

"A pair of saps," I finishes, roughly. "We've got to get out of here quick."

I TRIES to figure out the direction of the lake, but it's no go. In advice to the lovelorn or some such place I'd read that you could always tell where north is by the bark on trees—the theory being that the wind from the north being the coldest, Nature put on a thicker covering of bark on that side as a protective measure. That, you can take from me, is the bunk. Even if it's so, how are you going to estimate bark depths on a dark night?

Beatrice sits on a hummock smiling contentedly while I stamp around racking my brain for an exit. She's a great help—like a hole in the bottom of a lifeboat. I'm about to give up in despair when a shot rings out. What a fathead I am! I've had a gun in my hand all the time and not enough stuff between the ears to fire it!

There are other reports and I grabs the Blandish wren by the arm and makes for the sounds. In less than half an hour we're with our party in the blind. As a matter of fact, we'd never been as much as a mile away from the salt lick.

"What have you two been doing?" demands Jennie.

"Shearing sheep in Central Park," I snaps. "Can't a couple of folks take the wrong turning in these here now woods without stirring up a grand jury?"

"We leave on the first train tomorrow morning," announces the Missus.

"That's much too late for me," says I. "When Maine sees me again it'll be New Hampshire."

"Don't you think," horns in Bowen, "that I am entitled to some explanation of your conduct?"

"How do you get that way?" I barks. "Is it my fault if your fiancée imagines I'm a minaret of purple shadows—"

"I see it all now," cuts in Beatrice. "You're not Pyramus. You're just a—"

I never find out from Miss Blandish just what I am. The Canuck starts a horn flirtation with the moose in the vicinity and we all sink into silence. The moon is shining brightly again, and without warning and without a rustling of the undergrowth a bull appears in a patch of silver light.

I've lost all interest in hunting and I don't even fire, but Bowen, Emerson and the Colonel do. And one of 'em hits. The moose sags halfway to his knees, but is up in a second and out of sight.

"Come on," shouts Breeze. "We'll get him."

He's out of the blind and away before anyone can stop him. It's not in the cards for me to let him stack up against the wounded brute alone, so I follows. Right behind me come the Colonel and the Canuck, Bowen remaining behind with the gals.

When we gets to the edge of the forest screen neither Emerson nor his quarry is visible, but there's a thrashing sound among the trees some distance within. After a bit of pioneering we finally make out the figures of the hunter and the hunted through a moonlight lane in the pines. And what a spectacle it turns out to be!

Breeze, unarmed, is halfway up a sapling that's leaning over like a bow, and plunging away at the base with head and antlers is the wounded bull. Man and beast are too close together for any of us to venture a shot, so we start circling around for an advantageous position.

Suddenly there's a splintering, ripping sound and down comes the sapling. We dash forward in a desperate attempt at rescue—to see Emerson sprawled over the back of the moose, holding frantically to the wide-spreading antlers! The bull lunges away with his burden, but he gets only a few feet. Blinded by blood and rage, he entangles his horns in some overhanging branches. That's his finish, a quick knife-thrust from the guide completing the job.

Breeze is not even badly shaken up. There are a few scratches on his arms and face, but outside of that he's the old debonair kid.

"Gosh," says I, "what a lucky escape!"

"What do you mean, lucky?" he comes back. "That's the way I always get my moose."

"Your moose!" snaps the Colonel. "It was my shot from the blind that got him."

"How do you know?" demands Emerson.

"Because," says Sowersby, "I never miss."

"Neither do I," retorts Breeze. "When I was in New Mexico after wildcats—"

"I don't want to hear about those housecats," barks the Colonel.

"But you will yet," promises Emerson.

It's after three in the morning when we returns to Bowen's place on Lake Oke So Forth with Breeze as the conquering hero of the hunt. Sowersby doesn't press his claim to the antlers, and by presenting 'em to Miss Blandish, Emerson makes it look good for our de luxe delicatessen with the outfit run by Joe's uncle.

"You have been of so much help to me," says Beatrice, when she bids me good night.

"Me!" I exclaims. "How?"

"I always get my greatest inspirations," says she, "from the most uninteresting people."

"That for you, Thisbe," I comes back, and retires, a bit crestfallen, to my room. After all, it's a kind of wallop to be transformed in a few hours from a minaret of purple shadows in a world cold with the sweat of death to a most uninteresting person. Even we dealers in pig's-knuckles and *kalter Aufschnitt* have our pride.

BUT the excitement for that night is not yet over. I'm just preparing to tumble into the hay when I hears a terrific racket—something like the thrashing of the wounded bull moose back by the salt lick.

I dashes out in the hall and discovers that the noise has its source in the rooms occupied by Colonel Sowersby. Without hesitation I pushes open the door. There on the floor is the gallant veteran, while astride him and with one hand on his throat is Breeze.

"What the hell?" I inquires courteously.

"I'm telling the Colonel a story," grins Emerson. "It's about a couple of wildcats I shot in New Mexico."

MERMAID AND CENTAUR

(Continued from page 69)

to tear it free without shaking it too hard, but as it came loose it sifted petals down upon Zarna's upturned face. And she closed her eyes against them and they lighted on her eyelids. And on her parted lips.

So, because he had vowed that he would not, he bent down and touched his mouth to hers.

And she, accepting not him so much as the burning tenderness that ached in her heart, in the little room of the apple-tree, and in all the world, pressed her lips against his with equal fire and fear.

When Jason's arms of their own will rushed about her and closed in upon her, her arms like timid sisters stole around his enormous body as if it were a rock of safety.

Strong as she was and gentle as he meant to be, he hurt her till she woke from the trance that held them both. She put his arms away with a pleading insistence and said:

"That was so sweet I wouldn't 'a' missed it for all this world. But I wouldn't take another for all the worlds there are."

"But I—I,"—he tore the words from his heart,—"I love you, Zarna!"

"No, you don't, honey. You might—I might, but we mustn't. You and me are—are—poison to each other."

Chapter Eight

JASON could not believe that Zarna was honest in refusing another kiss. Women were that way; they wanted to be compelled. He was willing to oblige her and take the responsibility off her pretty shoulders.

Holding the spray of apple-blossoms over her head as if it were a wand of mistletoe, he caught her with his other arm and dragged her back again into his embrace. She did not close her eyes now and submit as he expected, but glared up at him. And her lips, instead of fulling for a kiss, drew back tight and white over her teeth:

"Better not, Mr. Brafford!"

But he knew women. His head came closer. Hers retreated, and now instead of threatening she tried appeal:

"I thought better of you than that you'd want to force a woman to kiss you that didn't want to."

Still tipsy with the aromatic vapor of the apple-tree, and convinced that nobody could flout so perfect an opportunity, he laughed:

"But you want to."

"No!" Cold and sharp.

When his high head still descended on her, she was suddenly not there. With the sleek elusion of an eel, she had whirled out of his arm, dipped her head low, and escaped both him and the spell of the tree. Wasted petals fell from the shaken branches on his hot face. He followed her out.

Ahead of them was another apple-tree, and he drove her into its canopy. But she writhed away from his clutch and darted down the next aisle. He could run at least, and he loped after her; but always, just as he was about to seize her, she bent and whirled and darted aside, skimming the ground beneath another tree, and fleeing along another lane.

He pursued her the whole length of the orchard, and they left a wake of scattered blossoms on the grass.

Suddenly Zarna stopped. She was in the open and protected by the all-exhibiting candor of a meadow. Trusting in this, she waited for him, though her heart was beating in her throat and her eyes were quivering with triumphant anger. Shuddering with thwarted passion, he had to listen to her saying:

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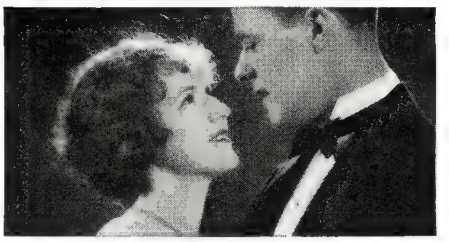

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"You've got me wrong, Mr. Brafford. When I wanted to be kissed, I let you kiss me, didn't I? I oughtn't 'a' done it, I suppose, but I was honest about it, wasn't I? Well, the next time I want to be kissed, I'll let you know. But don't try any rough stuff because I might—well, just don't do it, that's all."

"I'm mighty sorry," Jason mumbled. "Mighty sorry."

"Oh, that's all right. It was my own fault, I guess. But I like you so well I'd like to like you a little better."

"I hope you will. I hope to God you will."

"It's up to you, Mr. Brafford. You got a fine runnin' start as long as your foot don't slip."

She turned back for another look at the orchard, and sighed:

"Lord, but it's sweet!"

The sun seemed to strike the trees with a lightning of exceeding brilliance. But that was because of the contrast with a shadow that ran across the farm from a veil that swept the sun. A chill wind struck Zarna and Jason, then leaped on the orchard and whooped the petals away in a high cloud. It was the derisive "Pouf!" of Nature tearing to pieces in a tantrum what had been made with slow and beautiful skill.

"Rain!" sighed Zarna. "It's going to rain."

"Looks like," smiled Jason. "We need it."

"*We* don't!"

THEY strolled toward the pond where Susanne was still racing with herself and chasing the stupid fresh-water fish for sheer amusement and exercise. When she saw Zarna, she began to stand upright and croak like all the bullfrogs in the world.

A wallow through long grass cleansed and dried Susanne enough to permit a brief call on Rita, but she was not neat enough to be permitted in the cradle. She sat on a chair at a distance, stabbing the air with her pointed head while Rita petted her and begged her to come again.

Then Zarna kissed Rita and fondled her little hands and tried to say a real farewell. She could not bring herself to that, but she was too honest to hold out too much hope.

"We'll be here again before we go, if it don't rain too hard."

"Oh, don't talk about goin'!" Rita cried. "Do you know what I wish?"

"What, honey?"

"No, I don't. I never wish; but if you could only stay here—"

"I'd give all I got to live on the farm with you, Miss Brafford," said Zarna, "but I got nothin' in the first place; and in the secon' place, I'm under contrack with the carnival comp'ny. The boss,—we call him 'Uncle Tom,'—Mr. Spivey, is playing in bad luck, and it's no time to quit."

"And Captain Querl? He's under contrack too?"

Zarna nodded. Rita was quite the grand lady:

"Well, it was wonderful of him—of you both and my darling Susanne, and I'll never forget you as long as I live."

As long as she lived! But she had not long to live, though it would seem long, long and lonely. Zarna tried to laugh and smuggle her tears out of sight, but they dripped on Rita's hands and Jason saw them.

Rita began one of those desperate laughs of hers: "Ooh! ooh! Who's crying? I'm not!"

Jason clutched Zarna by the arm and dragged her away, with Susanne thudding after. Zarna turned at the door.

"Good-by, Miss Brafford—Rita!"

"G'by, Miss Zarna! G'by, Susanne!"

"Br-k-m! Rmph!" said Susanne.

The sunlit road to town turned dark and bright again, and the brightnesses were briefer and farther between until it was twilight at noon when they reached Midfield. Jason's sky was darkling and glittering in the same way with regret for Zarna's departure and hope of more of her.

He tried to tell her again how good she had been to Rita, how Rita loved her, how she would miss her. He wrestled with his wits for the courage to tell her how he would miss her, how he—yes, he could have said it honestly—how he loved her. But he could not say it at all.

They reached the town before he could hint what was boiling over in his brain. But of course she could see how uneasy he was, and it was not hard to guess that he was not content with the finish of the footrace in the orchard. She was not quite content with it herself.

They were at the carnival grounds, both uneasy at the sight of Querl waiting for them. But he was too full of good news to be suspicious. He shouted:

"The Knights of Syria scared the mayor into another back-down! The license has been restored; they revoked the revoke!"

Zarna could not rise to the occasion. She disguised her troubled conscience under a pessimism:

"Who's goin' to revoke the rain?"

"Ah, what's a little rain?" said Querl. "It brings the farmers money, and they don't mind wet feet, do they, Brafford?"

Querl's heartiness filled Jason with an odious kind of guilt. The lilt of the courtship faltered before the realization that a man he had despised had trusted him, and he had been despicably false to the trust.

In his ignorance Querl was treating Zarna and Jason as if they were brother and sister, as if Jason were his brother-in-law. This untimely kindliness seemed to confuse Zarna too, and her wrath at the cloudy sky was really anger at herself. There was a certain brusqueness in her:

"Well, g'by, Mr. Brafford. I got to get into my uniform for the afternoon show."

Jason wanted to stay to see it again. He was beginning to feel that he could see it forever, but nobody invited him to, and he drove back to his farm.

As he passed the Tanner house, the dust in the highway was stitched with long needles of rain. "Two Cents" was snatching from the larruping clothes-lines the last of the homely wash. As she fought the wind for the inflated garments, Jason compared her with Zarna to her grave disadvantage. He had once thought Two Cents shapely. He wondered glumly if he would think her so again, and marry her maybe after all, long after Zarna had passed out of his life. . . . .

Friday was another ugly day, cold when the rain stopped, mean when it began again. Jason had counted on driving into town, but Rita was in an illness of reaction after the excitement and was in no condition to be left. He hated himself for thinking of Zarna and longing for her with unholy ardors while his little sister was so perilously tremulous on the brink of death, but his loneliness was implacable.

EARLY in the afternoon the air began to pitter-patter again, a silly chitter-chatter that would not cease. The baby innocence of it was infuriating. Yet if it had not been for the carnival and Zarna, the downpour would have been all music to the farmer. He had come to such a pass that he begrudged his fields their good fortune because it meant bad fortune to a pack of strangers he had never heard of a week ago!

But how could he count up the usury of rain in his crops when Zarna had no roof but canvas, and no abode but travel?

He cajoled himself through the long afternoon by the promise of an evening visit to the carnival; but with the coming of night, Rita turned weaker. The damp seemed to chill her beyond all warming with hot-water

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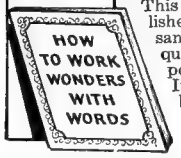

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bottles and blankets. The thrum of the rain on the roof was wearing her raw. He could tell that from the way she winced and rolled her aching eyes to the ceiling. Poor Rita! (Zarna! Zarna!) Poor Rita!

More than once in speaking to his sister he called her Zarna. She looked at him and smiled—but not with amusement, with pity.

When at last she slept, or pretended to, he went from the room on tiptoe. It was too late to reach town, and he was restless as an unbroken mustang penned in a stall. He wanted to kick down the walls and break into a mad gallopade across the world, but he must be silent for Zarna's sake—he meant for Rita's sake.

Somehow Friday night became Saturday morning, as it will if one is patient, or whether one is patient or not. Saturday was always the big day for a carnival. One clear cool Saturday, and there might be a chance for the Spivey Shows to break even, Zarna had told him.

He resolved to ride in and watch the public stampede into the grounds, and feast his eyes on another vision of Zarna poised on her springboard. He went about his tasks with eagerness. He did everything so quickly that he had to do it over again. But he only laughed and worked faster, humming "Zarna! Zarna!"

Rita was better, too. At least, she was no worse, but the wind was ill now. It wailed and howled.

NOON brought a storm trampling the world in a fury of blinding lightnings that sent Rita's hands to her eyes. Tremendous detonations rocked the universe and Rita's little crib and sent her hands to her ears. Then a cloudburst emptied an upper sea upon the land.

The brook that had been a silver rope dangling along the hills was a muddy river spreading destruction. The pond was far over its banks, the spillway a roaring cascade. The barnyard was a vast puddle, the stables awash, the pigsties pools, the poultry-houses tanks. There was danger that some of the horses and cattle caught in the fields would become mired. Only the ducks and geese made holiday.

Jason and Moe and the rest of the help were kept on the run till long after dark rescuing livestock and poultry and staving off ruin. There was no sunset that evening. Nightfall crept up into midafternoon; and when the rain ended at ten o'clock, the whole world was still noisy with the hubbub of waters running off of everything.

There was no further hope for the carnival. It had ended in disaster. The needless cruelty of this made Jason hate the sky and everything behind it.

Sunday dawned drab, and a sharp wind broomed the water from the roads in sheets of spray. Jason laid out his Sunday suit to change to when he came in from the inevitable morning chores. They took him longer than he had expected, and he was in such a state when he came in from the barnyard that he had to stop for the bath he had not found time to take the night before.

Precious time was lost in making his toilet. He had as many thumbs and as few fingers as a bridegroom. Rita cried out with admiration when she saw him and guessed at once that he was not on his way to church.

"Give Miss Zarna my love," she said, "and Susanne—and—and—"

"And Captain Querl, o' course," he finished for her, never suspecting why that name was ineffable to Rita.

She nodded, and they kissed, and he hurried to the shed to take out his car. As he whirled into the highway, he was checked by one of the neighbors, who blocked the road with a rusty flivver to taunt him:

"How come you wa'n't in town to see your lady friend off?"

"Who's my lady friend?" Jason snapped.

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"Well, if you don't know, you're the only one in town that don't. Say, you'd ought to seen that carnival pick up and scatter! Not a street-car is movin' yet—the tracks are washed out. But the carnival moved. Those Spivey folks may be as wuthless and shiftless as the parson says, but they sure got system when they start. The tents came down like the military. They were folded like the Ay-rabs and on wagons before you could wink. But then the horses couldn't budge the wagons. So they borried caterpillar tractors and yanked 'em out and drug 'em to the railroad, loaded 'em on the cars and was ready to hitch right on when the 'leven o'clock train drew in. I seen 'em pull out. Well, so long, Jase! See you later."

Zarna was gone—and Jason had not told her good-by!

Chapter Nine

ALL day Friday and all day Saturday Querl had noticed a strangeness in Zarna's manner. She was never quite there. He had to tell her everything twice. She seemed to be looking for somebody or something.

Out in the rain in front of the tent when he called her forth for his bally, she kept studying the crowd in a new way, trying to look through the umbrellas. When she stood above the tank, she scanned what audience there was over and over. Querl was puzzled. He wondered why Brafford did not appear, but was not inconsolable over his absence.

As they hustled to the train Sunday morning Zarna was looking back so much that she stumbled. At the station her eyes searched the idlers who had gathered to see the carnival move.

As soon as Querl had bestowed her and her baggage in the day-coach, she began to peer through the rain-striped dirty window so keenly that she got a smooch on her nose. He nudged her with his elbow and said:

"Who you expectin'?"

"Huh?"

"You heard."

"Oh! Who'm I expectin'?"

"Those were my edzact words."

"Who would I be expectin'? Nobody, o' course."

"O' course. But you might want to rub the soot off your snoot before he gets here."

She did not like his tone, but she did not dare resent it. She rarely dared to assume that Querl was ignorant of her thoughts. She was afraid to mention them to him now. But she removed the soot, powdered her nose, re-rouged her red-enough lips and continued to glance at the window as often as Querl looked the other way. She could not believe that Jason would fail to be at the train. She was sure that he would dash up at the last moment. She had not been able to believe that he would fail to revisit the carnival.

He had made a profound impression on her—how profound she could not tell. She wished she knew. He had fascinated her by his humorless solemnity, the forthright brutality of his admiration and the outrageous stupidity of his attack on her lips.

Her professional contempt for farmers had been so lifelong that she was ashamed and amazed to remember herself as letting a granger kiss her and chase her through an orchard into a pasture. Yet the shame was not altogether free of pride, nor the amazement unpleasant.

Jason Brafford never knew what to do with his hands and feet. But she was weary of men who did. Agile gents were an old story to her—as old as Harry Querl's talk in front of the tent. Harry was an old story. Even his uncertainties were certain.

There had been a time when Querl had dazzled her as she had dazzled him. He had swept her off her feet with his zest of life. He was fearless, flippant, hilarious. He was a hopeless liar, too, but his falsehoods seemed never meant to deceive, merely to entertain.

She had thought she loved him. Perhaps she had loved him. Perhaps she loved him still. But he was yesterday's newspaper. This big Brafford was today's—tomorrow's. Perhaps she was falling in love with him. Perhaps she would tire of him sooner than of Querl. Who could tell? The only way to find out was to take things as they came—especially since that was the only way they came, as somebody said.

Perhaps it was only Jason's farm that she was in love with. Its homeliness dazzled her. She was worn out with slum and flash, and music and laughter and bright lights. Sunshine on busy fields, rain on a lazy lane, twilight coming in across the meadows as if the supper-bell had called it home, folks sitting around a table with shoes off and everybody yawning, going to bed early, seeing the dawn with rested eyes, roosters crowing, cows bawling, "Come milk me!", wagons squeaking, potatoes rattling out of baskets, apples filling barrels with red wealth—those were the things that thrilled her now.

Jason Brafford could have given her that life. She had let herself think that he meant it when he told his sister that he was going to try to sell the farm to Zarna. In Zarna's lexicon to "sell" a thing meant to interest a person in it.

If he had said, "Do you love me?" she would undoubtedly have answered, "Of course not." At least the first time. If he had said, "Will you come and live with me on the farm?" she would have said, "How could I?" And how could she?

And yet! Those sad sweet words: "And yet!"

"All aboarrrd!" sang the conductor far down the track. "All aboard!" howled the next brakeman. "Al'board!" sang the next one. "All abo'd, please!" murmured the porter of the sleeping-car.

Jolts, jangles; the train moved—as slowly as cold molasses starting to trickle over a jug edge. Another jolt; the seat-back hit her in the spine. The train slid faster. The town was going by. She leaned as far forward as she could to look as far backward as she could.

HALFWAY to Newton, the train collided with another in a rear-end smash. Nobody was killed, but there were countless bruises and much terror. Zarna was cut across the forehead with a glass slash from a broken window. Harry Querl was so frantic with sympathy that she felt far more guilty than she could have under any reproach. That boy certainly knew how to put women in their place.

At Newton they found themselves in a worse hole than before. The crew had to unload everything in a flagellation of rain, and drive the wagons through a mile and a half of roads where the hubs made their own marks in the mud outside the tire-channels.

Though the advance-men had tried to prepare the old fair-grounds by spreading them over with many costly loads of cinders and sawdust, it was a hopeless bog.

Grimly the joy-peddlers set to work to turn the quagmire into a bazaar of charm. The tents arose somehow; the fronts were flown, the booths set up. Pa and Ma Dodson mysteriously reared the cook-house and served a hot dinner almost as miraculous as the loaves and fishes.

Querl and Zarna supervised the erection of the tank and were just unpacking their costumes from the trunks when the first whiff of a big wind rattled the canvas, whisked from the ground many a tent-peg, and set the guy-ropes to flogging the walls they were supposed to uphold.

The "trouble-shooters" were experts in battling with Nature, but it was hard to peg down deep enough to hold, and the increas-

ing gale with a deafening laughter changed from a straight drive into a corkscrew "twister." It was only a "baby cyclone," but it carried away several tops, flew off with a number of banners, sent refreshment-booths skirling into corn-poppers, and rolled gambling-wheels out into the tall grass where the owners must search for them with the lightnings for their guide.

The man whose gay cry, "Buy a b'loon for the kiddies! Who wants a b'loon?" had set so many little hands to clutching, saw a hundred of his small red worlds spun skyward in a miniature apocalypse.

Zarna was frantic with anxiety for Susanne, who threshed about in her box, a maniac with fright, and threatened to destroy both herself and the seal-child she carried within her.

At the crisis of the storm the city light-plant went dead, and the fair-grounds were smothered in the dark except for the wild torches hurled through the sky. The trucks were brought up and headed in, and under the glare of their lamps the struggle went on while the good people of Newton kept to their stanch houses and thought of the invaders, if they thought of them at all, as frivolous butterflies with nothing serious in their lives.

Monday morning's twilight revealed grave wreckage that the dark had hidden, and it was night before the worn and sleepless gypsies were ready to receive visitors. Their smiles were all there, if a trifle jaded, and the ballies intoned their chanties, though a little more raucously than usual.

THE Spivey Show had come to Newton at the invitation of the authorities to help out the Firemen's Pension Fund, and the veteran "smoke-eaters and button-spitters" felt that heaven was not interested in their old age. A crowd of modest number drifted up and down the soggy Midway, stared at the banners, and gaped at the appeals of the concessionaires, but heroically resisted almost every temptation to spend money foolishly.

Captain Querl surpassed himself in describing the ravishing charms of Zarna, and he added new superlatives to his account of his own abilities, but hardly a dozen dimes crossed the counter. Zarna always felt a certain indecency in displaying herself before a small audience, and she could hardly bring herself to throw off her shawl and posture before the lonely yokels of Newton. The ground beneath the tank began to yield, and when she dived, she splashed water on the few dumb spectators. So she omitted some of her best dives and won no applause.

Susanne was very much the prima donna. She was ill and befuddled. When Zarna coaxed and scolded, she declined to sing. When the ball was thrown to her to juggle, she winced as it hit her on the nose and pretended never to have seen it before. When Zarna gave her a smack on the jaw, she wept so hard that some of the spectators hissed Zarna for a brute and a fraud.

Zarna came off in despair and warned Querl that the tank was in no position to receive his dive from the tent. But the Captain made light of her anxiety and bounded to the platform.

Feeling that something heroic was necessary to save the show and his own face, he announced his high dive in his most blood-curdling terms. Ignoring Zarna's shrill appeals from the wings, he climbed to the top of the tent and threw kisses to the upstaring peasantry. Ice-water dripped from the reeking canvas down his spine, and he forgot the changed alignment of the tank, misjudged his shot and drove his head a little to one side of the bull's-eye. The impact of his weight broke out the glass front and sent him sprawling in the tidal wave across the platform.

Though one of his legs was partially flayed as he was swept across the jagged

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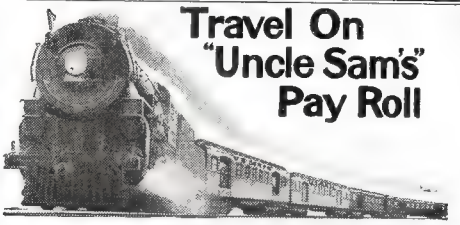

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edges, he was so glad not to have been decapitated that he would not grieve.

He rose, and threw more kisses while the women screamed at the red gashes cross-gartering his shins. He bowed himself off jauntily—and fainted in Zarna's arms.

An all-too-plentiful experience with wounds had taught Zarna how to treat Querl's lacerated flesh. A surgeon could have done no better, though he would not have wept as she did. But the most fashionable doctor could have been no more savage than she was when she found that he was out of danger.

She vowed that it was the last of her carnival work, and went into such hysterics that he promised to leave the show at once and go into an honest business.

Chapter Ten

MONDAY morning Jason had to go to town for supplies. He found Midfield as glum as he was. The Knights of Syria had not lifted their mortgage, but had added to it the threat of lawsuits. The Spivey people had hired a lawyer to put forward the claim that the Knights, having guaranteed the carnival, were responsible for the deficit. Jason was glad of Midfield's depression. What did its prosperities and perplexities matter?

When he finished his business, he could not refrain from visiting the carnival grounds for a look. He saw only a smear of disordered mud, dead and trampled grass overblown with old papers, and littered with broken gewgaws and splintered boxes. Yet it had held the bright glass tank made effervescent with Zarna's velocity and the high springboard where she had gleamed like a figurehead on a ship's prow—a woman whose name was *Onward,* with a forward urge in her pointed breasts and in her eyes a look across far horizons.

And he had let that little imp of a Querl, that slimy squirt, carry her off!

When he reached his farm again, he found Rita feverish, delirious, chuckling and laughing to herself, ransacking her pauper's treasury of remembrances! Susanne was in her arms; Zarna was standing by the cradle; Captain Querl was telling her of his adventures.

The doctor was called as usual; and as usual before he arrived, Nature had grown tired of abusing Rita and she was better.

That night she was forever babbling of her visitors:

"Do you remember how Susanne rolled around in the pond? 'Member how Zarna couldn't get her away from me? But most marv'lous of all was the time Captain Querl —but you didn't see that."

"No," said Jason so sharply that Rita understood. So she put Querl away in a cupboard of her heart, and talked only of Zarna and Susanne and how wonderful it would be to have them there always.

Suddenly Jason saw his way clear. His duty to Rita and his selfish ambition were miraculously the same. He owed it to Rita even more than to himself to capture Zarna. And what a favor he would be doing Zarna! Hadn't she told him how tired she was of the carnival? "It's one of my days for wishing I had an out," had been her very words.

Well, why not? He wanted to leap into the air and shout. He wanted to dash across the miles to Newton and fling Zarna over his shoulder and run home with her.

He slapped his knee so hard that Rita asked him what was on his mind. He dared not tell her his plan. He must surprise her again as when he first brought Zarna to the farm. He had promised nothing then, but achieved a triumph. Now all he said was:

"I just remember that I got to go over to Johnstown early tomorrow morning to see the grain-elevator man there about my wheat."

But Johnstown was to the south, and when he went to the station on the second morning, he bought a ticket for Newton.

HAVING slept off the first pain of his lacerated shins and having pondered calmly Zarna's proposal that they both give up the carnival and attempt another trade, Querl blandly announced that he had no intention of keeping a vow extracted from him by a crazy woman.

When Zarna accused him of being the same old slippery liar that he had always been, he countered with the claim that he had made an earlier promise to stick by Uncle Tom Spivey to the end of the season, and so had she.

To this she retorted:

"I'd go through fire and water for Uncle Tom. But we'd be doin' him a favor by gettin' off his back. He owes us three weeks' wages, and this one makes four. He owes everybody on earth, and his season is a hopeless flop. Our names don't draw a cent. We needn't kid ourselves about that, and nobody wont ever miss us when we're gone."

"If you put music to that, you'd have a classy ballad; but don't sing it to me. Never be missed, eh? Well, maybe I wouldn't, but you're the only good thing Uncle Tom's got."

"Thanks for the tin medal, but you can't pin it on me. Go on and fool yourself and pay yourself a salary, for Uncle Tom can't, and I'm through. I'm tellin' you the truth, boy, I'm through."

"Then you're through eatin', too, for I don't know where we could cop another job. Nearly everybody in the world is lookin' for one. The farmers are broke. The people in the towns got no money. The papers all say the unemployment in all the cities is somethin' fierce. Uncle Tom may not pay salaries, but he keeps the cook-house goin' and Ma Dodson certainly feeds us swell. If you quit, where you goin' to dig up the transp'tation back to New York or even Ch'cago? Way out here in the sticks, we're a million miles from nowhere. You needn't expect another carnival to take us in. Pra'tically all of 'em are neck-deep in the red. It's been a gosh-awful season so far, but it's bound to get better by'n' by. Right now the little rackets are starvin', and the big ones wouldn't give us a look-in."

"And I wouldn't take it if they did. It's the whole racket I'm sick of, I tell you. I'm through! *Through!*"

"All right. I aint deaf. You're through, and so am I. Now, what do we do next? Where do we go from here? What forwardin' address do we send to the *Billboard?* Come on, I'm waitin'! What do we have for dinner tonight? Have you got the price? I aint."

ZARNA gave him the primeval look that women have not yet quite outgrown, the contempt of "the helpless sex" for a male that asks love and cannot provide support. The look hurt Querl's love and his pride, and he wailed:

"Nobody else wants a deep-sea diver, and that's all I know."

"But you can't go on missin' the edge of the tank forever. And little old rheumatism will come along one of these days, and then what'll you do?"

"Sell pencils," he laughed. "Or teach high divin' to other suckers."

She rolled her eyes in speechless rage:

"What do I do that's any use? I strip off my clothes and chase a seal around in the water, and you strip off yours and scrape all your hide off on the broken glass. And at the end of the year, where are we? What have we done?"

"When it comes to that, what has anybody done at the end of the year, but got to the end of one season and ready to start

another'n? Who's doin' anything that matters much whether it's done or not?"

"Farmers!" she fairly shouted. "They do things for people. They plant seeds and raise crops, and cattle. They feed the hungry. We'd all starve if it wasn't for the farmers. They plow the old black ground and plant seeds. And flowers come up, and apple-blossoms, and by and by there are apples on the trees, and the fields are covered with wheat and corn, and they bring in the cows and milk 'em, and they shear the sheep, and take care of the little lambs. The rain means something to them. To us it's only bad business. Farmers live! If it wasn't for them, we'd all have to quit. Not that that would matter for most of us, but—well, we call 'em Reubs, but they've got the best of it. We're only—trained animals!"

SHE was so swept away by her emotion for the unknown paradise—and a paradise because unknown—that she had not heeded the sudden change in Querl's face.

All the humility, the pleading, the tenderness had gone out of it at her first cry. A look of green jealousy tarnished it. His every muscle writhed with uneasiness. His teeth were gnawing at his twitching lips. His eyes were murderous.

His panting breath was all she heard at first. When she looked at him, she was startled. He spoke in low gutturals and hisses:

"Farmers, huh? So you fell for him, after all."

"Fell for who?" she demanded, knowing well enough what was on his mind, and feeling a sudden dismay of guilt in the knowledge that she had not been quite frank with him.

"I thought that big hayseed was makin' a hit with you, and I 'cused you of it," he growled. "But you fooled me with your talk about his poor little sick sister. She was only a front for you, and I fell for it."

"Aw, Harry! Don't say that!"

"She was only a front, I tell you. Maybe you fooled yourself. I don't know. It's awful easy for a person to make excuses for their own rotten actions. But you can't fool me. I was wise to you when you was watchin' for him to come to the train. He didn't show up, but he had you waitin.' You fell for a Reub! He took you out and sold you his farm and himself. I s'pose he kissed your head off in that apple orchard I took notice of."

He had always been uncanny in his wild guesses at her motives and her deeds. He had often ripped away the masks she had put on for her own deception. When he made the lucky stab at the apple-trees and the kisses, he jarred her as if he had struck her over the heart. And he saw it.

He was womanish enough to go right to her secret and make the most of its discovery: "I see what you're leadin' up to now. You tell me you gotta quit out of this. Then you give me a long bally about farmin' and farmers, like you was tryin' to excuse yourself for goin' Reub. Well, lea' me tell you, girlie, you may quit the show, but you'll never go back to that guy."

"No? What would you do to me if I did?" She had to say it.

"Nothin' to *you,* Zarna. I'm such a sap I couldn't harm you, no matter what you done to me. But I'd do good and plenty to *him!*"

"For inst."

"Try it and see!"

There was the look of an assassin in his eyes, and she knew how insane he was in his rages.

She felt that it was time to put aside the pretty dream she had imagined of Jason waiting for her or, more wonderful yet, coming for her. It was time to appease the agony she had caused the man she had teamed up with. She laid her hand on his arm:

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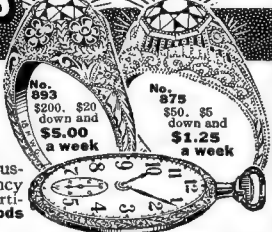

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"Ah, Harry, it aint you and me that's quarrelin'. It's the weather that's got to us—that, and the everlastin' yippin' of that fox-terrier they keep with the black leopard. And those cockatoos with voices like buzz-saws. And that old sick lion belchin' brings up my dinner nearly. And the rain. Listen at it, playin' on the canvas. Looky at it over there streakin' down through the wet spots. But all those things are just details. The main thing is, a mother's got some rights and motherhood is sacred."

"Good Lord!" Querl whispered. "What you leadin' up to now?"

"Don't get scared. The days of miracles went out a long while ago! I'm talkin' about Susanne."

"Oh!" sighed Querl, mopping his brow.

"You saw how Susanne wouldn't do her act yesterday. That wasn't temper'ment. It was nature's fair warnin'. Out in the ocean she'd be huntin' for a cave and a ledge out of the reach of the surf. But out here the only water comes from the busted roof of the sky, and it don't help her a bit.

"If I don't take her where she'll be comfortable, I'll lose her. And then where'd I be?

"When I first met you, Harry, I had six seals, if you can remember that far back—'Zarna and her Seal Sextette' was my billing. Then Venus caught pneumonia, and it was 'Zarna and her Quaint Quintet.' You remember the night poor Neptune got crushed in the train-wreck. Wasn't he brave and pitiful? I remember how you cried. You won me that night more'n you ever did by your high divin'. It's grovelin' in the same misery that makes good comp'ny."

Querl groped for her hand and clenched it hard as she told of her further bereavements, like a matron tolling off the loss of her children:

"Until sweet little Bridget passed on, it was 'Zarna and her Ar'tic Quartet.' And then I come down to a trio. And the salary fell off faster than the seals. When Dodo was called home, I had only Mike and Susanne. That was a duet. And what a marriage—till dear old Mike got the consumption! God, I can hear that sick bark yet.

"And now if I don't give Susanne the best of it, 'Zarna and her Sextette' will be just 'Zarna.' I'll change my name to Zero and bow out. So I've got to chuck the carnival *pronto* or it will chuck me."

"You're right," said Querl. "And I was a yella dog to doubt you. Where was you thinkin' of takin' Susanne?"

"That was what was worryin' me. Some nice quiet farm"—his eyes hardened—"with a nice big pond would be best." His jaws hardened.

"I get you," he said. "And an apple-orchard. Seals love apple-blossoms."

"Harry!"

She reached for him, but he broke from her and limped away. She turned and watched the exit he had taken, sure that he would come back. She was smiling at the foolishness of men, when she felt a great hand cupped on the ball of each shoulder.

SHE was turned round as on a pivot. She stared at a big watch-chain level with her eyes. She ran her gaze up to the face of Jason Brafford. He was smiling down at her as if he owned her and had lost her and had recaptured her.

His smile died as he saw the red streak along her brow, from the window broken in the collision. She had forgotten it, but it horrified the giant, who was shattered by the least distress of a little woman.

"Oh, my darling!" he groaned, and gathered her into his arms. "What happened?"

Zarna fought in vain to escape until suddenly she felt one of Jason's crushing arms whipped away. As she fell back with it, she was confronted with the level eyes of Captain Querl. His smile was as sweet as the hyena's, and his laugh as pretty as he cried:

"So he come after you, didn't he—just like I said he would. And I told you what I'd do when he come, didn't I? Didn't I?"

An enormous hand reached in. Huge fingers gathered Querl's shirt and waistcoat into a knot, held him fast and thrust him back, while Jason's voice boomed over Zarna's shoulder:

"When you talk to that lady, be careful how you talk."

Before Zarna could intervene to save Querl from being shaken to pieces, Querl, without a word or squeal, dug both his lean hands into Jason's, and wrung the fingers loose with a wrench that made him grunt.

The hand was all that Zarna could see of Jason, and it seemed as deadly as the devil-fish that Querl had boasted of fighting. But Querl darted his head down and sank his teeth into Jason's wrist, and Zarna staggered away in a sick terror just as Jason's right hand came round in a blow that would have knocked Querl senseless if it had struck.

But Querl swung his head down and up in a perfect circle, then with a panther's spring closed on Jason and drove both thumbs deep into his throat.

Chapter Eleven

WHEN Harry Querl fought, he fought. Foul was fair with him, and he knew every dirty trick. Zarna had seen him horribly whip far bigger men. She was always afraid that he would kill somebody. Seeing him rip free from Jason's clutch and fasten on the big man's throat, she was paralyzed with fright for both of them, lest Querl should kill and Jason be killed.

Jason knew next to nothing about fighting. His huge bulk had scared off most of his enemies. The rest he had easily sent reeling with a swing of his long arms. He had no skill, nothing but weight and power. In the majesty of rebuking Querl's tone to Zarna, he had made the mistake of laying his hand on Querl, of seizing him by the shirt and shaking him.

Panting with unusual wrath, Jason suddenly found his fingers bent back, his wrist torn by Querl's teeth, and his windpipe cut off. Throttled and smothering, he floundered, trying to beat Querl off with his fists. But they struck only elbows. When his hands hunted for Querl's throat, it was in under Querl's head and that was tucked in under his shoulders. Deep in Jason's breast there were unhuman sounds as Querl's teeth tore away at waistcoat and shirt in wolfish rage for blood. At the same time Querl's heavy shoes kicked excruciating pain into Jason's shins and his sharp knees drove at Jason's groin with terrifying purpose.

The farmer was in a panic of dismay as Querl seemed to multiply himself and attack from all directions, swarming over him. Jason did not know how to save himself except to beg for mercy. And he did not know how to do that. If he had been willing, he could not have spoken. He could not even breathe. But he could not die until he had spent the last of his immense strength. He pounded Querl, clutched him, clawed him.

Zarna stood shivering, sick, aghast at the hideous noises made by the men and the appalling revelation of hate. The very air was acrid with anger. The fumes spread.

The animals sniffed it and grew restless. Their ruffs stood up; their teeth flashed. The cockatoos hurled themselves about their cage, screaming and slashing at one another with hooked beaks. The little terrier in the black leopard's cage yipped and leaped. The leopard paced his room with soft *pad-pad-pad* of velvet feet and little silent meows. The lion, his mane bristling, rocked his cage with tremendous lunges.

They all had the human eagerness of the male to join any fight that started. The gelada baboon, his shawl of fur erect, thrust his muzzle through the bars and peered at the fighters with a look of envious cunning. The hyena, his head bent low, sniffed the venom in the wind and cowered in the back of his cage, drawn in for a rush. Susanne leaped from tank to floor and back, splashing and wailing as she tried to break loose and join her beloved Querl in the fight.

A FEW men working about the animal cages tried to quiet the beasts for a moment, but preferred to watch the battle. They beckoned others in. A tide of people set that way, and tent-peggers trying to brace the sagging canvas dropped their mallets to see the fists fly. Waiters and cooks from the cook-house, the cane-rack men arranging their wares, the dart and wheel men, the popcorn man, hurried forward. The balloon man came in with his cloud of dancing color above him.

Women clutching at aprons or at bathrobes looked out, and seeing the stampede, joined it. Some of them were half undressed or half dressed, others with one side of their faces painted and only half a mouth. Children screamed or whooped and got under feet. The fortune-teller waddled over to find out what was going to happen. A hula girl, hooking her petticoat of straw as she ran, went knee deep in mud. The tattooed girl joined the crowd, hiding all her scenery under a wrapper. The fat girl clung to the living skeleton in terror.

All the while Jason agonized for breath. At any moment his heart would break and he would sink. With a last suffocated contortion, he tore Querl's coat from his back, dug his fingers in Querl's steely shoulders and flung back his head vainly.

Zarna's old devotion to Querl warred against her new interest in Jason. She had been with Querl and the carnival so long that at first she had laughed to see how quickly the carnival man taught the farmer what it meant to walk into the grounds and lay hands on one of the women. But suddenly her heart went out to Jason. His childish simplicity of mind, his ignorance of how to manage his own power, had won her from the first. Now they were about to destroy him. In a moment or two Querl would have him crippled for life, or dead.

With a diver's grace and power she flung herself on Querl's back, and seizing one of his wrists in both her hands, tried to break his grip, while Jason, like the "understander" in a pyramid of acrobats, upheld them both. She pulled so hard that she set both knees on one of Querl's hips for greater power. Her muscles were braided wire, and it was steel against steel.

QUERL was too intent upon Jason to notice at first that a third person was in the fight. Then he flung his head back and struck Zarna in the breast with a sickening pang that made her cry out. Her voice told him that she was upon him and against him. The knowledge that she sided with his enemy was more than all her strength. It broke his hand away, and he fell back with her and sat squat in the wet sawdust, gasping and pondering her treachery. If Jason had dropped on him then he could have mastered him, but Jason was busy drawing great gulps of air into his tortured lungs.

It took only a moment for Querl to realize that Jason had done him blacker wrong than he had understood. Even now he could not turn on Zarna, but he squirmed out of her clasp and flew at Jason's throat again.

The next installment of Mr. Hughes' extraordinary novel is no less dramatic—in the forthcoming March issue.

The start of many serious ills . . .

INTESTINAL TOXICITY

MANY of us are constantly risking the priceless gift of health because of faulty intestinal hygiene. Not that we neglect the matter! Indeed, no. As soon as we feel the headache, the tired digestion, the fatigue that so often warn us of intestinal toxicity, we take a cathartic—and consider the matter settled.

It is not. A drastic cathartic may bring temporary relief. But it also frequently shocks the system, and too often tends to cause undesirable habits. And meanwhile intestinal toxicity continues its work—spreading poisons to all parts of the system, stealing away strength and vitality, often laying the foundation for serious ills to follow.

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R-2

THE SEVEN MARKS OF GENIUS

(Continued from page 81)

with deep, dark, exulting eyes, reciting to his mother in his childlike, singsong, rhythmic way, half of all the lines of "The Raven." He had learned to read at four. No one had taught him. The ability had come to him as though from the air. And he bubbled over with the poetry and song that he had read in William Cullen Bryant's famous collection of verse like a brook in a springtime of freshets.

At eleven he was writing verses; at sixteen, he translated Cicero's first oration against Catiline into blank verse; and he did the same with long passages from Virgil—evidence of inborn qualities, to be sure, but something more was requisite for their development and fruition. By the time he was twenty-three, having destroyed hundreds of his early efforts, he had forty poems that he thought were worth publishing. This manuscript he sent to the publishers and in return received rejection slips until his patience and the list of publishers was exhausted.

Thus it happened that a famous little paper-covered blue book with the title "The Torrent and the Night Before" was published by the youthful poet himself—an edition of three hundred and fifty copies at a cost of about fifty dollars. The directness of the language and straightforwardness of the subject matter differed widely from the flamboyant mode of the day. Here and there, where he was not condemned as a painter in lugubrious colors (which he was not and is not) there were those who perceived true fire in his verse.

Faith in his own powers encouraged him to go on. Neither hard knocks nor the reluctance of publishers to print his two succeeding volumes without financial guaranties, could stop him. He wrote his poems while working as an inspector and checker in the building of New York's first subway, while living in a dreary little hall bedroom in Yarmouth Street, Boston, and later while employed in the New York Customhouse. For fifteen years, without recognition or substantial reward, never faltering, he lived in the realm of poetic thought, pursuing the quest of rhyme and rhythm and word. In all, for nearly forty years, he has applied himself to this most elusive and sensitive art, and with a fidelity and devotion that may have been equaled but never excelled in literary history. Today, there are fifteen volumes of verse bearing his name, and Edwin Arlington Robinson has been hailed by critics at home and abroad as the greatest poet America has yet produced.

"When a man has found that there is something he very much wants to do," Mr. Robinson once remarked, "something that matters a great deal to him whether or not it seems to mean anything to anybody else, he is not likely to be distracted by concern about the outcome, whether he will win praise or financial rewards. Something *within* carries him on. Once a thing like that gets hold of you, it is not hard to work without encouragement from others. Rather, you will work with the confidence that it is all worth while for *you*, leaving the outcome to take care of itself."

RECENTLY, in a discussion of "greatness," the celebrated biographer of Napoleon and Bismarck made this observation: "Goethe's inherited talent was no greater than that of half a dozen contemporary German poets, but they lacked the devotion and faith to make of themselves more than God had given them to start with; while Goethe, like the diligent man in the Gospel, put his talent to usury."

The fact is that, at twenty, Goethe had the feeling that he must develop and make something of his talents. Having made a good start, but no better than his fellow poets, he distrusted his own glory and resolved to apply himself that he might do better. At twenty-three he began "Faust." He *persevered,* developed his gifts by self-education, took upon himself great labors, meditated profoundly upon affairs of state, and pursued his studies in literature and in those larger subjects—mankind and natural science.

Geniuses, though born with high capacities, work and keep on working as though they had great handicaps to overcome. No one can say how commonplace their achievements might have been did they not persevere in training themselves in the abilities required for accomplishing their objectives.

Perseverance!

And here, among our contemporaries, I think of a boy who, some fifty-odd years ago in Brooklyn, was inspired by his love of birds, acquired under the tutelage of his father, an amateur taxidermist, to undertake as his mission in life the painting of every species of bird in North America. He proceeded to learn the copper-engraving trade; later he became a lithographer. Savings from these pursuits he invested in a sloop in which for two years he sailed the rivers and harbors of the Atlantic coast from Maine to Florida, collecting skins and sketching his birds in the wild.

For four years he devoted himself to the task. Discovering that the work he was then doing was so much more life like than his early work, he destroyed them all. Three hundred paintings, four years' labor, went up in smoke! Five years later, he took stock again, and discovered that he had made another advance. Again all his paintings were destroyed. Thus, he was fifteen years in *getting ready* for a task which he had calculated would require twenty years altogether.

TODAY his great work is complete, after thirty-five years of continuous application; an accurate record scientifically, with great artistic merits, recognized by naturalists as a greater achievement than Audubon's; a thousand water-color drawings, ranging from twelve by fourteen to twenty by twenty-eight inches in size, showing twelve hundred and one species, thirty-three hundred bird portraits, male and female and in many instances the young!

This celebrated painter-naturalist is R. I. Brasher, who still enjoys the life of a recluse amid the haunts where he accomplished most of his great work, Chickadee Valley, near Kent, Connecticut.

Perseverance! And I think of the young Swiss engineering student who, in the late nineties, heard from his professor about the great bridges that were being built in the vicinity of New York. In 1904, at twenty-six, he came to America to associate himself with these great enterprises if possible, and not without hope of taking leadership in his profession. One project in particular which was even then being discussed lured him on, and that was the possibility of bridging the Hudson River.

To get experience he took such employment as offered. He worked in a fabricating plant to inform himself on all phases of American shop practice. Presently, when he had made a name and was receiving attractive financial offers to return to Europe, he rejected the offers, and held by his original aim, remained in the United States to undertake an exhaustive inquiry into the causes of the failure of the Quebec Bridge over the St. Lawrence which fell in 1907; and for years after that he persisted in following the path that he had so early mapped out for himself.

And today we find Othmar H. Ammann, chief bridge engineer for the Port of New York Authority, bridging the Hudson with a

structure of his own design, a masterpiece of daring and simplicity, the greatest bridge in the world, between Edgewater, New Jersey, and 179th Street, New York. A monument to his persistence as an engineering genius, this bridge will have supporting towers higher than some of our highest skyscrapers —six hundred and fifty feet!—and a center span which from pierhead to pierhead will be thirty-five hundred feet in length, twice as long as the next greatest span in the world!

AND again, perseverance!

If ever there was an instance of a dream come true through sheer perseverance and the development of inner capacities to an infinite degree, it is the case of the MacDowell Colony for creative artists at Peterborough, New Hampshire. Upon the death of her husband, the composer, Mrs. Edward MacDowell had the vision of converting his home and estate, Hillcrest, into an institution where workers in the various arts could find a retreat and work out *their* dreams under ideal conditions at nominal expense. What she told her friends about her purpose seemed nothing short of visionary. There were many to tell her that it was impossible; and it seemed so particularly in light of the fact that she was crippled and on crutches.

Daunted not in the least by her handicaps, she resumed at forty her interrupted career as a musician, becoming a concert pianist to finance the enterprise in its early stages. She made herself a practical builder, taking the place of architect and contractor, supervising in every detail the erection of twenty-five buildings of wood, concrete and stone. Advised by real-estate agents that certain things could not be done, she forthwith set about doing them. For one thing, she became a revolutionary farmer, smashing the rock-bound traditions of old New Hampshire by developing an efficient, self-supporting, machine-worked farm of fifty acres out of what was once hopelessly stony ground.

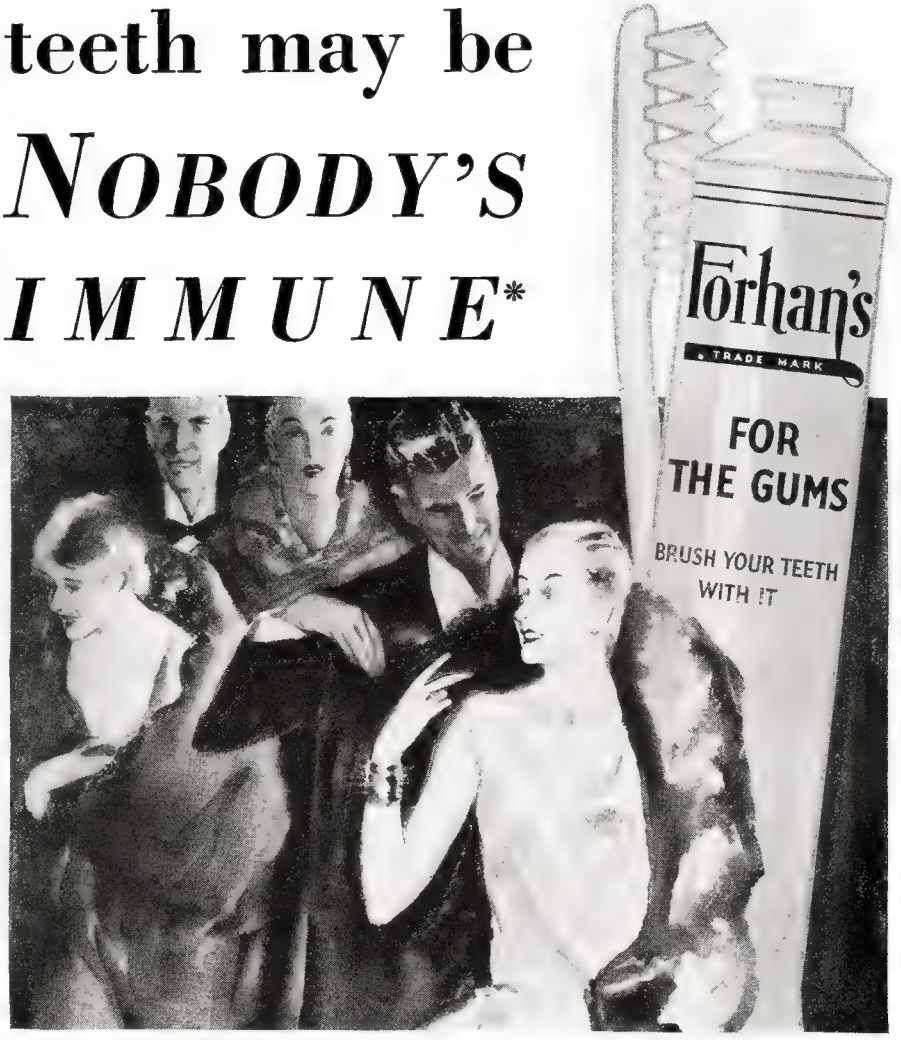
During the past fifteen years, in addition to the task of administering this growing organization, she has given between forty and fifty piano recitals a year, traveling more than a hundred and fifty thousand miles, lecturing and playing in more than six hundred cities and towns, spreading the news of her enterprise and earning the money and coöperation to see it through. Today, the enterprise, which began with property worth about fifteen thousand dollars, consisting of fifty or sixty acres, a couple of ramshackle tenements, an old barn and a modest residence, has grown into an estate of six hundred acres with forty modern buildings, and five miles of well-made road, and is valued at between three and four hundred thousand dollars—all held in trust by the MacDowell Association for the use of American artists now and in generations to come.

If the test of genius is the fulfillment of a lofty aim through faith and the intensive development of one's abilities, then Mrs. MacDowell is a genius if ever man or woman was. It could be shown that every mark of genius mentioned in this article applies to her at some stage of her career. But enough of detail. Let me quote the response she once made when it was suggested to her that she had accomplished the impossible:

"*Anything is possible!* I have come to believe that absolutely. If you only believe in your cause, in yourself, if you plod on, you can make anything happen! All that I have accomplished at Peterborough has come about simply by never letting go of a thing once I had made up my mind to do it."

TODAY, if you visit the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park, New Jersey, you may be shown the bunk where the famous inventor slept when he was perfecting the early wax cylinder type of phonograph. To me that bunk is an impressive symbol both of his character and the *intensity* of his

No matter how white teeth may be NOBODY'S IMMUNE*



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DENTAL authorities tell us that in this super-civilized age of luxurious living and soft foods, proper care of the gums is as important as care of the teeth.

For when gums are neglected they cannot resist disease. They recede from the teeth which loosen in their sockets. Then Pyorrhea sets in. Its poisons ravage health and leave in their wake a trail of havoc . . . A needless sacrifice made by 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

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It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.

Forhan's *for the gums*

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

genius. Weary and worn by days and nights of continuous labor, he would lie down there to rest, returning to his work upon recovering from excessive fatigue after a brief interval. That, however, is not the normal way of doing things. The average man, having wearied at his task, would suspend his efforts and go home and to bed for six or eight hours. But not this man, so strong, so determined, so unmindful of himself and *obsessed* with his purpose! It is conduct of this sort that has led to the saying that genius is always a little bit mad; but what this observation is intended to convey I would put in a different way.

In the course of his development, the genius acquires extraordinary powers of concentration; and this power of concentration, together with an intense interest and devotion toward some particular end, may result in an abnormal preoccupation with a single pursuit for days or months or years, and to such a degree that it amounts to an *obsession*—a fixed idea, as it were; and this betrays itself in conduct that impresses the observer as a kind of madness, though in the circumstances it is comprehensible and sane.

HERE I think of that boy in Boston who, at the age of seventeen, started in to learn the bricklayers' trade. At half-past three in the afternoon of his first day on the job, he had made a discovery. The workman who was instructing him used one set of motions when he was working slow, another set when working fast, and another set when demonstrating. So he watched the other bricklayers, finding that each used a different set of motions in his work; and young Gilbreth was struck by this conclusion: "If the method that any one of these bricklayers is using is right, then the others must all be wrong."

With that observation he struck the keynote of his lifework. Later, as a construction engineer, when building canals and paper-mill towns, he was always on the alert for the one best, quickest, surest, easiest way to do work. In the end the big organizations for which he had been doing construction work, astonished by the results of his system, engaged him to continue in their employ in order to standardize the methods *within* their factories.

For over forty years, Frank B. Gilbreth was obsessed with what he came to call "O. B. W."—the one best way. He invented numerous devices and labored with such unremitting enthusiasm toward the creation of an exact method for doing all kinds of routine work that not a few said he was mad on this subject. But in the end he was triumphant. At the time of his death recently, more than two hundred great organizations had installed his system and he was the best known and the most original management engineer in the United States or Europe.

ANOTHER instance of what I call *the obsession of genius:* One of the foremost landscape painters of America today is John Noble, famous for his paintings of the sea, of Breton ships and peasants, of Kansas moonlight, of Provincetown, Massachusetts, and of the "Magic City," New York. Born in the late sixties near Wichita, Kansas, then known as Poker Bill's, he was reared in the buffalo wallows of the northern panhandle. Into his hand at the age of five a pencil found its way, and he began sketching; at twelve, he was catching with uncanny skill the legs of the cow ponies in action. Until he was thirty he roamed from town to town painting portraits and scenes that were sometimes hung in barrooms. Then to Paris, where he studied under a famous teacher, Jean Paul Laurens. Dissatisfied, restless, thinking that he was getting nowhere with his art, he went to Brittany. Let us have the rest of the story, so far as it relates to the obsession that got hold of him, in Noble's own words:

"Brittany! Is there any place in the world more desolate than this part of northwest France? But it has its spell; it is old, soaked in tradition.

"In Brittany they wear wooden shoes. You soon learn why. No leather can stand the climate; it rots. Rain? In the winter season I have known it to rain for thirty-five days and nights. If not a downpour, then a kind of drizzling mist, and during all that time the sun hid his face.

"The longing for home came over me. The longing for the plains was terrific. I dreamed of standing in the tall prairie grass in the moonlight; I saw it stretching around me on all sides; I was sick with yearning. And the effect of this experience, I believe, was to teach me to understand the sea. I felt that the vastness, the bulk, the overwhelming power of the prairie is the same in its immensity as that of the sea.

"I stayed on for nine years! It was an obsession all right; I was obsessed with the notion of getting that power of the prairies into my paintings of the sea."

And it was this intense preoccupation with one thought and one vision that flung Noble's name across Europe as a man who was painting the sea as no one else had ever painted it, causing one English critic to say: "John Noble is one of the greatest of living artists. Within him there is a surge like that of the ocean, and, like the ocean, he has his placid moments. America claims John Noble; but the world claims him also."

NOWADAYS there are iconoclasts who would smash certain interesting traditions that have been handed down to us about great men. One story, now questioned, is that of the inspiration which came to Newton when he beheld the falling apple. While this story, historically, must probably be accepted as a myth, even the iconoclast pronounces it "psychologically" true. That is to say, the anecdote "represents the way in which a great mind acts. *Things are continually happening that are loaded with suggestive meanings, but only the intellectually prepared can interpret them.*"

Once the mind has been trained to work and think in a certain direction, and is well informed, we all experience occasionally what might be called *flashes of insight.* The same thing happens to the genius in every field of endeavor, only in his case, because of the momentous results that accrue they are properly called *inspirations.* On this phase of the subject let us summon Michael Pupin as our witness.

An immigrant boy from Serbia, Dr. Pupin arrived in America at the age of fifteen, and later became professor of electro-mechanics at Columbia University. Among his many scientific discoveries and inventions is the "Pupin coil," a device which made it possible to put telephone- and telegraph-cables underground.

"Many a man who fails might succeed," says Dr. Pupin, "if he tackled his problems in the way that the inventor has to tackle his. First, the inventor has to select from among the problems to be solved those that strike him as the most important. Then he has to select from among those that *can* be solved, the ones that he is *best equipped* to solve.

"Once he has determined upon the problem he is going to tackle, the inventor must *work,* and wait for an inspiration. He must get a *novel* idea. This will come from the work he does, but not merely from burning the midnight oil. It may come while he is playing golf, while riding on a train, while on a walking-tour, while playing backgammon, or while conversing on a subject entirely unrelated to the problem that all the time is turning itself over in the back of his mind.

"The fundamental idea for putting telephone cables underground came to me while I was walking in the Swiss mountains. I was working hard at the time on an entirely different problem. My wife was driving in a carriage, and I was taking crosscuts, meeting the carriage at the turns. Suddenly I stopped in my walk, with a possible solution of the underground cable problem in mind, and the other matter I had been pondering left me completely. At the next turn I joined my wife and got in the carriage to ride, explaining the idea to her, and how I would develop it when I got back to New York. Three or four years of work made that idea a success.

"The search for the novel idea, the necessity for blazing a new trail, is of itself a great stimulus. We might say that in general the men who are likely to succeed are the ones who find inspiration in the necessity of doing a difficult task in a new way, while the men who fail are those who balk because the old way isn't good enough."

So we have touched upon six of the seven marks of genius, and before we come to the last we consider for a moment the question as to what the average man can make of these things. The answer is sufficiently plain, I think.

In the first place we see that behind any achievement worth calling by the name, there is a man who, in some way or other, early or late, has hit upon *what he can do;* and that is something that many people never discover at all. It would seem to follow that if a man has the innate ability to do a specific thing, there is a fair chance that he will *will* to do it, and will *try hard. Vice versa,* if he wants to do it so much that he will try hard, that may be taken as a sign that he has the ability to do it.

Few men fail in their true aims for want of natural abilities, but many fail for want of persistence in developing them. Some quit when they find themselves in easy berths, and others when the going gets rough. In either case, the result is the same: *The quitter never wins—because he has already lost.*

In every walk of life we see men sacrificing rest, ease, sleep and leisure, to acquire the abilities and power to convert their dreams into practical realities. No man has ever made his dream come true without hitting and hurdling or plowing through rough places. It is a long, slow, deliberate process, full of surprises, rewards and happiness.

FOLLOW the life-story of the genius through from its early beginnings to the end of the chapter and you find that this is true—he picks a goal that has a meaning all its own for *him.* He gets his schooling, and he makes it hard. He hangs on, shaping the powers within him by the fires of his own troubles, defeats and victories. In sickness or in health, in sorrow or gladness, he rises to the occasion, exulting, confident that out of his own brass he can hammer the unique instrument that will make his dream come true. This everlasting and phœnix-like characteristic of the aspiring man, the healthy genius, is sufficiently expressed by that familiar, plain, unvarnished word—*enthusiasm.* But I make bold to infer that in another era, when a different mode of expression prevailed, George Sand, in her florid way, voiced much the same thought in a letter to her old friend, Gustav Flaubert:

"To love in spite of everything, I think that is the answer to the enigma of the universe. Always to grow, to spring up, to be born again, to seek and will life, to embrace one's opposite in order to assimilate it, to receive the prodigy of blendings and combinations from which emerge the prodigy of new forms—that is the law of Nature."

"I know an easy way to keep from getting fat..... Light a Lucky instead of eating sweets."

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Famous Stage Star

The modern way to diet! Light a Lucky when fattening sweets tempt you. That's what thousands of lovely women are doing—successfully. The delicately toasted flavor of Luckies is more than a substitute for fattening sweets—it satisfies the appetite without harming the digestion. Toasting does it. Toasting removes the impurities and improves the flavor of the finest tobacco.

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No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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Wash Wounds

with soap and water

When an accident happens, the cut whether shallow or deep should be washed clean as quickly as possible. Put enough soap into boiling water to make the water sudsy. When the water cools sufficiently wash out the wound with a sterilized gauze-pad or cloth. Cover with sterilized gauze.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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NO wound is so slight that it may not become infected and cause death.

If a wound which breaks the skin is not promptly and correctly treated, there may be immediate infection from germs that are found anywhere and everywhere—streptococcus, staphylococcus and saprophytes.

It should be assumed that all accidental wounds may be infected.

During the World War medical science discovered that by using pure soap and boiled water, fresh wounds, big and little, could be thoroughly cleansed, thereby reducing to a minimum the danger of infection. In other words, the germs were literally washed out of wounds.

Small wounds, immediately cleansed and properly covered with sterilized gauze will, as a rule, heal very promptly without further treatment. But if germs are covered over and bound into wounds, or are sealed in by drawing the skin together, infection is almost certain and serious complications may result.

In applying soapy water to a new wound, it is best to use a pad of sterilized gauze. Any pure soap will do—liquid, soft or hard—but a liquid soap as free from alkali as may be obtained is best. Otherwise the wound may sting or smart. But the slight temporary discomfort caused by a liberal application of soap and water is of little consequence when compared with the protection afforded by a thorough cleansing.

Common sense must determine how long a fresh wound should be washed. But remember always, the washing must be *thorough* so that the soap bubbles may do their part and lift the germs away from the flesh. The water carries the germs away. The wound must be clean before healing begins.

Warm water that has been sterilized by boiling is safest and the utmost care should be taken to keep the fingers from coming in contact with the surface of the wound.

Wash big or little wounds with soap and water at once—as First Aid before the doctor comes.

According to the latest available United States Census figures, septicemia (blood poisoning) was the direct cause of 1,178 deaths in the year 1925; and a contributing cause in more than seven times as many deaths.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail to each family one copy of its booklet, "First Aid in the Home". It tells how to sterilize cotton or linen cloth when sterilized gauze is not available and gives many other valuable First Aid directions. Ask for Booklet No. 29-R. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Her tooth paste bought her galoshes

You'll be delighted to find how many little things you can buy with that $3 that Listerine Tooth Paste saves you every year as compared to dentifrices costing 50¢ and up. Galoshes, for example. Handkerchiefs. Hosiery. Perfume. Gloves.

A remarkable dentifrice

—*yet but 25¢*

IT takes a great deal of money to prepare and introduce a new tooth paste. Unless the product is of exceptional merit and priced right, its chance of success is slight.

Four years ago Listerine Tooth Paste was produced by the makers of Listerine. It was the final expression of years of study. Today, sweeping toward leadership, it has reached and passed some of the excellent dentifrices that sell for 50¢ or more.

Millions are delighted by that refreshing sensation of mouth invigoration you associate with Listerine. They're enthusiastic about the quick, safe way Listerine Tooth Paste attacks deposits and leaves teeth white and gleaming.

We can offer no more convincing proof of its merit than this eagerness on the part of the public to buy—and keep on buying.

And think of paying but 25¢ instead of 50¢. That's a saving of $3 per year per person. Worth while isn't it? Particularly when a family is large. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Smooth, white hands add so much to charm!

Day-long protection for fair hands

[A BEAUTY SUGGESTION FOR BUSY HOURS]

When hands *can* look as smooth and cool as flower-petals, doesn't it seem extravagant to let their loveliness slip away—day by day—in a round of soap-and-water tasks?

Many women have adopted a very simple plan to protect their hands—they use Ivory to wash gleaming china, lacquered furniture, glossy woodwork, colored cottons and linens—instead of harsh kitchen soaps which parch and redden the skin.

These women have found that "Ivory for everything" is a very practical and economical beauty measure—it keeps their hands smooth and white. Compared to other beauty aids in their bathrooms and upon their dressing tables, the little extra cost of Ivory is almost nothing!

Try Ivory for *all* your soap-and-water tasks this week. Don't just tuck this suggestion away in your mind and plan to try it sometime. If you begin tomorrow to use "Ivory for everything" and see how much softer and smoother your hands quickly become, we believe you will never again let a harsh soap rob them of their charm.

* *

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